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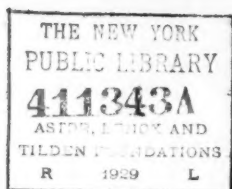
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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 495.—JANUARY, 1928.

Art. 1.—THE SPIRIT OF AUSTRALIA.

1. *The Official Year Books of the Commonwealth.* Melbourne, 1908-26.
2. *The Australian Encyclopædia.* Sydney: Angus & Robertson, 1925-26.
3. *Australia in its Physiographic and Economic Aspects.* By Griffith Taylor. 4th Edition. Clarendon Press, 1925.
And other works.

THE significance of the Commonwealth of Australia, both in itself and as a Dominion of the Empire, is nowadays being continually emphasised for the benefit of the British public. Its representatives, official and other, on this side of the globe explain at every opportunity the Imperial value of its products and its enterprise. British visitors returning from its shores retaliate by explaining with equal volubility what a great country it would be if only it would take their advice. Any one who cares to look for it may obtain at any moment a plethora of information about the Australian climate, timbers, dried fruits, labour troubles, industrial legislation, White Australia policy, and unswerving loyalty to the Empire. The resident in Clapham, if he keeps his eyes open and reads his newspaper regularly (with special attention to the paragraphs in small print), will probably acquire more knowledge of the Commonwealth than he has of Golder's Green. What he will not acquire is the slightest knowledge of Australia itself, either as a highly individualised continent or as an assemblage of oversea Britons with policies and principles and beliefs

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that are not mere replicas of his own. He will, no doubt, accumulate quite a mass of information about what has been happening, what is happening, what certain interested parties hope will happen soon; of the motives and fears that lie behind those happenings, as of the slow, irresistible currents of popular feeling that bear events along on their surface, he will gain no knowledge whatever. The onlooker to-day, gaze he never so intently, cannot see the wood for the trees.

A recently published handbook dealing briefly with the several Dominions illustrates this vague ignorance of Australian conditions by making confidently the following remarkable statements:

'Australia: A practically empty continent with millions of square miles of fertile unoccupied land. . . . We could comfortably accommodate two hundred millions.'

'I confess a sense of horror at the Americanisation of Australia during the past few years. . . . The feeling in Australia is that England is slow and effete, hopelessly old-fashioned and antiquated. Young Australia is apt to give its admiration to America for its wealth, hustle and efficiency. . . . I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that Australia is looking in the direction of America.'

Add to these allegations one frequently made or implied in the reports of British companies interested in Commonwealth produce—that Australia is almost wholly in the power of its Labour parties, and that they represent a populace verging on Bolshevism—and you have as misleading a picture of conditions in the Dominion as could possibly be painted by its worst enemies. With regard to the alleged leaning towards the United States (presumably writers who talk loosely about 'America' really mean the United States), it is safe to say with all possible emphasis that, outside a small circle of commercial folk in Sydney and a negligible coterie of 'society' folk in a couple of big towns, the leaning does not exist. Australians go to see 'American films because they have no chance of seeing any others; they use 'American' tools—especially axes and other farming implements—because those tools, designed for up-country conditions in a half-cleared land, are better suited to their needs than those of British manufacture. But, sad as the confession may appear, they do not

admire the people of the United States, or their hustle, or their political and social institutions; and they would no more lean on the States for, say, defence against Asiatic invasion than they would look to China for defence against a renewed attack by Germany. In 1908, it may still be remembered, a United States cruiser squadron visited several Australian ports, and the pressmen who accompanied it filled columns of the New York press with descriptions of a populace panting to be hugged by its 'big brother,' seeking eagerly the shelter of America's fleet against a 'yellow peril.' What Australians said and thought was something very different. The moral they drew from the visit was the need of providing their own protection. This was what the Governor-General (who dare not publicly talk politics except with the full assurance that he speaks the mind of the whole people), and State Premier after Premier, and the Prime Minister himself, insisted on; 'we live in hopes,' said Alfred Deakin, 'that from our own shores some day a fleet will go out not unworthy to be compared with the fleet that is now visiting us'; and the most enduring memorial of the visit is possibly the song that begins

'Jonathan is visiting the lonely Kangaroo,'

and ends, arrogantly perhaps but with frank independence of alien shelter,

'We're hanging out the sign from the Leeuwin to the Line,
"This bit o' the world belongs to us."'

There is no need to enlarge on this subject. Australia has many faults, but pro-American she is not; that said, we may pass on. What follows here is an attempt—necessarily brief and possibly dogmatic, but founded on more than forty years' experience—to re-state the essential facts about physical and political Australia so that readers may have some basis upon which to build up their conception of the Commonwealth, some framework into which to fit the mass of unco-ordinated data supplied to them week by week by the press, the lecture-hall, and the advertisement hoarding.

In the first place, Australia has not millions of square miles of fertile unoccupied land, and could not in any circumstances yet conceivable accommodate two hundred

millions of people. Any excited young writer who thinks of the Commonwealth in those terms should study carefully the terse but excellent geography mentioned at the head of this article. He may then discover that the greater part of the imposing area across which AUSTRALIA looms large in atlases is quite incapable of supporting close settlement of any kind, white or other. Prof. Taylor (whose facts have been discussed and sifted and controverted and re-established during the last fifteen years) shows that out of three million square miles—the Commonwealth's total area—a fifth is useless for any purposes, more than half is fit only for pastoral use (which does not involve much settlement), and barely a quarter is fertile and well-watered enough to provide homes for a large population. Instead of millions of square miles inhabited by 200 millions of people, we must envisage Australia as comprising at most three-quarters of a million square miles of comparatively good soil, and affording shelter for perhaps 62 million people. The greater part of central and western Australia is merely the stump of a continent, a very badly-watered palaeozoic plateau between one and two thousand feet above sea-level; a large inland area of eastern Australia is an alluvial plain of rich but loose soil, lacking in permanent rivers because the small and very intermittent rainfall (usually below 10 inches a year) rapidly disappears hundreds of feet underground or evaporates still more rapidly under the summer sun. Taylor's latest estimate (in 'Foreign Affairs' for July 1927) is less optimistic than that of 1925:

'Forty-two per cent. of the continent of Australia is arid; of this about 20 per cent. has so far proved useless for stock, while about 22 per cent. is capable of sparse stock occupation. Another 34 per cent. is good pastoral country. About 21 per cent. is fair temperate farming country, though containing almost all the rugged mountain areas. Perhaps 4 or 5 per cent. in the north-east may be used for tropical agriculture. There is probably room in the east and south for another 20 million folk engaged in agriculture and manufacturing before any congestion can arise.'

Insistence on these facts is in no way a criticism of the efforts now being made to develop the huge unutilised resources of the Commonwealth. As Taylor

says in his next sentence, Australia 'is perhaps the most promising field for settlement now available for the growing white population of the world.' Of the 716,000 square miles capable under present conditions of cultivation in some form only 27,000 were (according to the 'Official Year Book' for 1926) actually under cultivation in 1925; the margin would seem wide enough to accommodate all the immigrants and all the natural increase of population for some years yet. Indeed, the first thought of English students confronted with these figures is apt to be 'Why, then, does not the Commonwealth attract immigrants by the obvious and satisfactory method of giving away some of it?' The reason is simple—the Commonwealth has none to give away. All the soil of Australia (except the tiny Federal Capital Territory and the huge but purely pastoral Northern Territory) is controlled by the several States; and the best areas do not now belong to them, but to private citizens who either bought the more fertile patches long ago or have leased them on a long tenure. Of the soil of Victoria, for instance (and Victoria is just now in disfavour because it has refused to take more immigrants), over 60 per cent. is privately owned, and less than a quarter remains at the State's disposal—unless it acquires more by re-purchasing fertile but unused land from the present owners. (The quarter, it should be noted, is practically all mountainous and largely inaccessible.) In New South Wales a third of the area, including every yard of fertile and well-watered soil, is alienated, a good deal more than half is held under lease (this comprises most of the good pastoral land out west), and the State is left with 9 per cent. of its own. The trouble is not that the good land is unoccupied, but that it is used for purposes which do not fully utilise its goodness. The Federal Labour Ministry of 1910-13 attempted to correct this by imposing a tax on the unimproved value of land, so that owners should be encouraged to make better use of their property and give agriculturists, either as share-farmers or as small purchasers, room to settle and bring up families. The immediate results were encouraging; between 1910 and 1914 the area under crop increased by nearly 50 per cent. Since then, in spite of a sudden war-stimulus that in 1915-16 gave the Commonwealth

its highest recorded area under crop, the real increase has been very slow, and to provide farms for the newcomers whom the country so badly needs the States have been compelled to re-purchase (up to June 30, 1925) nearly seven million acres at a cost of over 25,000,000*l.* in order to create 20,000 new farms. Land so acquired cannot be given away; and settlers established at such a cost will be looked at twice before asking for more.

The problem of making available for newcomers the undoubtedly large area of cultivable land in the Commonwealth is thus less simple than the man in the street believes. Nor is it rendered any easier of solution by attempts to instruct the migrant agriculturist in English methods of farming before he leaves these shores. The experience of the last twenty years has shown that the most effective form of immigration concerns itself with boys of 14 to 18 or thereabouts, who are taken out under a 'Dreadnought' or 'Big Brother' (or, in South Australia, a Farm Apprenticeship) scheme, and are trained to local conditions either on Government farms or under strict apprenticeship rules with much supervision. The Fairbridge and Barnardo schemes are of this kind, but take out children as a rule too young to start training. Assisted migration of families and of single adults involves obvious disadvantages, arising from the novel situations in which newcomers with more or less fixed habits and prejudices must inevitably find themselves; but friendly and careful supervision minimises the disadvantages, and the redistribution of our surplus population within the Empire (and over an area already predominantly British) is in itself a countervailing advantage.

While the Commonwealth, as has just been said, is unable to foster settlement by providing land for immigrants, it has of late years discovered its real *métier* in this regard. It can investigate the conditions of successful settlement—which have no specific relation to State boundaries—with greater skill and efficiency than would be possible to any single State. It can discuss, recommend, and aid with grants of money, improvements both in the methods of bringing apparently inhospitable areas under profitable cultivation and in the amelioration of the inland settler's usually dull and

lonely existence. Acting on these lines recent Federal ministries have liberally subsidised and supervised aviation (a specially suitable remedy for the evils of isolated settlement in the more sparsely populated States) as well as a huge water-conservation scheme that will both establish continuous navigation along the Murray for a thousand miles of its course, and also provide irrigation for several million acres in the three States through which it flows.

On a larger scale they have developed an 'Advisory Council of Science and Industry,' created during the war, into a Commonwealth Council for Scientific and Industrial Research which, with the help of committees set up in each State, is at present investigating: (a) animal pests and diseases; (b) plant pests and diseases; (c) fuel supply, especially with respect to liquid fuel; (d) forest products; (e) the preservation of food-stuffs and the bettering of cold-storage methods—a sufficiently inclusive programme. This Council also acts as a clearing-house for research work carried on at the State universities, and as a liaison between the State agricultural departments.

A still more important Federal institution of recent creation is the Development and Migration Commission, based on the axiom that improvements in developmental methods such as the Commission is designed to suggest, will increase each State's capacity for accepting immigrants. This body not only co-ordinates State efforts after the pattern of the Research Council, but advises the Federal Government as to the expenditure of Commonwealth funds on specific developments in the various States, which are bound to find room for immigrants in proportion to the amount spent within their limits. Among the works already put in hand under this Commission are the drainage of over-moist but rich lands in Western Australia, the supply of water to dry farming areas in that State and in South Australia, a good deal of light railway construction for the benefit of new settlement areas, and the utilisation—either by afforestation or by irrigation—of hitherto neglected districts of Victoria. Schemes for reviving gold-mining, encouraging the dried-fruit industry, and developing the deep-sea fisheries, are also under close investigation.

Enough has probably been now said to destroy in the reader's mind the picture of Australia as a hugely magnified but deplorably empty Essex, needing only the advice of well-meaning visitors to blossom as the rose and become the home of countless millions. For that we must substitute a rough sketch of a continent unique in conformation and conditions (climatic and other), whose resources need careful study for their full development and use. By picking out the plums, settlers and miners of earlier years enriched themselves at the expense of the community as a whole, and created a false impression of wealth attainable without effort. That impression once erased, Australia will be given her rightful place in the complicated structure of the Empire.

When from the problems that depend mainly on Australia's physical conditions and their handling we turn to problems involving her politics, we find the same lack of coherent knowledge and of careful study made by those who provide the public with information about the Dominions. The British publicist is wont to see the Commonwealth by flashes of lightning. Nearly all the information he can accumulate about it in his spare time comes from the cabled messages of the daily press—occasionally verbose and sensational, usually meagre and disconnected by long intervals. During the first decade of the century, when 'The Times' and 'The Morning Post' made room almost weekly for long letters from their Australian correspondents, it was possible to construct a fairly clear picture of the political world overseas, to understand the great surge of public opinion there towards the principles for which Australian Labour then stood, and to foresee the reactions that might result from such outside influences as the naval crisis of 1908-9 and the outbreak of war in 1914. Since the war, however, no similar means of enlightenment has been vouchsafed to us by the British press. Well into December last, for instance, it was impossible to ascertain from any cabled messages what was the actual cause of an important 'strike' which had begun on Nov. 21. Wharf-labourers in Melbourne had certainly refused to work overtime; that did not constitute a strike, since awards do not compel a man to work overtime. Putting two and two together, one may guess

that the refusal to work overtime was by way of protest against a recent award of some arbitration court; and that the associated shipping firms, noting the imminent inrush of Christmas goods and reckoning that any enforced delay in their unloading would deprive the wharf-labourers of public sympathy, decided to use the refusal as excuse for a lock-out. What is certain is that the disturbance was a lock-out, not a strike. On special occasions it has deigned to publish valuable letters dealing with particular events or movements; but nothing has been done to collate the knowledge thus gained or to explain how, for instance, an Imperially-minded Australian can also be a convinced protectionist, or why a Labour Ministry should be the safest instrument for quelling dangerous strikes. It may be worth while, therefore, to suggest here a few explanations, and to consider the ideals and motives which urge Australians now and then into action unexpected by, and sometimes embarrassing to, the Briton of the home islands.

The ideal of prime importance—which has been rightly characterised as rather a religion than a political principle—is of course that of 'White Australia.' This has been frequently discussed of late, and affects the external rather than the internal workings of Commonwealth politics, so that we need not linger over it. It will suffice to repeat the warning that White Australia is concerned neither with the colour of an immigrant's skin nor with the dread of cheap labour, but

'is firmly based on the fact that under adult suffrage every permanent resident in the Commonwealth has a voice in public affairs, and the resolve that no one whose traditions and ideals differ substantially from Australian traditions and ideals (i.e. those of Western Europe) shall be given a chance of influencing those affairs.' ('History of Australia,' p. 207.)

Probably the central fact of Australian life, the root of all those branching phenomena that differentiate its social and political existence from that of older countries, is the well-grounded belief of every able-bodied Australian that some day he may be a landowner and employer of labour. He does not look forward, as working-men in the United States are exhorted to look forward, to being a millionaire or even a rich squatter or manufacturer;

on the contrary, he usually anticipates a golden age when people of that description will have disappeared. But he does foresee independence in work and in life for himself—except in unthinking moments when the exuberant eloquence of a 'new chum' orator excites him into feeling like a down-trodden slave—and he cannot seriously envisage himself as a permanent member of a wage-earning class. It is safe to say that the only Australians who retain, for any length of time, that outlook on life are the small army of clerks and minor public officials, the men who at this end of the world are looked upon as the mainstay of Conservatism but at the other end are usually the most restless and discontented members of society.

Nowhere in the world, it may be supposed, is cutting off your nose to spite your face a popular recreation. Communism, therefore—the negation of individual responsibility, property, and effort—is not a plant of Australian growth. Socialism of a certain type is; but it is a socialism that regards all State instrumentalities as useful for the protection of the small individualist against the big one. It objects to monopolies because they tend to create classes, to extirpate the small dealer and manufacturer, to perpetuate the condition of employeeism. It objects to big estates where they lock up fertile land from the small farmer; through its favourite weapon, the land tax, it says to the big landowner 'Put your land to its proper use or let me do so.' Perhaps one of its most characteristic developments is its attitude towards overtime. In Australia, as in the United States, the employer finds himself compelled to pay through the nose for work done outside the regular hours. But in the United States the employee takes advantage of this to accumulate high overtime pay and become rich as quickly as possible. In Australia he insists on high rates in order to discourage overtime altogether; he desires more leisure for himself, and work for his mates who may be unemployed, and implicitly suggests to the employer that, if he wants anything done more quickly, he must employ more men within the regular hours, as the Melbourne wharf-labourers did suggest in November last.

Consider the effect of this on politics. The over-

whelming mass of Australians is of one mind; they need easy conditions of life and work, such as will give them full opportunity to improve their status within a reasonable time. They dislike and fear extremes. So the Commonwealth's party system, such as it is, presents to us a huge, comparatively inert bulk of what England would probably call 'lower middle-class' workers edged by a slightly more active body of reactionary extremists who cling to old class-distinctions and 'the right of every man to do what he likes with his own,' and on the other side by a very active but no bigger body of extremists—mainly recent importations from Europe or the United States—who use the irrelevant rhetoric of Moscow or Chicago (maybe of Poplar and Limehouse) to intoxicate themselves and their hearers into anti-social actions.

Since the fiscal issue disappeared from politics, there has been no clear-cut partisanship at Melbourne or at Canberra. Elections are won or lost not on definite issues but on the public attitude towards a particular politician or a particular proposal in full view at the moment; if, as often happens, no such personal issue is handy, the voting is apathetic—hence the enacting of measures that make voting compulsory, and irritate the voter against the powers that be. One thing alone is certain and universally predicable of an Australian election—that any party seeking votes on a markedly extremist platform will be defeated at the polls. Alfred Deakin, the greatest Prime Minister Australia has yet seen, mastered parliaments for many years and shaped the Commonwealth's future in nearly all essentials, not as the head of an important party, but as the leader of a constantly decreasing band of personal followers round whom gathered at every emergency the sober men from other sections of political feeling. They loved the man; they approved certain of his proposals; to that extent—and it was all he desired—they were his party. When ill luck and failing health drove him to combine with the reactionary section in the hope of forming a real and permanent 'party' in the English sense of the word, the electors saw in it the possibility of reactionary extremism, and voted *en masse* for the more progressive but still sober wing of the Labour coalition. Similarly

the pronouncedly extreme views of prominent Labour leaders at the present time tend to perpetuate Mr Bruce's term of office; he will be defeated only for one of two reasons—that he seems to be leaning towards excessive Conservatism (the proposed sale of the Commonwealth Government line of steamers is some indication of this tendency in Australian eyes), or that Labour reverts to its pre-war sanity and offers the electors an alternative in sober government.

Students of recent Australian history, if they have been studying it at long range, may suggest at this point that Queensland has been for twelve years ruled by ministries verging on extremism in Labour, and shows no signs yet of repenting her choice. It happens that in State affairs (as opposed to Federal affairs) Queensland is exceptionally placed. In the first place, the earlier extremist ministries took care to strengthen their position by abolishing the second chamber (in spite of a vote by referendum which forbade this), by gerrymandering the electorates, and by providing for proxy voting in parliament. In the second place, the various sections which dislike Labour have never yet been able to find a common basis of action during elections, and have ruined their own cause by internal dissensions. But the true feeling of the Queensland voter can be ascertained from the Federal parliament, whose electorates are delimited as impartially and evenly as possible, so that the same body of voters that returns a Labour majority to the Brisbane legislature sends to Canberra an almost equal number supporting Mr Bruce.

Queensland, therefore—until the anti-Labour sections can compose their internal differences—will remain under 'left wing' control. But the trend of even 'left wing' opinion, so long as it is genuinely Australian, became evident in the late railway strike. For many years the railway unions of the northern State took reckless advantage of their close relationship to the party in power, and Premier after Labour Premier yielded to their arrogance or subjected it to very mild control. But when it swelled into defiance of the law and of Government orders, and began to involve flat mutiny within a Government industry, even a Labour Premier saw his way clear to discard any sympathy

with extremism, and to deal severely with his own supporters in parliament:

'When members entered this House they took an oath to abide by constitutional government. If they do not keep that oath there must be revolution. If a member gives allegiance to some body outside Parliament, the only result is revolution. . . . I will not allow a noisy minority to control the country.'

From that moment the end was certain. It was slow in coming, because Queensland resembles one of those animals that have, so men of science tell us, minor brains at intervals along the spine, and therefore do not die all at once. The State for practical purposes consists of a series of ports each associated closely with its own back-country and much less closely with the other ports and the seat of government; a strike may be crushed at one centre and linger on tediously at another farther away. In Brisbane railway-men were signing on under the Premier's conditions on Sept. 5, at Maryborough (167 miles north) on the ninth, and by the eleventh only the original strikers in the far north beyond Townsville were still recalcitrant. By his action Mr McCormack lost a few thousand Communist votes, but gained such favour with the great central section of voters that anti-Labour candidates are likely at the next election to be worse off than ever. Mr McCormack has justified himself as an antagonist of extremism, and the moderates will rally to him. This too may be noted—that, had an avowedly anti-Labour ministry done what he did, it would have lost the next elections; for what in the Labour leader was a gesture of moderation would in his less progressive opponents have been regarded as a move towards extremism of the opposite kind.

Returning, then, to our view of the Commonwealth as a whole, we must note one genuine exception (probably soon to disappear) to the rule that there are no parties based on definite principles. There is one—the 'Country' party, based on the belief that the small farmer is the core of Australia's prosperity and should be treated better than any other section of the community. It is therefore what the Labour party is not—a class-conscious body. It is not altogether a new

phenomenon. Twenty years ago the Kyabram movement in Victoria—a political league of small farmers in the Murray valley—terrorised the State legislature for a year or more into unwonted (and, as it happened, unwise) economy. In 1913 a revolt of small farmers, scared by the rumour that Mr Fisher's ministry was intending to bring rural workers under the Federal arbitration laws, found strength enough to expel Labour from office and give Joseph Cook a year's uneasy tenure of the Prime Ministership. But since the war the scattered electorates that are controlled by the small-farmer vote have been judiciously organised into backing for a Country party, which by depriving the moderate 'Nationalist' ministries of several supporters has made itself the deciding factor in most parliamentary conflicts, and has thus managed to exact more than its share of the executive government. Mr Bruce's ministry is a coalition between his own 'Nationalist'* section of the moderates and the Country section represented by his Treasurer, Dr Earle Page; it is largely these allies who have urged him towards several apparently reactionary proceedings, such as the repeated attempts to get rid of the Government's line of steamers. It may seem perverse to use the word 'reactionary' of a measure so consonant with commercial opinion in London. To get rid of an enterprise that cost the Commonwealth over half a million sterling a year might well be counted sound business. But in Australia enterprises under public control exist not merely to pay commercially but to fulfil a definite service to the community. The State railways are not run primarily for profit but for the development of State resources and the aid of adventurous settlers; suburban residents in the Sydney area pay excessive fares in order that the up-country resident may enjoy low freight-costs to his only market, and on the whole the State benefits. Similarly the Government line of steamers exists, as

* The lack of definite party boundaries is exemplified in the names which the various ephemeral sections choose for themselves. 'Labour' is a good election catchword, but means so little that some of its users would agree with Lord Apsley and others with Mr A. J. Cook. 'Nationalist' means nothing at all, but is a reminder that its users claim descent from the National coalition of war days.

the Shipping Board that controlled it frankly confessed of late, 'for the purpose of disciplining the private ship-owners and compelling them to charge only reasonable rates'; and its value to Australian shippers for that end was proved in 1923 and 1926, when proposed increases of 10 and 15 per cent. in freights to and from the Commonwealth were abandoned because the Government line refused to join in making them. On Oct. 3, a high official of the Board, giving details of its action with regard to freights since 1919, estimated that it had saved the primary producers at least two millions sterling a year, besides speeding up the time occupied in transit from 33 to 28-29 days. And Mr Bruce (whose commercial training has always inclined him towards the sale) has been compelled to demand from tenderers a guarantee (a) for a ten years' equivalent of the present service in regard to mails, passengers, etc.; (b) preference for the interests of Australian producers.

The quality which gives the Country party its present strength also makes its doom certain. It is not in any way a political party, if by that we mean a body of men concerned primarily with the public welfare. It is far more indubitably a class-war party than Labour at its worst ever was. It judges the value of legislation and of administration almost entirely by their effect on its own small-farmer class; and that class, important as it may be to the welfare of the community, is not so all-important that the interests of the rest need be wholly subordinated to its particular interests. The existing party has cleverly identified itself with proposals to abolish the present States and redistribute Australia into a score or more of provinces, which have been before the public for a good twenty years and were at one time a cherished feature of Labour programmes; this absorption of a genuinely public-spirited policy, though its chief merit in the eyes of Dr Earle Page and his followers is that it would release them from the domination of the State capitals (each a seaport and each concentrating on itself the trade of its State's farthest recesses), gives an aspect of permanence and broad-mindedness to a clique not really inspired by those qualities. Sooner or later the Country party will go the way of Kyabram, and its best constituents (who are

already more public-spirited than the bulk of the party and should not be confused with it) will seek more congenial work in the ranks of Mr Bruce's direct followers.

In view of the innate moderation of the Australian temper, as explained above, it may seem difficult to account for the constant succession of strikes and other forms of industrial trouble that occupy the cable-columns of the press and the speeches of company directors. The explanation of these phenomena must be sought in another Australian characteristic—youthfulness. Every man has his youthful moments, whatever be his age; in Australia, where over 88 per cent. of the population is under fifty-five years of age, and where sunny skies and clear invigorating air are for every one's perpetual enjoyment, youthfulness, with all its concomitant virtues and defects, lasts well into what here would be middle age. More especially one notes in the Australian three qualities of youth—irresponsibility, comradeship, and an overmastering desire to 'play the game.' The two last-named are probably the chief factors in any great strike. What happens—what happened in the coal-miners' strike of 1909 and the tramways strike of 1912 and the railway strikes of 1917 and 1927, as well as on many minor occasions—is that extremists, having managed to secure control of the mechanism of some big union, for reasons of their own create a quarrel; the situation comes up to be dealt with at a union meeting, which is attended mainly by the younger and unmarried members (the married men have gone home for the evening and do not trouble to stir out again); the meeting, controlled by agitators and made up of men with few or no responsibilities, decides on a strike as the most sensational method of calling attention to its grievances. Then the married majority, which could have quashed the strike unborn had it taken the trouble to attend, is appealed to not to 'let down' its mates, to play for its side, to sink private misgivings and show a united front to the employers. The appeal is usually successful, and the strike proceeds until either a masterful leader with more sense than most expels the agitators from control (Mr W. M. Hughes was excellent at this operation) and brings their followers to reason, or the public grows tired of being sacrificed

to industrial disturbances and forces one or both sides to compromise. This explanation may sound farcical, but it is the true one; one of the strongest extremist objections to conscription in 1917 was that it would take away the young unmarried men first and so deprive the agitators of their most reliable supporters. One does not eulogise the pliable majority, or even excuse them, but within limits it is a virtue to play for your side; and young players would find it hard to fix the exact moment at which one must no longer obey the instructions of the team's appointed captain.

Still, there is in Australia a system of arbitration courts and similar tribunals specially designed to abolish strikes and defeat the agitator's devices. Unfortunately there are several systems, some overlapping and few with unquestionable authority behind them. Again one notes the emergence of youth's characteristics—its impatience and its lack of reverence for law as such. For grown men at this end of the world a law, like an official, has a definite status of its own; the official is treated with respect just because he holds an office, the law must be obeyed just because it has been duly enacted. It takes centuries to make a law of Britain obsolete, and even then our instinct is to evade it rather than ignore it. In a young country—certainly in Australia—an official is merely a fellow-man set to some public task, to be judged as a man like any other; a law is the latest device for overcoming some difficulty or regulating some lack of order, useful so long as it fulfils its makers' intentions and no longer. Now the device known as compulsory arbitration, intended to eliminate strikes as industrial weapons, has had many successes and has been for many years respected accordingly; but the weakness of the Commonwealth Constitution (which represents not the best thought of its makers but the best terms they could secure from six reluctant and ill-informed colonial legislatures) lies in its vague and awkward distribution of powers between Federal and State authorities. Every State has the right to set up its own arbitration courts; the Commonwealth superposes on them courts with jurisdiction over disputes extending beyond the bounds of a single State; workmen in one State find themselves bound by awards

less favourable than obtain next door, and forthwith arrange that a dispute shall occur in both localities simultaneously; the legal machine is promptly clogged with arguments about jurisdiction; and the law incurs natural if unmerited contempt. The instrument designed to bring peace has failed in its task; not being sacrosanct, but merely a means to an end, it is put on one side until a new instrument is devised, or the old one patched up into renewed efficiency.

Now, just as recent Federal ministries have recognised the unique physical conditions prevalent in the continent they govern, and have set on foot attempts to master those conditions, so they have at last recognised and attempted to improve the state of things just described. Two proposals especially deserve notice as possible remedies. To counteract the methods by which a few agitators and a body of young irresponsibles can impose a strike on a mass of reluctant comrades, it has been officially proposed that no strike may be declared until it has been approved of by a secret ballot of the union concerned. To simplify and reorganise the machinery of arbitration a commission has been set up to report on amendments in the Constitution that may bring about a reasonable redistribution of powers between the States and the Commonwealth. In those two measures lies the hope of an orderly and prospering community.

In view of recent complaints by prominent British leaders of commerce about the Commonwealth's protective tariffs, and the suggestions—apparently put forward in good faith—for an Imperial Customs Union involving the abolition of fiscal barriers in the Dominions, it may be useful to make yet another explanation. Tariffs are for the normally thoughtful Australian mainly a weapon of defence. Even during the last war, when British fleets more or less safeguarded the ocean trade-routes, the mechanism of ordinary life was in Australia seriously disturbed and hampered by the lack of necessities previously imported from Britain. This had been foreseen by Alfred Deakin and his immediate followers, who constructed the tariff of 1908 with a view to minimising the disturbance. Actual war experience stressed the lesson; and it is now common ground among the mass of politicians and publicists that the

Commonwealth must as quickly as possible be made self-supporting in all things necessary for a simple civilised existence. Australia should not be a limb of the Empire, bound to draw the nourishing blood from the central heart and to die when that supply is cut off. She must be envisaged and discussed as a separate organism, providing not only her own sustenance but also the material framework of her everyday life. Many other influences, no doubt, go to the construction of a tariff—those may be combated by the interests they affect, and may undergo modification. But the duties on material essential to civilised life which can be, at whatever cost, produced within the Commonwealth, and the duties on luxuries whose yield will help to pay for the admittedly unprofitable financing of that production, have come to stay; they are precautions against war, and will not disappear until war disappears for ever.

Such, then, is the Australian and such his habitat. There is no question of praise or blame, of allotting his motives and beliefs a higher or lower rank in the scale of British civilisation. Nor need it be suggested that all Australians, taken individually, are influenced by those motives and beliefs; notable exceptions may be discovered any day among Australian residents in Britain, Australian visitors who proclaim themselves such to all whom they may meet here, and the merchants of the chief Australian seaports (merchants and seaports are much the same all the world over). But it may be taken as a certainty that the Australian people, acting as a whole in face of any particular situation, will act in accordance with those beliefs and be guided mainly by those motives. It takes all sorts to make an Empire; and the unquestioned loyalty of the Commonwealth to the existing Imperial régime can be turned to best account for the good of the whole community of Britons if its idiosyncrasies, its prejudices, and its normal attitude towards the scheme of things, are comprehended and accepted without querulous or contemptuous criticism.

ARTHUR JOSE.

Art. 2.—MODES AND MANNERS.

Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century as represented in the Pictures and Engravings of the Time.
Translated from the German of Dr Oskar Fischel and Max von Boehn. Four vols. Dent, 1927.

IN estimating the value of a great man's career, his social usefulness, the quality of his personality, the quality of his works, his influence and abiding position in politics, art or science, a century makes a sufficient and convenient period of time. But in the world of fashion and manners a century is not so helpful; for the ways of dress and of general behaviour follow no such definite course even as is the case with a wayward genius. Birth, marriage, and death are definite milestones in a man's life; but with fashion there seems to be no rule but only fancy; its milestones are haphazard; and many of its reactions have proved mere freakishness.

The authors of the interesting, amusing and very well illustrated work now under review have been wise enough to interpret the 19th century widely. Their study of modes and manners begins at the outbreak of the French Revolution with the Fall of the Bastille, and ends with the opening crash of the Great War; so that while they recognise the impossibility of limiting arbitrarily any movement in the ever-uncertain commonwealth of fashions and social behaviour, they have seen that one definite epoch of magnificent artificiality ended in 1798; and that another epoch, full of occasional artifice yet not so consciously splendid and containing plenty of reality, came to its close in August 1914.

Yet even the one hundred and sixteen years which, for convenience' sake, Dr Fischel and Herr von Boehn have taken as their 19th century, mark no orderly progress or inevitable ebb of retrogression so far as popular fashions and manners are concerned; for within that period we had, almost as rapidly and elaborately changeable as the designs of a vast kaleidoscope, such amazing varieties of feminine costumes—and women are ever the first victims, as well as the queens of fashion—as the 'hobble skirt' and the enormous crinoline, the wasp-waist, the very hideous 'bustle' of forty years ago,

which appropriately was accompanied by leg-of-mutton sleeves and the pork-pie hat (the Shade of Mantalini might well cry 'Howwid'!), the long train which swept the dust and filth of the pavements, in those days less resolutely cleaned than now, and the leg atrocities of Mrs Amelia Bloomer, of Seneca Falls, Ohio, who through the militant propagation of her views aroused a furore, until a London brewer innocently killed the craze by making his barmaids wear 'bloomers.'

Extremes were flaunted brazenly within that hundred years. The 'Merveilleuses,' who after the Terror wore next to nothing and did it very well, represented the nearest possible approach to Nature—another small triumph for the teachings of J. J. Rousseau; one leader of the period, a lady of society, wearing 'rings on her bare feet, while silk tights and a transparent chemise open to the knee composed the remainder of her costume.' Including shoes and ornaments, the complete clothing of a lady of fashion in 1800, it is alleged, was not allowed to weigh more than eight ounces. Of course, there was reaction from those daring insufficiencies. The exaggerations of the hoops, the multiplicity of petticoats of flannel, and later of silk, high necks and pompous sleeves, were called for with all the mute insistent voices of propriety and the dress-designers, who had come to regard light-wear as naked and unprofitable. So absolute did the opposite extreme then become that it is easy to believe the assertion that in 1859, when woman's dress had reached its largest circumference, a tulle costume consisting of four skirts, each trimmed with ruches, required 1100 yards of material.

It is needless to linger over so enticing a subject—bliss and a godsend to the humorists and caricaturists—as extravagance in feminine costume; especially as the absurdities of men in their sartorial display have not been very far behind those of their wives and sisters. A glance through the pages of Mr Punch, beyond all others the best of social historians, brings to mind, and possibly to mirth, truly dreadful visions of pegtop trousers, chimney-pot hats, weeping whiskers, curled wigs, dyed and unbalanced mustachios, embroidered waistcoats, ostentatious jewellery, showing an infinite display of tailor-made foppishness; the folly, generally

ugly, of a season, soon to be succeeded by another sort of corresponding extravagance equally bold and bad. It was an opportunity for the thrusting philosophy of Thomas Carlyle and was fully used by him in his 'Sartor Resartus,' with its ironic vision of the members of the House of Commons, at a time when that assembly was unfailingly well dressed and dignified, meeting unclad and, therefore, with all their influence gone.

The pursuit of fashion in costume through its manifold changes is fascinating; but the truth must not be lost sight of that it is the excess, the extreme, the extravagance, which catches the eye and keeps the attention, and not the normal style which, after all, is required, as clothing is necessitated, by the conditions of climate and the health and comfort of the body. The fripperies change but not the foundations. The truth of the uses of extravagance was recognised and exploited by Oscar Wilde, in his violent and, happily, brief régime. To be notorious one must be almost outrageous. One's pose and wit must be as loud as an advertisement, and in his case it was an advertisement. It is easy to laugh at Reginald Bunthorne and his gushing tribe, the angular, flower-adoring, long-haired, velveteen-clad poseurs; and, indeed, that floppy fraternity and sisterhood strove frankly and earnestly to win the laughter, and even the ridicule, which brought the small fame that was the only fame available to them. Yet, looked at with critical eyes, is this, our age, free from a similar blatancy, a more or less corresponding though less sophisticated loudness of appearance and costume? It is unnecessary to turn moralist yet in these meditations; but while we may think complacently of the spreading crinoline—which yet caused women to move gracefully, as 'Trelawney of the Wells' has shown—and the 'greenery-gallery, Grosvenor Gallery' inanities of Wilde and his forgotten companions, it may be remembered that our grandmothers in their youth, though possibly they might now be sometimes regarded as dowdy, at least avoided the fidgety brevity of the ultra-modern skirt, the silly bondage of the cigarette, the open parade of the vanity glass and the bag of cosmetics and, worst of all, the nasty vulgarity of the lipstick.

It is, however, needless as yet to estimate the value

and tendencies of present fashions, especially as it is important to judge from the normal and not from the abnormal. After all, the real ruler in these things is the woman or man of taste, and not the 'flapper' of either sex; and it is very interesting in making this broken survey of a century of change to see what our forebears did habitually, and how we have, or have not, improved on their practices; how they dressed and comported themselves; walked, danced, flirted, rode and played their games; how they behaved at and after Church, at the opera, and in Parliament—what a falling-off seems to be there!—for it well may be that in this social inquest we shall discover remediable faults in our modern manners; and assuredly, watching the rushing and the racing, the restlessness of the silly social day, we should be better for a dose or two of Turveydrop, even if we do not wish to recover the full bloom and flavour of that ripely artificial flower, Beau Brummel.

Self-respect is the safeguard of modes and manners; and it is curious to recognise how often that quality seems to have been wanting in the years that are gone—a real self-respect, I mean; and not a mistaken convention. This, anyhow, is a cleaner day. Soap boilers make easy fortunes now; and men sing with gusto in their baths. It is well known that many a good house, built even in the later Victorian days, has had to be adapted and sometimes reconstructed because it lacked that first necessity of home-life, a bath-room. The Saturday evening hip-bath was often the nearest approach to cleanliness practised by those who knew it to be the virtue put next to godliness; yet our fathers then were godly enough with their conscientious church-going and their family prayers:

'The slight value attached to cleanliness during the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries is well known; in Spain, the bath was forbidden as a heathen abomination. The renowned Queen Margaret of Navarre, of courtly life, washed herself at the oftenest once a week, and then only her hands. The *roi soleil* never washed himself; and the single bathing-tub to be found at his time at Versailles—the bath-room being considered a superfluity, and therefore devoted to other purposes than washing—was not discovered, and then quite accidentally, before the days of the Pompadour, and was then

placed in the garden for a fountain. Such being the habits of the time, it will be understood with what disapprobation it was said of Napoleon that he washed too much!' (Vol. I, p. 80.)

That this is no exaggeration is corroborated by some private testimony that came from a lady who was in waiting in the days of the Second Empire. It is a fact that even then not only were there no baths in the Palace of the Tuileries but no water was laid on and every drop of it used for any purpose had to be carried upstairs. The passage quoted takes us back to an earlier day than these volumes illustrate; but it is so apt in pointing an argument, and so amusing in itself, that it was impossible to ignore it, especially as the reference to the Emperor Napoleon marks the clear change, the positive uplift, to better things in regard to soap and water; though his reputation in that respect really was not too beautiful.

Nowadays we recognise the salutary effects of water, outwardly applied; and never have the English been so careless over washing and bathing themselves as, at any rate, some of their European neighbours; partly because as a nation we led in out-door sports and healthy recreations, and must wash for comfort afterwards; but also because we early got rid of the ugly theory, cultivated by the mediæval Church, that it was necessary to mortify the body by suffering filth and lice and eczema, and, therefore, to wash was to pamper the weak flesh; a vanity and an open invitation to Satan. The extraordinarily unpleasant condition of the body of Archbishop Thomas Becket, as discovered at his martyrdom, has been told for all to read by Dean Stanley; and Gibbon's amusing footnote about the old nun who at the celebration of her seventy years' incarceration in a convent boasted that during the whole of that time she had not once washed her body but only the tips of her fingers on the days when she was to receive the Communion, is significant.

Let it be recognised that such a dirty idea of what is virtuous and proper has been for very long past; though only the other day insanitary conditions prevailed which now would not be tolerated (though the slums are still with us); and for this the sanity of sanitation, the wise

insistence of health officers and doctors, are most to be thanked. Spitting in the streets, at the fireside and in railway carriages, was habitual to many who have completely broken themselves of the vile practice. The aforetime footstool was often a disguised cuspidor. Chewing tobacco, a nasty habit, with its odious accompaniments, also has gone; and Byron chewed as Napoleon spat. Snuff-taking was not nearly so bad in its ancillary consequences; but yet not every one could take his pinch with the elegance of the dandy who tapped the lid of his snuff-box with an air before fingering his superfine rappee. He had many crude followers whose snuff-taking had results deplorable.

This victory for decency and cleanliness among the generality is great; and shows what can be done when reason insists upon a necessity and threatens pains and penalties for unsocial neglectfulness. But also it is largely due to an improvement in the standard of living, if not of life, and an increase in real wealth; self-respect being greatly helped by decent and attractive conditions. Whatever the causes of those advantages may be, the Industrial Revolution was a great part of it, with the opening-up of new sources from which raw material is drawn, the development and improvement of machinery, vastly better and speedier means of intercommunication and carriage facilitating distribution. These and other causes have combined to provide some necessities cheaply, and especially the raw and finished stuffs of clothing; so that raggedness is rarely seen, even in districts manifestly very poor; while many a girl who formerly would have been described as of the servant class (there seems to be no such thing as a servant class nowadays) is able to appear as tastefully dressed as *My Lady of Mayfair*. How they manage it may be a mystery, but there it is. Mean streets now breed many a lass with the delicate air.

This is to the good; though often it is to be feared that bodies must sometimes suffer, being satisfied with little or poor nourishment, to provide the finery adorning them; yet in making the endeavour to improve their appearances tastefully—an endeavour in which the girls have left the youths of their class far behind them—something more than their own individual

outward show is effected. The indirect results are, and are bound to be, considerable. Even if their fathers and mothers cling to the accustomed dinginess of attire and environment, as often is not the case, the brightness these girls bring to their dismal surroundings, at least in London and the south of England, is bound to react eventually to the betterment of those conditions. Much of this, of course, does not so surely apply to such disastrous districts as the Black Country and some of the harsh manufacturing centres of the North, where the call and response to beauty are necessarily very restricted; but throughout our islands, as throughout the civilised world where fashion is an influence and power, there has been a marked improvement in the average appearance of the people.

Possibly the wide uniformity of style resulting is not good, for it has meant the final disappearance of many interesting local and national costumes. In Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, as also in Brittany, except for the local coif, and that too is vanishing, the national costume, once prevalent, has almost entirely gone (though let us not forget to acknowledge the eagerness of certain southern-born visitors to Scotland to wear the kilt and anybody's tartan). It is hopeless to think of recovering such a possession; as most attempts of the kind—the restoration of local folk-dancing is pretty well the only exception—have ended in failure after a temporary affectation. Even the Irish will not learn Irish. The attempts made to restore the incidents of nationality, when once they have been lost, generally have lacked reality; but still we can deplore the fact of an unenterprising uniformity, and, looking through the pages of these volumes, can see how stimulating were the alterations in modes during the last hundred years. Until recently, you could easily tell Jack from his master, and Joan from her mistress, as in these days, out of doors at any rate and with the women especially, often you cannot do. But in those days rank and class were strictly delimited. Social distinctions were closely observed. There was a difference in the quality of dress, as well as in the manner of wearing it, that was well marked, as to some extent of course is also the case now; but the cause of the difference

nowadays resides in the individual purse and pocket-book. Any style is purchasable with cash ; but formerly it was an affair over which established custom and an abiding sense of relative position ruled. Jack did not dream of being as good as his master, and both of them knew it.

This tendency to similarity, to uniformity, in material quality as well as in style, is secondarily due—the first cause is commercial—to the open-air life we lead, and the jolly pursuit of games. With the progress of sport, especially of team-work in other countries, this tendency to uniformity must spread. The writers of these volumes recognise this truth: for they point out what, with the vogue of Paris much in mind, is often overlooked ; that, particularly in the earlier years of the last century, England led fashion in Europe, and thereby led the world ; further, they assert the truth that, despite lip-worship to liberty, fraternity and equality, a truly democratic spirit was established earlier here than elsewhere ; and especially long before it prevailed in Germany, where a fussy, stuffy, and conceited Prussian etiquette, generally of elaborately bad manners, has gradually increased and tyrannised.

This obvious decay in the natural German simplicity and kindliness is not of such recent growth as might be imagined, for less than a hundred years ago a woman of the middle classes in Berlin, chancing to meet a countess in any public place, was compelled to seat herself at least six chairs away from her ; while as far back as 1798, the young nobles of Pomerania bound themselves by word of honour not to dance with any woman beneath them in rank. That may be taken as a significant example of a stupid inability to bear gentleness gently, which eventually—follow its tendencies and it is clear—brought Prussianism to ruin, as the same tendencies brought catastrophe to the glittering and over-coloured empire of Napoleon the Third.

It was a mistake in conduct, proving an essential vulgarity, which the aristocracy of Great Britain have unaffectedly avoided. With us, prince and typist, duchess and butler, in the due season, may meet and dance together ; and each discover an enhanced respect for the other. It would be interesting, if space allowed, to

follow out the parallels between the courts of Louis Napoleon and the ex-Kaiser; as they reveal a similar pomposity and extravagance combined with vulgar loudness; elaborate display and pretence, bombastic parades of troops with boastings; a very stiff arrogant pride, weakened by the accepted intrusion of the *demi-monde* and the money-bags; truly history is ever repeating itself, but mankind never seems to learn from it. The French Revolution, had its lessons been accepted by the Tsars, might have saved the world from the triumphant brutalities and persistent dangers of Russian Bolshevism. But as it is—so it is; and space does not allow more than this passing reference to the casual and colossal accidents brought and repeated by Time.

Manners are a natural reflex to the modes. Blatancy in the one is sure to stimulate blatancy of the other. Manners make the man; good manners the gentleman; ill-manners, combined with some obvious prosperity, the cad. As the rightly-dressed person is he whose costume is unobtrusive, not calling attention by its carelessness or by its display, so the man of true manners unconsciously avoids drawing notice to himself. 'Self-reverence, self-control, self-knowledge, and self-sacrifice are the characteristics,' has said Dean Inge. One sees how changes, superficial changes, have come and gone in this concern of manners over the century. Formality, once elaborate, has generally disappeared, and careless familiarity, with kindly simplicity, have replaced it; but the transition from the one habit or practice to the other was not gradual. It had its rapid ups-and-downs, as the fortunes of the nation changed, and politics or war brought a louder expression of feelings.

The ruling families, the landed gentry, those who had inherited an established position and recognised the traditions and honourable responsibilities of their rank and had the means to maintain them, preserved a dignity which even the *grand seigneur* of the time of Louis XIII could not have outdone. They had character and style; to adopt the modern phrase, they could do things with a gesture. *Noblesse oblige* was a motto with a recognised meaning, and they practised the ideal that it represents. But still not all was noble even with those of their estate. To youths of good fortune and family position, excesses

were allowed which cast dark shadows on the grandeurs of the period. Drunkenness and other frailties of the flesh were frequent in the best families; and the young blood, at any rate, was permitted a wide indulgence in pleasure and the enforcement of privileges which, looked at through the spectacles of experience, must be recognised as having been odious. The street-jokes of the Mohocks and similar gangs of dissolute young men of leisure; the overturning of old watchmen in their boxes, the cudgelling of innocent passers-by, the worse treatment of women, the wanton destruction of property, such as the wrenching-off of door-knockers and the smashing of railings and windows, the dicing, the wenching, the wanton extravagance, the general viciousness; thank the powers that such are no longer the tolerated enjoyments of golden youth and gentle blood! Generally—at once it can be seen—with all its manifest faults the world has more decency now than it had then. Old Adam is still alive, the seven deadly sins are plentifully practised; but there is not the same flagrant display of vice and animal spirits, and the man in the street is unquestionably kinder than he was at any time earlier.

That is a helpful fact to serve as a standard for spiritual measurements. Manners, when they are dissociated from kindness and consideration to others, cannot be worth much; and in the 'good old days' the downfall and humiliation of others was an unfailing subject for mirth. A tumble in the street caused sides to split. To bait an old woman, to give hot coppers to a blind man, to chase a starved dog or cat with a can tied to its tail, to 'wallop' a horse well, to leave booby-traps of less innocuous design, with elaborate hoaxes and practical jokes, to discover sport in another's disaster, however petty the circumstance might be, were evidence of a careless and cruel spirit which could not really have inspired a noble nature. In that respect there certainly has been improvement.

Possibly the most evident falling-off has been in the familiar opinion of Parliament, which may still be taken as a representative expression of popular manners. It is possible that appearances at present are unfair; but no one, with the greatest assumption of fancy, can pretend that as a pattern and school of manners the House

of Commons remains what it was even sixty years ago. The ornaments of debate, the stateliness, the grandiloquence, the formalities almost statuesque, which characterised the wordy duels of such late masters as Disraeli and Gladstone, are gone. Speeches seem to be no shorter nowadays than they were then; but they have lost the importance, the *aplomb*, the conscious dignity, the brilliance, the culture and finish which, from the time of Chatham to that of John Bright, made eloquence an art. Granted that often it was patently artificial, with devices ingenuously employed, it still was manners, and good manners. The opportunity, as well as the attention of the hearers, was respected; the aim of the argument was high; themes were thoughtfully studied and explored; and serious speeches received the attention due to quality of thought and phrasing. Of course, there were angers and hot denials then, repudiations sometimes so violent as to be rude; with animosities that often grew dangerous to the point of bloodshed, for such men as Wellington, Canning, and, of course, Daniel O'Connell were challenged to fight duels; but still the historic dignity of the Parliamentary occasion was never overlooked. What is the case now? Interruptions and shouted personalities, with a woeful want of wit; petty rudenesses, gutterboy disturbances, appear overfrequently; or so it seems from the reports of the popular daily press; and there, just there, is the cause. More than anything else the cheaper newspaper has brought the change to Parliament. Emphasising the mainly personal with paragraphs and pictures, they have led their readers away from the greater causes; and so it is that the mere politician, the sensational preacher, the actress and the actor, receive a notoriety, even a fame, enormously out of proportion to their human and artistic worth. In that department we live in a lesser day and move in a smaller world; and thereby has come what may prove to be more than a passing deterioration.

Even beyond that cause of failing there is another; the rapid growth of wealth, through commerce, putting much gold into pockets that have not learned how to carry it. Almost inevitably the newly-rich are bound to have bad manners; for where training and example

have been denied, experience is the only teacher, and that cannot come yet; while the possession of money, with its all but universal appeal, gives a dangerous confidence to the crude. Therefore, it is that wealthy vulgarity has no hindrance and grows blatant, and gilded vanity can go the pace, heedless of others and utterly selfish. 'I'm not rude, I'm rich,' said Hoggesheimer in a musical comedy; and the assertion was taken as its own full justification. After a while generally there is a softening and an improvement of manners through natural kindness; but until that day of saving grace, how dreadful!

Things are on the mend. Even the war profiteers, whose open and loud extravagance in recent years was a condition hard to be borne by those whom duty had impoverished, are not so crude as formerly they were. The road-hog is less hoggish than he was; although the legendary slaughters done by the car of Juggernaut were as nothing compared with the blood-havoc of the modern motor-car as it rushes through towns and villages. But in respect to that also improvement has begun. The motorists, having had their way and secured concessions in the matter of by-passes and made roads, with others things deplorable to simple souls, will probably now prevent the destruction from continuing, and we can look to them to resist a further spoliation of the country-side. Already a brief time has brought a change for the good, mainly through the fact that a better spirit of consideration is abroad. It is seen, even by those who own it, that wealth is not everything, and that with all its power it is incapable of purchasing the most desirable possessions, happiness of mind and heart, contentment and good will, and the best enjoyment of lovely things.

At this hour people of all classes seem on the whole to be kinder in spirit and better mannered than ever before. A charming simplicity is growing; while the rules of fairplay are accepted and practised in all conditions and places. That a thing is not 'cricket,' that to do such-and-such is not 'playing the game,' are governing considerations; and the crudest—we had almost said the most degraded—of human beings in his worst moments generally recognises the iniquity of

hitting a man when he is down if it is clearly pointed out to him. In general behaviour, those blessed words 'Please' and 'Thank you' are effective talismans; and it is rare—as was not the case thirty years ago—for one not to be willing to take trouble and to go out of his way to assist another. The courtesy of the police, as of our other public servants, is recognised in countries abroad. Even when in the private yards of factories the injunction, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted,' may be seen, it is a threat seemingly never carried out, and infinitely better than the abrupt 'Outside! This means You!' of similar injunctions in America. The almighty dollar is a poor promoter of manners.

But why have we that recent improvement, for recent it is, coming well after the overturn of the War had brought chaos? Partly, the cause is general. The deprivations of those who in the War lost heavily, and more than their material possessions, induced a gentleness, which has persisted and slowly prevailed to sweeten the community; and, naturally, good manners, being the result of discipline and an unselfish kindness, must prevail over rudeness born of ignorance and the brute.

There is another cause, a prime and actual cause, which after some hesitation and thought we are proud to assert. It is the example set by our Royal Family; and especially by their Majesties, the King and Queen. Without undue display, with a wonderful simplicity, they have fully expressed the qualities of very complete courtesy. They have never failed in their duty. Punctuality, cheerfulness, gentleness, modesty, kindness, an ever-practical sympathy, an undeviating earnestness and disinterestedness of service; in all those essentials of gentle personality and of splendid consideration they have excelled and shone. Never before has a sovereign so entirely expressed the highest purposes and best characteristics of his people than the King, whom God preserve. He is the very fount of courtesy, and the example he sets has proved to be greatly effectual.

OLIVER B. LLOYD.

Art. 3.—AMERICA'S 'SOVEREIGNTY.'

'OUR Admiralty'—as Lord Balfour reminds us—'looked round to see how they could carry out the policy of the President of the United States—economy and security.' But the Geneva Conference broke down through the insistence of America's delegates upon greater ships and guns. That understanding of Britain's rôle which even Jefferson had, and which Lord Balfour himself sought to impress so vividly in Washington, as Mr Bridgeman did at Geneva—was apparently forgotten. The new American Empire must now have a Navy 'second to none'; she is arming by sea and land and air to protect her enormous wealth, and to ensure that far-flung 'sovereignty' of a whole Hemisphere which State-Secretary Olney asserted to Lord Salisbury in 1895, during the heated dispute over the Venezuelan Boundary. The 'Tyrant of France' was casting an ominous shadow upon the infant Republic when the veteran Jefferson wrote to Sir John Sinclair: 'We see with great concern the position in which Great Britain is placed, and should be sincerely afflicted were any disaster to deprive mankind of such a Bulwark against the torrent which has for some time been bearing down all before it. But Peace is our Passion.'

It remained America's passion until Woodrow Wilson's slow conversion to 'Free without stint or limit'! Over a hundred years intervene between these two Pacificist Presidents. In that interval it was often proposed to abolish the U.S. Navy and Army altogether. 'Have we not our Atlantic Moat?' asked Washington's ex-Chancellor. And shortly afterwards enemy ships landed forces that burned the early White House and the Capitol itself! The same unmartial spirit showed in the invasion of Canada; in the War of 1812, in the Indian and Mexican campaigns; in the fierce Civil War of the 'sixties, in the War with Spain, and in the upheaval of 1917, which at long last put 2,000,000 Americans in France—with preliminary schooling in French and British trenches, which General John Pershing acknowledged with modesty and grace. 'Our passion is peace!' Elaborate checks had been put upon

'militarism' by the early Fathers in Council. America's foes in the field have always been negligible, from the Seminoles of Florida to the Spaniards in Cuba. In the 114 days of that war in 1898, the Americans had only 279 men killed! And vast expansion had been secured by purchase: Louisiana from France, Florida from Spain, Alaska from Russia, Panama from Colombia; and most recent of all, the strategic Virgin Islands from Denmark for \$25,000,000.

The utopian polity at which the early 'assembly of gods' in Philadelphia aimed is well stated in the nine-volume *opus* of Henry Adams on Thomas Jefferson's two terms of office:

'He had hoped to make his country pure and free; to abolish War with its train of debt, extravagance, corruption and tyranny; to build up a Government devoted only to useful and moral objects; to bring about upon earth a new Era of Peace and Good-Will to men. Throughout the twistings and windings of his course as President, he clung to this main idea.'

So also did President Wilson. Two days after the outrage of the 'Lusitania' he could declare that America was 'Too proud to fight'! And Johann von Bernstorff was offering him 1000*l.* a head for the 125 more or less distinguished American citizens who met a watery grave in that vessel alone. Yet we soon find the 'disillusioned' (his own word) President in Manchester, musing and wondering over the evil innate in man as a combative animal. 'How is it,' he asked our people, 'that you hang the lad's musket or sword above the mantelpiece, and you do not hang his yardstick? . . .' Yet yardstick or scales, factory and soil, had been mighty weapons in America's neutral armoury. Before the Victory Loan was issued over there, Secretary Glass of the Treasury was advised 'by public men of steady judgment and tested patriotism,' that the United States ought to approach all future issues 'from a commercial point of view'; 'on an investment basis,' and so on.

The American Chancellor's reply was a memorable one, and must be recorded here for his high credit and our orientation:

'What is meant by the "sacrifice of war" for America?

Where are our devastated fields and ruined cities? Where our cathedrals destroyed, and homes profaned? Where our flooded mines and pillaged factories? Where our defiled women and starved children, and wrecked men? Where on this wide Continent does hunger stalk abroad, or pestilential disease claim its thousands of victims?

Having driven home these 'negatives' with a passion equal to that of Maeterlinck's own Message from Belgium, Mr Secretary Glass passed to the 'positive' side, armed with astonishing figures.

'Our Allies,' he impressed upon his people, 'fought for nearly three years before we began to fight with them. For nearly that period of time the United States profited tremendously, in a commercial and industrial sense, by the European War. Immense fortunes were made: prosperity pervaded our land. Our domestic trade was almost past computing; our foreign trade in many lines was epochal. It reached the immense proportions of \$23,462,191,652 of exports against \$11,881,973,986 of imports—showing a balance in our favour of \$11,580,217,666.

'We imported more than a billion dollars in gold from our debtor nations. France and Britain lost millions of men killed, and millions of others wounded. Less than 60,000 American heroes sleep beneath the sod of France. These men made the supreme sacrifice. Should we dishonour their memories, or diminish the glory of their service by pausing in the cheerful performance of our imperative duty?'

It is a mistake to suppose that no leaders of vision exist in that wonderful land, but it is with a far-off Demos that they have to deal; the slow, well-meaning Demos of Aristophanes—or rather the sturdy 'Rube' of the interior, who warns his guide amid the white lights of Broadway that: 'I'm from Missouri, an' ye mus' *show me*!' Unhappily, American men of vision defer too much to Rube, so that foreign policy is ever subordinated to domestic interests of a petty and provincial kind.

Meanwhile, the enormous wealth of the United States is a prime factor in her present apparently needless arming. For the first time the militarists are in control, and the 'Big Stick' of Theodore Roosevelt, prudently renamed 'America's "Great Wall"' by Warren Harding—the U.S. Navy—goes ahead formidably with the technical aid of Admirals who served with our own Grand Fleet:

Benson, Mayo, and Sowden Sims. Here is a notable case of 'educating our masters'; and the technicians of all the Services take part in it. Even before the Great War, American statesmen and thinkers felt and expressed the pride of crescent power.

'The United States,' wrote Prof. Pease Norton of Harvard, 'is no longer an isolated country. To the West we have flung our battle-lines to meet the expansion of the Orient in the Philippines. At Behring Strait, our sentries watch the frontiers of the Czar. On the South, at Panama, we clutch by the throat the passageways for the Navies of two oceans. Our armies of Occupation are now holding by force of arms our outlying possessions.'

'Like the Romans of old, we send forth our Governors to rule over the millions of our alien subjects. In this Imperial development—concerning which discussion no longer can exist, because the Flag once flying is not easily withdrawn—a greater care must be exercised, lest our defences prove unequal to the probabilities of future danger.'

Up to now the United States has been economically 'self-sufficient'—if not exactly in the sense that Pericles impressed upon Athens, as recorded in the Funeral Oration which Thucydides gives in his history. But everything in America is on a colossal scale—territory, population, energy, and ever-growing needs. Her natural resources, likewise enormous, have been harvested in that gay and reckless spirit which asks: 'What has Posterity done for *me*?'

Thus, States that formerly exported timber are now importing it. Tropical fruit is looked for in the five Central American nations. And the amazing growth of the motor industry has shown a real shortage in oil and rubber. So even America is not so 'self-sufficient' as she was. Hence new copper ventures in Chile on a vast scale. Hence Henry Ford's purchase of 8,000,000 acres of jungle land in Pará (Brazil), there to grow rubber for his tyres. For over there the mason or bricklayer (at 1000*l.* a year) can have his own car. It is a 'poor' American family indeed that cannot whirl forth behind an oil engine, in the long quest for a patch of grass. There are to-day about 30,000,000 cars over there, or say one for every four persons in a continental population of 120,000,000 souls.

The new 'Big Navy' needs more oil ; so does the new 'Mechanised' Army, with its curious reversion to men in armour—collectively in tanks, if not individually as courtly knights and esquires in mediæval steel. Road transport calls for rubber and oil upon new 'highways' that run from New York to San Francisco—a road longer than from Liverpool over the ocean to Quebec or Montreal! Railway and stationary engines call for oil. So do big modern ships. So, also, do America's submarines, and the new Continental Air-Force which Colonel Lindbergh has been 'boosting' by means of his famous 'plane, and which undoubtedly influenced the recent naval manœuvres of Japan, with 'enemy' aircraft-carriers met with town-darkening schemes of an elaborate nature. America's protection, then, with her economic self-sufficiency can (she believes) only be ensured by a bold claim to 'sovereignty' over the whole New World from Alaska to Patagonia—almost from Pole to Pole. Over a century ago, upon Jefferson's advice, President Monroe proclaimed his famous 'Doctrine' against the supposed designs of the Holy Alliance :

'We owe it to candour . . . to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this Hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. . . . With the existing Colonies of any European Power we shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their Independence and maintained it . . . we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling their destiny, than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.'

This Imperial claim was pressed against France in Mexico after the American Civil War ; against Spain in 1866, when she warred with Chile and Peru ; against Great Britain in 1895 ; against Germany in Venezuela and Santo Domingo in 1902-5. The so-called 'Lodge Resolution' of 1912 further declared that the United States could not see 'without grave concern . . . any harbour or naval place so situated that the occupation thereof for naval or military purposes might threaten our communications or safety, passing into the possession of any alien corporation or Government.' This

was sharply enforced against Mexico, when a Japanese concern sought to get a lease of Magdalena Bay, in the desert peninsula of Lower California.

What is here at stake, then, is the destiny of twenty Republics, all the way from Cuba, Haiti, and Santo Domingo in the Caribbean Sea, clear down to the 'A.B.C.' Powers (Argentina, Brazil, and Chile), with their immense coast-lines upon the two oceans. These nations speak three languages, and in all comprise the last of the 'Empty Continents,' with untapped resources upon a scale which is but dimly apprehended, either by the people of the United States or those of Great Britain—who, by the way, have at least 1,000,000,000% invested in Latin-America. A leisurely tour of three years and some 40,000 miles in the two Americas was a revelation to me in the potentialities of the new and largely unexplored world that begins just south of the Rio Grande, which forms part of the 2000-mile border between the United States and hapless Mexico, who is now so bitter against her northern neighbour. But this is only by the way. In all her public dealings the United States has used two 'Voices' when speaking of those 'southern brethren' whom James Monroe was so anxious to protect from the dark designs of a Holy Alliance, against which his adviser and predecessor at the White House actually urged an alliance with England. 'With her on our side,' old Jefferson wrote, 'we need not fear the whole world.'

In 1895 State-Secretary Olney declared to Lord Salisbury: 'To-day the United States is practically paramount in this Hemisphere. And its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition.' Nothing could be clearer. And the accomplished facts—as I shall presently show—were soon to be louder than even these acrimonious words. Twelve years later we find that same Foreign Minister using what I may call 'Voice No. 2' before the American Institute of International Law.'

'The United States' (Mr Olney laid down) 'under the Monroe Doctrine assumes no Protectorate over any other American State; attempts no interference with the external, any more than with the internal affairs of such a State; asserts no right to dictate the domestic or foreign policy of such a State; and claims no right to use force in the affairs

of such a State, except as against its enemies, and to aid it in defending its political and territorial integrity as against European aggression.'

Such is the theory. Yet the 'southern brethren' have been uneasy about it ever since large slices of Mexico were sheared off in the 'forties of last century. Thus in 1862 we find the Foreign Minister of Costa Rica addressing the Colombian Government in Bogotá as follows: 'If our Republics could have the guarantee that they had nothing to fear from the United States of North America, it is certain that no other Nation could be more useful to us.'

At various times, Latin-American statesmen and thinkers have tried to define and set bounds to the 'Keep-Off' policy of their northern neighbour, *vis-à-vis* the designs, real or imagined, of greedy European or Asiatic Powers. I refer to the views of such men as Emilio Mitre and Luis M. Drago, of Argentina; Alvarez, of Chile; Calderón, of Peru; Pesquiera, of Mexico; Fombona, of Venezuela; Prado, of Brazil; Argüedas, of Bolivia; Vargas Vila, of Colombia; Godoy, of Santo Domingo; Arias, of Honduras; and Urtecho, of Nicaragua. There is also a whole chorus of Cuban thinkers, who are at this moment discussing the unprecedented step which President Coolidge is about to take by attending in person the Sixth Pan-American Congress at Havana, early in the coming year.

To all these misgivings, American State-Secretaries, from Jefferson to John Hay, have replied with reassuring words. Thus Secretary Root in Rio:

'We wish for no victories but those of Peace, no territory but our own, no Sovereignty save the sovereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the Family of Nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest Empire. We neither claim nor desire any rights or privileges or powers that we do not freely concede to every American Republic.'

That treasure-house of the earth, which is Mexico, claims to be a 'Sovereign Nation.' She has been four times invaded by the United States, with enormous annexations of territory after two wars. In 1913 President Wilson refused to 'recognise' Victoriano

Huerta as President; and from that day to this the ruler of Mexico must needs present to Washington a certificate of moral character, if relations are to be cordial and normal—as they certainly are *not* to-day between the two contiguous Republics.

Cuba has always interested the United States as the strategic key of the Caribbean Sea. Immediately after the acquisition by conquest of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico, an offer of 20,000,000*l.* was made to Spain for the 'Pearl of the Antilles.' In 1898 Cuba, together with the islands of Puerto Rico and Guam, and the vast Asiatic Archipelago of the Philippines, passed into America's possession as a result of a very easy war against a decrepit European Power, who thus parted with the last fragments of her world-empire. In due time Cuba was restored to 'a sort of' sovereignty which the Havana 'Carteles' now describes as that of 'an economic colony of the United States.' The Cuban port of Guantánamo is the chief naval base in the Caribbean of the U.S. Fleet. The Platt Amendment to Cuba's Constitution gives America power to intervene at any time. And when I was in Havana, the U.S. Ambassador there—General Enoch Crowder—held the peculiar position which is occupied by the British Political Officer in one of the Indian Native States. Thus he could and did act as *censor morum* of the President's list of Ministers. If General Crowder thought fit to veto a nomination, Don Alfredo Zayas had to find another man. And lastly, by far the greater number of Cuba's sugar-'centrals' are in the hands of American capital. Cuba, in short, has far less 'sovereignty' than the Irish Free State.

The Negro Republic of Haiti claims to be 'Sovereign,' too; it is the only French-speaking State in the Latin-American constellation. Twelve years ago American marines were landed at Port au Prince; the Haitian Parliament was swept away, and a Receiver of Customs installed; the present incumbent is Dr Cumberland, who previously acted in a financial capacity in Peru. In Haiti I found a cultured little negro, Louis Borno—as titular President. But the real ruler of this potentially rich and beautiful State to-day is the U.S. High Commissioner, General John Russell, whom I first met in the Washington State Department.

In the neighbouring Republic of Santo Domingo—mulatto in colour, and Spanish in speech—I found Mr William Pulliam installed as Receiver-General. Here also was a nominal President; but neither General Horacio Vasquez nor his Ministers can touch a dollar of their nation's money without the consent of Mr Pulliam—as able and high-minded an official as the new American Empire possesses. In Managua (Nicaragua) I found U.S. Marines, bluejackets and aeroplanes 'supervising' the Presidential diction of yet another Sovereign Republic. And in Panama—which President Roosevelt 'detached' from Colombia that he might dig the long-deferred 'Ditch' for America's greater glory and his own—I found American troops quelling a city turmoil in a little Republic which is now quite clearly the new 'Southern Frontier' of the United States.

It is now too late for Panama to protest to the League of Nations, as she has been doing of late through her official pleader, Don Eusebio A. Morales, a former Foreign Minister. She made the bargain with Mr Roosevelt, and must needs abide by it. 'I took Panama,' the wielder of America's 'Big Stick' told the University of California after he left the White House, 'and I talked about it afterwards'! No American historian defends that episode. The motherland of Colombia demanded an indemnity, and an apology for the bogus 'revolution' that gave America the Canal Zone. Sixteen years later it fell to Senator Cabot Lodge, of the Foreign Relations Committee, to award the outraged Colombia \$25,000,000, adding 'regrets'—but specifying that this money was to be used in public works with all contracts therefor to be placed with firms in the United States.

I cannot stay to quote in full Roosevelt's own account of that cynical plot. 'The interests of the American people demanded it,' he owned. 'I had the power to do it—and I did it'! But to round off the matter, let me quote the testimony of Mr James Du Bois, who was U.S. Minister in Bogotá (Colombia) during Mr Taft's administration: 'I say—and can prove it—that a handful of men who were to be the direct beneficiaries of the "revolution" conceived it; and not a hundredth part of the inhabitants of the Isthmus knew of the revolt, until an American officer, in the uniform of the United

States Army, raised the flag of the new Republic!' It is a mistake to suppose that such a code and such methods as these pass unchallenged by the American intellectuals. On the contrary, criticism is trenchant and free, as will be seen in the 'Study of the Monroe Doctrine,' written by Prof. David Y. Thomas, of the University of Kansas, who has said :

'We overturned Governments in Santo Domingo and Haiti and set up military Governments of our own. The Central American Court of Justice (composed of all five States), which was largely an instrument of our own creation, we helped to overturn when it gave a decision contrary to our desires and supposed interests. We recognised Carranza (of Mexico) but refused to recognise Obregon, a finer type of man, until he had yielded to the demands of the Bondholders, and to part of the demands of the Oil-men. One excuse for this interference was that, as under the Monroe Doctrine we would not allow European interference, we must police these countries and see that they meet their international obligations—according to *our* standards. In other words, we must play the rôle of Big Brother with a Big Stick.

'State Secretary Hughes laid claim to an "unhampered right of self-defence" in justification of our Caribbean policy—especially with reference to the Panama Canal. Reduced to its last analysis, such a doctrine is of a piece with the doctrine of "natural boundaries" of Louis XIV, and that of "Might makes Right" of Wilhelm II of Germany.

'If we must keep the Cuban finances straight, and buy the Virgin Islands to protect the Canal, may not England with equal right say that she must have Nicaragua and Porto Rico for the defence of Jamaica and British Guiana? We have a Treaty with Nicaragua for another Canal. Does not the safety of that Canal call for the possession of Jamaica and British Honduras?

'If this nation really believes that it should have an "unhampered right of self-defence"—which can be easily stretched to justify going after whatever it wants, especially if held by a weak Power, by merely labelling it "for defence"—then it is not strange that we refused to enter the League of Nations. Neither should we for a moment consider accepting the International Court of Justice. Rather should we enter with feverish haste upon a programme for building an Air Fleet, and scrap the Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armaments as soon as possible.'

Such are the home-truths, as a University Professor expounds them in the 'Core of the Continent.' Meanwhile the consolidation of America's Empire goes on under the ægis of the State Department, and other Washington bureaux. These make use of their own Press in intelligent ways, feeding newspapers and magazines with tendencious 'stories,' speeches and statements, as well as facts and figures prepared well in advance, and sent out in typescript with the 'release'-date clearly marked, and warnings about premature publication.

As for the twenty Latin-American Republics, these depend largely for news upon the Associated Press and United Press of New York. And all editors south of the Mexican Border know how well these powerful agencies serve the political interests of the United States. There is also the cinema-monopoly: this is likewise used as a propaganda, both at home and abroad. I could not escape it, even in remote Cuzco of the Inca Emperors. I found it in lofty La Paz, the capital of Bolivia at 12,500 feet; it faced me in Ouro Preto, the quaint old 'Toledo' of Brazil, and even in little Diamantina at the back of beyond in Mines Geraes, where half-breeds wash the Brazilian desert sands for diamonds and gold. And in the town of Huancayo, of the Peruvian Andes at 11,000 feet, I saw an American film displayed showing all the marvels of giant machines—especially those for making and grading roads.

Then U.S. Ambassadors, Ministers, and Consuls in the 'Empty Continent' are instructed in the new Imperial trend and drift. And lastly, there is that singular institution, the Pan-American Union. Over a century ago the Liberator, Simón Bolívar, proposed to the new Republics a Union for their common protection. It failed through intrigues and factions, just as the lesser Central American Union of 1895 broke up in mutual antagonism between the five States involved.

Forty years previously the American adventurer, William Walker of Tennessee, financed by the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, landed in Nicaragua with fifty-six men hoping to annex a domain of 175,000 square miles. But after a brief and lurid career, Walker came to an inglorious and tragic end.

Soon the United States took a hand officially in this ideal of Iberian Union. Andrew Carnegie built a beautiful palace in Washington for Pan-American meetings to be 'devoted to the development of commerce, friendly intercourse, good understanding, and the preservation of Peace among the countries.' It is supported by quotas from each of the twenty-one Republics. Its affairs are directed by a North American Director elected by the governing Board, whose *ex-officio* head is the U.S. State Secretary, and whose members are the Ambassadors and Ministers of the Latin-American States residing in Washington. Periodic Conferences are held in Rio, Buenos Aires, Santiago, Mexico, and other cities; but these gatherings have long since trailed off into mere academic discussions—if, indeed, they have not left exasperation in the minds of responsible Iberian statesmen and thinkers.

I shall deal with this phase presently, only recording here the words of the veteran Chilean statesman, Dr Marcial Martinez, after Mr Roosevelt had uttered the usual sonorous platitudes in the Great Hall of the University of Chile:

'My frankly-stated opinion is that the Monroe Doctrine has lived out its time, and ceased to exist. . . . Clear and definite statement is ever preferable to the vagueness, uncertainty, and anomalies to which the lapsed Monroe tenets lent themselves. . . . The eminent Mr Roosevelt has often spoken of "confidence." But confidence—like religious faith—can be no matter of agreements, nor of decrees, nor of contracts, unless it be a palpable fact, sprung from reciprocal experience, from individual conviction and personal conscience.

'What is of real value,' said Dr Martinez in conclusion, 'are cordial and effective demonstrations of unequivocal good faith; of probity and disinterestedness in political and commercial relations, which conduce to the result for which we all hope, instead of mere words that evaporate into nothingness.'

I think it better to let this sagacious mind express the true feeling of the Twenty Republics than quote the caustic, and even furious, denunciation which reached me from Presidents and Ministers, poets and novelists, and the Iberian Intelligentsia in general, all the way

from Havana to Buenos Aires and Santiago de Chile. Two typical books on this theme are 'Bajo La Garrò' ('Under the Claw') by the Cuban publicist, Eduardo Abril Amores, and 'El Porvenir de la América-Española' ('The Future of Spanish-America') by Don Manuel Ugarte, the brilliant Argentine, whose works of warning are classics all over the Continent.

Last of all, and most potent of the factors of American conquest, comes the money-power of a colossus which now owns more than half the world's stock of monetary gold. Moreover, it must be remembered that it is this same money-power—commonly referred to as 'Wall Street'—which places a President in the White House. And to the astonishment of all, it was a partner in the great financial house of Morgan's—Mr Dwight Morrow—whom Mr Calvin Coolidge has just appointed as his Ambassador in Mexico, to endeavour to clear up the most complex of all America's foreign problems.

The new enterprise of U.S. capital in vast regions of the South is a portent of astonishing energy and purpose. At bleak heights in the Andes of Peru (17,000 feet) I found the great sum of \$50,000,000 invested in a few age-old holes, from which a mixed ore of gold, silver, and copper is taken by the Cerro de Pasco Mining Corporation. The Guggenheim interests in Chile will soon exceed this. The United Fruit Company of Boston is paramount in the Central American States. Henry Ford is now to grow his own rubber in Brazil. In Colombia and Venezuela, American prospectors are out in all directions after crude oil, since the home shortage is now 150,000,000 barrels a year below requirements in a land where every four persons operate a motor-car.

'The present producing wells of the entire country,' says an official report, 'are not capable of yielding enough crude oil to meet our needs. We must therefore drill additional wells—not only to hold crude at its present level, but to bring it up to a safer level in relation to the phenomenal demands made upon the industry by to-day's and to-morrow's consumers.'

As showing the urgency in this oil shortage, I may mention that one home company has paid as much as \$2,000,000 to the rich Indians of the Osage 'Nation'

(who have long since been herded in American reservations) for the right to drill in only 160 acres of the Burbank Field. It may cost 7000*l.* to drill a single well—which may turn out a failure. Royalties must also be paid upon the oil to these pensioned and civilised American Indians. Hence the need for prospecting in vast spaces of the virgin Continent to the South; and Mexico has proved so rich in oil that in 1917 her Government actually altered the National Constitution, lest the country be overwhelmed by the foreign quest for this 'liquid gold.' In 1903—the year of President Roosevelt's *coup* in Panama—the Mexican yield was 75,375 barrels. By 1922 it had reached 201,667,956 barrels. A single field—that of Amatlán-Zacamixtle—had a potential yield of no less than 3,856,637 barrels a day! On a lesser scale, it is the same on the desert coast of Northern Peru, where one very prosperous London concern has found dividends ranging from 75 to 250 per cent. for its shareholders.

The world's greatest stand of timber to-day unquestionably lies in the Amazon Basin—a region greater in area than a dozen European Nations. The wheat and meat of Argentina—whose railways alone employ 400,000,000*l.* of British capital—are too well known to need more than passing mention. Bolivia's mineral wealth is beyond all reckoning, although as yet it is barely scratched; the same applies equally to Peru—to whose heroic and enlightened President, Don Augusto Leguia, I never lose an opportunity of paying homage, after many months of close personal intercourse with him in Pizarro's old Palace in Lima. Colombia, on the two oceans, is two-thirds unexplored. Ecuador and land-locked Paraguay are yet but little known.

I have shown the pervasion of the United States in these virgin domains, of which enormous areas remain in the jungle silence that was theirs before Columbus was born. Let me add the testimony of the Anglo-South American Bank, a powerful and conservative concern with a capital of 10,000,000*l.*, whose name commands respect from Mexico City down to Valparaiso. 'The development of Latin-America,' the Chairman points out, 'in the year preceding the War was due in preponderating measure to the huge investments of British

capital and to British enterprise, which forged links of sympathy of a lasting nature.'

I studied those 'links' on the spot, from the United Railways of Havana to the Peruvian Corporation's lines in the High Andes, and thence to the marvellous engineering of the Trans-Andine, that crosses the Continent from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires through peaks that reach 24,000 feet.

'During recent years, however'—the Chairman goes on to say—'the very sharp competition met by British exporters has unquestionably been intensified by the readiness with which the Latin-American countries have been able to obtain Loan accommodation other than in London. For example, the total long-term borrowings in the United States on behalf of South American authorities amounted in 1926 to over 60,000,000*l.* and in 1927 to date (October) to a further 50,000,000*l.*—excluding the Brazilian Stabilisation Loan just concluded—against comparatively small figures in London. And coincident with this, the United States has secured, at the expense of this country, a considerable proportion of the export trade to Latin-America. The significance of these facts is obvious, since Trade veers almost inevitably towards the source of Loans. . . .'

To these weighty words let me add, that a proposal was made to the Argentine Government of a sort of 'unofficial' Loan of \$100,000,000 offered by a group of New York bankers for the purpose of making roads in that huge land—upon which roads in due course the tractors and cars of Mr Henry Ford and his colleagues would no doubt have been placed! But all such Loans have up to now been subject to the approval of the Washington State Department.

So go the Imperial processes of 'sovereignty' in the Western World, which Cleveland's Foreign Minister impressed so sharply upon Lord Salisbury in the Venezuela crisis of 1895. Its defensive corollary is seen in the claim 'to create, maintain, and operate a Navy second to none,' which is now the policy of the American Admiralty—contrary to the views of their famous sea-historian, Mahan, and even to those of the wielder of the 'Big Stick,' President Roosevelt himself.

At Geneva Great Britain submitted proposals to conform with Coolidge's desire for 'economy'; these would

have saved the British tax-payer 50,000,000*l.*, plus 1,000,000*l.* on every new cruiser to be constructed. But our ideas were not 'acceptable' to the American Delegation. We urged reduction in the size of capital ships and air-craft cruisers; here even discussion was declined. Washington held out for the 10,000-ton cruiser with 8-inch guns rather than the smaller cruiser of 7500 tons and 6-inch guns. It was the same with flotilla-leaders, destroyers, and submarines. America was all for 'bigness,' and still greater guns. 'We look in vain,' Lord Balfour declared at Whittinghame, 'for the reasons which have induced the American Government to find objections where to us there seemed to be none.' But the facts are emergent, and they must be faced.

Now, what exactly is this 'Latin-America' over which the United States claim peculiar rights of 'sovereignty,' whilst giving countenance by a paper paradox to the 'free and unfettered sovereignty' of *all* the Republics? Excluding the three Caribbean States, we come at once to that wonderful Mexico whose riches, with those of Peru, made Spain a world-power in her 'Golden Century.' One is struck at once with the diversity and immensity of this land of 767,168 square miles.

Next come the Central American nations, and then South America proper. Here is a New World, indeed, of which a single Republic (Brazil) exceeds all Europe in area, from the Liffey to the Bosphorus, and from Lapland under the midnight sun down to Gibraltar which looks over to Africa's beaches. As a guest of the Federal Government it took me twenty-one days to go by water from Rio de Janeiro to the jungle city of Manãos, a thousand miles up the Amazon. Argentina is as large as our Indian Empire. Peru is nearly three and a half times the size of pre-war Germany; Venezuela and Bolivia nearly as great. Yet the inhabitants of all these enormous spaces barely equal those of Germany to-day!

Whatever American statesmen may say in public, it is notorious that they rate the civilisation of 'our Southern brethren' as pretty low. They share the opinion of Caleb Cushing, their Minister to Spain in 1876. Cushing was asked by the State Department to throw some light on the psyche of Cuba—so long the 'Ireland' of Spain—in view of his knowledge and

experience of Iberian mentality. What was the root cause of that ceaseless turmoil in Cuba? 'It is,' the American Minister replied, 'because the Governors are incapable of conducting, and the governed equally incapable of receiving, Good Government. They are all Spaniards alike—as General Prim has so often said—whether you call them Peninsulars or Cubans!'

Even the huge sub-Continent of Brazil justifies Mr Cushing's indictment down to our own day. What is to be said of an impecunious Government that could spend 3,000,000*l.* upon a 'Census,' in a land which contains the largest area of totally unexplored territory left upon this earth? Brazil's currency crumbled until the milreis had fallen from 16*d.* to 5*d.*, entailing serious embarrassments to trade at home and abroad. A British Financial Commission, under Mr Edward Montagu, was invited to go out and advise. Its advice was such as might have been given to a schoolboy over the disposal of his pocket-money, so elementary and 'A.B.C.-ish' were the recommendations offered to prevent recurring Budget deficits, that were made good for the time with further loans. Over an immense bureaucracy too, and the need for a Federal check upon the 'doings' of these twenty very dis-United States.

Thus the scandals in Amazonas (a Province of 732,439 square miles!) a few years ago were ample warrant for the warnings of the Montagu Commission. A new Governor (and his family) so looted the jungle State, that public officials were actually starving in the streets, until an intervening Moses appeared from Rio in the person of Dr Alfredo Sá, the Federal Interventor, to clear up an incredible mess, and put an embargo on the fat bank accounts of that ingenious Governor's sons, who had filled the State Government and their own pockets at one and the same time.

The plain truth is, that the ruling classes of these empty lands have little or no contact with, or real interest in, their own submerged masses. Slavery is still rampant in Republics that I need not name. Disease takes a terrible toll. I must needs agree with Rear-Admiral Chadwick, U.S.N., who thinks the most crying need of these forgotten human masses is 'educational, moral, and hygienic uplift.' The Rockefeller Institute

has done much in its tropic crusade against malaria and verminous diseases. But surely this is the work of patriot Governments, rather than that of foreign philanthropists? But this apathy is truly Iberian. Have I not heard Alfonso XIII himself tell a Congress of doctors in Santander that 'the prevalence of malaria (*paludismo*) is a disgrace to Spain'?

Of course, these Latin-American nations vary in the degree of progress attained. Black Haiti and yellow Santo Domingo must, I fear, remain in leading-strings. At the other pole lies Argentina, a rich and powerful State, whose capital city may well be called the Paris of South America.' I know of no town quite so lavish—not even New York herself—as Buenos Aires. Argentino statesmen are of the first order in culture and brains; I need only name Don Honorio Pueyrredón, the present Ambassador in Washington, who was Foreign Minister during the Great War, when the egregious Count Luxburg was assuring Berlin that 'these Latin-Americans are no more than Red Indians with a thin veneer of civilisation'! Argentina, then, is *sui generis* among the Iberian nations. There is great immigration thither, chiefly from Spain and Italy. It is essentially a 'white' country; and there is no limit to its destiny—given its temperate climate and its immense agricultural and pastoral resources.

Venezuela and Colombia come within the Caribbean, or 'Canal,' ambit of American influence. These two huge States offer wondrous possibilities to the prospector for minerals and oil. Ecuador and Bolivia remain obscure. Paraguay has not yet recovered from the ruin brought upon her by the Dictator Lopez, who defied half the Continent with calamitous results to this land-locked Republic. Chile has a militarist name, through having waged a merciless war of conquest against her two neighbours, completely blocking Bolivia from an outlet on the sea and shearing off Tacna and Arica from Peru, who mourns her 'Lost Provinces' to this day, in the same smouldering spirit that France used to mourn Alsace and Lorraine. Glancing through a recent Chilean budget, I see appropriations for Navy and Army exceeding the total of all other items of Government—including a 37,000-ton Dreadnought (the 'Almirante Latorre') of

23-knot speed, and with a main armament of ten 14-inch and fourteen 6-inch guns!

Unluckily, all these more or less inchoate Republics have fretful 'Frontier Questions' with their neighbours; and, to make the matter still more absurd, these are often located in unexplored regions! As for communications, these are even yet rudimentary! My only way to pass from Lima in Peru to the Eastern capital of Iquitos on the Amazon, was to circumnavigate half the Continent—up to the coast of Ecuador and Colombia, through the Panama Canal, and thence down past the three Guianas and Brazil to Pará. Lastly, came 2500 miles of the Amazon to Iquitos—which is barely 700 miles from railhead on the Peruvian side, at the American copper mines of Cerro de Paseo.

I have hinted that Peru is the most interesting of all, just as its President is the ablest and most 'romantic' of figures among all the rulers of these undeveloped States. Any business man may be sure of a square deal with Don Augusto Leguia. The passion of this man's life is the regeneration of that vast land which old Humboldt used to liken to 'a beggar sitting on a bench of gold'! Leguia welcomes American, as well as British, capital. But he of all men is jealous for the sovereignty of Peru. He it was who revived Bolívar's 'wistful dream' of a Latin League of Nations, with a view to safeguarding the interests of the Iberian Republics against all encroachment. 'The need of to-day,' Leguia proclaims to his brother Presidents—'an urgent and pressing need—is the drawing together for clear and concrete ends of the common weal of all the peoples of this Continent. For only so can we carry out that other ardent desire of our Liberator—"That this half of the New World may soon become the prime source of European prosperity."'

I have little space in which to deal with the protests of statesmen and thinkers against the creep and pervasion of the influence of the United States, which is held to be inimical to the Iberian soul. Even the very word 'American' is objected to as connoting solely a citizen of the United States. Let me point out in passing that all official documents from the Washington Government invariably use the last-named term, rather than 'America.' An entire literature of warning has sprung

up in the three Latin tongues directed against 'El Tio Sam' and his 'Big Stick,' as seen in operation in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Cuba, Mexico, and Panama. Nearly thirty years ago Matias Romero, the Mexican Ambassador in Washington, gave new life to this sentiment by recalling, in the 'North American Review,' the fact that the United States withheld all moral and material aid from her sister nations of the South, who were struggling to free themselves from the dead hand of a decadent Spain.

As early as 1816, Henry Clay could see 'Big Business' in the revolting Colonies. 'We may safely trust,' the orator said, 'to the daring of our merchants. The precious metals are in South America, and will command the commodities needed there. Our navigation will thus be benefited, and our country will realise the mercantile profits.' It is precisely this spirit which, coupled with brusque manners and speech, is abhorrent to the Latin way of thought. Senhor Eduardo Prado of Brazil (his 'American Illusion' is another Pan-Latin classic in Portuguese) points out that Burke and Canning were the first champions of Iberian independence. In 1819 the U.S. Government refused to receive the new Consuls of Venezuela and Argentina. Prado also recalls the speeches of President Jackson which contained gross references to Brazil, and also the flurry and fuss of the U.S. Navy Department as early as 1830, 'in order to defend our interests among these unstable and incompetent Governments.' Garcia Godoy of Santo Domingo points out the gulfs of sentiment which yawn between the two civilisations. 'We should therefore work without ceasing to invigorate the national spirit and create an *ambiente* entirely hostile to Imperialistic Yankee influence in our life.' The Venezuelan, Fombona, piles up a long indictment; the Brazilian Academician, Madeiros de Albuquerque, returned to Rio to ridicule Wilson's pose in Paris, and assure his people that 'The United States will prove to be our Prussia of tomorrow.' As for the Latin-American press, its attitude is one of caution and disillusion, from the fiery newspapers of Cuba and Mexico City to the sane and powerful organs of Buenos Aires, like 'La Nación' and 'La Prensa.' The latter believes that the real motive of President

Coolidge's visit to the Pan-American Conference at Havana in 1928 is to block any possible extension of the League of Nations' activities in Latin-American affairs.

On the whole these Republics put faith in the United States until the conflict with Mexico in 1846, which every American historian now condemns. To General Grant this was indeed an 'unholy war'—'One of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation.' It was none other than President Lincoln himself who led the fight in Congress against this onslaught upon a next-door neighbour, which was brought about through the interference of Minister Poinsett, and still more by his successor, Anthony Butler, who insisted upon the purchase of Texas, after Mexico had clearly declared that that huge State was *not* for sale. After the Mexican war, ex-President Bonillas of Honduras voiced the sentiment of Latin-America by declaring that thenceforth the Monroe Doctrine—'Far from being considered a guarantee of independence, will be regarded as a menace to our existence.'

Yet it remains a cardinal tenet of American policy; and its Imperial drift was upheld by Presidents Polk, Taylor, Pierce, and Buchanan. Pierce had a scheme to annex Yucatan, and said boldly: 'My policy will not be controlled by any timid forebodings of evil from this expansion. Indeed, our attitude as a nation and our position on the globe render the acquisition of certain territory not within our jurisdiction eminently important for our own protection.' To Bismarck, America's claim to sovereignty all over this Hemisphere was an 'international impertinence': the visit of the Kaiser's brother to 'Our Antaretic Colonies' (in Brazil) will also be remembered. Japan's opinion as to American claims is well known; so is that of Italy, which is another Power needing outlets for its large surplus population.

Some time ago the American Academy of Political and Social Science sought the opinions of eminent European jurists upon the Monroe Doctrine of 'Hands Off the Empty Continent!' Prof. Achille Loria, of the University of Turin, found its significance 'exclusively historical.' It was merely the product of a precarious era when the newly-born Republics were in real peril. But to-day (the Professor holds), when the Continent is

freed from every trace of Old-World sovereignty, 'the Monroe Doctrine is no more than a diplomatic pleonasm, or the useless repetition of an empty phrase.' Dr Loria then dealt with the question of European Loans to spendthrift States, of which Santo Domingo, Honduras, and Guatemala are sad examples. How were bankers to lend money if they had no means of compelling the repayment of principal and interest? We have seen that the United States is taking charge of these matters.

The next consultant was Prof. A. Pillet, of the Faculty of Law in the University of Paris. He had (he owned) 'lost faith in the efficacy of abstract principles of International Law' (this, even before the Great War!). Prof. Pillet notes the curious fact that, although the Monroe Doctrine declared a policy of non-intervention, 'it has led the United States to assert her own right to intervene in a series of cases.' He upholds the Doctrine as a means of inculcating a sense of morality and responsibility in the weaker American States. He also considers that the Northern Power assumes the rôle of 'Master' as well as Protector; he would add to these that of 'Guarantor' in view of international obligations. Prof. Pillet deprecates the too frequent interposition of the United States, 'which will be interpreted as a tendency to assert hegemony in the American World. . . . When applied beyond its normal limits, the Monroe Doctrine cannot be sustained, except by the superior physical power of the United States. And we cannot always be certain of possessing such superior force.'

These words were written in 1914. To-day we see America intent upon armaments as never before, with 'a riot of warships'—to use the phrase of Mr Herbert Hoover, who is now prime favourite in the coming Presidential campaign. And upon hearing in 1916 of 156 vessels costing 243,000,000*L.*, Senators Hiram Johnson of California, Borah of Idaho, and Walsh of Montana promptly called for that 'naval holiday' which began with the Washington Conference—and broke down at Geneva with suave regrets and pious hopes for a better understanding in 1931. Meanwhile, the cementing of Empire proceeds apace from its centre in Washington. Relations with Canada are satisfactory and commercial ties secure; there is no defence here on a frontier of

nearly four thousand miles. But East and West, from the British and Dutch West Indies to the Galapagos group belonging to Ecuador, 600 miles out in the Pacific, 'the strategic islands' have come under review.

Many of our own West Indies depend upon America markets at their door, just as Ireland looks to England as her best customer by reason of that 'geographical propinquity' which Mr Lloyd George impressed upon Mr De Valera's delegates before the Free State was set up. At one time Holland offered her islands for \$2,000,000. Denmark sold the Virgins, after Germany's secret bid had put up the price to the United States. Even the 'Robinson Crusoe' group, which Chile owns some 400 miles out, are proposed as naval bases—'especially if the Chileans were assured that our object in fortifying them was for their own protection.'

Naturally, all these loud calculations do not make for Pan-American harmony. It is equally certain that Britain's good name is held in so high an esteem by these Republics, that it may fairly be termed an Iberian tradition. 'On the word of an Englishman,' is a common vow of Spanish speech; in Brazil any plausible show of order is in Portuguese expressed as 'For the English to see!' These are significant phrases. Nor is it forgotten that Britain favoured Independence long before it was won. But President Adams declined all proposals to take a hand in it; so a generation of wasting strife was imposed upon Spain's oppressed colonies in consequence. The naval service of the Cochrans; the Irish, English, and Scottish volunteers of 1817; the O'Learys and O'Connells whom Bolívar decorated, with O'Higgins and Murphy and Lynch of the West Coast—these men will never be forgotten in the pageant of Iberian Freedom.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the British Government is not alive to the importance of the Empty Continent as a future market, and a source of raw materials. In 1918 we sent out a special Diplomatic and Commercial Mission under Sir Maurice de Bunsen, G.C.M.G., and ten Republics were visited. The report to the Department of Overseas Trade is a model of terse shrewdness, of which the most salient point is the creation of a special Intelligence Bureau to take full

Look to India

advantage of the 'large and favourable field for the expansion of our Trade,' which the Mission found in the stupendous spaces of South America. Much has happened since Sir Maurice de Bunsen received 'Los Descendientes de los Ingleses' in Valparaiso and Santiago, with perfect Castilian speech and graces equal to their own. The money-power of the United States has made great strides in the past decades as I have shown, whilst anti-British propaganda has done its work as well.

Mr Baldwin referred to this phase during his brief visit to Canada; it was also mentioned when seventy of our Chambers of Commerce met recently in Liverpool under the Presidency of Mr Gilbert C. Vyle. 'The source of much of this is evident,' Mr Vyle said darkly, adding that false news and views about us were likewise circulated abroad—'no doubt with an object.' The Chairman of this important body also regretted the 'mischievous pens' of certain British statesmen, who 'depict a state of affairs in England which is exceedingly discouraging, and as harmful to us as it is inaccurate.' And yet—'unpopular' we may be, as Sir Austen Chamberlain said, by reason of factors inherent in our national life and needs. Yet through sheer grit and force of character our people continue to progress, *quand même*, in spite of all opposition. In 1892, in 1846, and in 1832 voices of pessimism arose in our land. Nay, further back still, after the great surrender of Burgoyne near Saratoga Springs in the American Revolutionary War, a friend came hurrying to Adam Smith with the olden lamentation, 'Doctor—this is the ruin of Great Britain!' 'Sir,' returned the classic economist, in a phrase that should be set in letters of gold in every school and workshop of the land—'There is a great deal of "ruin" in the nation!'

IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

Art. 4.—MENTAL PATIENTS.

CASES that have recently come before the Courts have made it evident that it is still possible for perfectly sane persons to be sent to lunatic asylums and kept there for an indefinite period. Charles Reade's book, written many years ago, engendered among the great mass of the population a certain amount of suspicion of doctors, particularly of doctors in connexion with insanity. That suspicion is from time to time revived when the search-light of the Courts is thrown upon some incident relating to the administration of the Law of Lunacy. Public opinion may sometimes be stupid and prejudiced, but it will always assume that where there is smoke there is fire, and that comparatively few cases of persons who are wrongfully confined in asylums are ever brought into public notice. Psychiatry, as a science, is still in its infancy, and no one has yet been able to give a satisfactory definition of insanity. Indeed, it is probably impossible to frame an exact and comprehensive definition. In different parts of the Lunacy Act different criteria are applied. In inquisition, the issue is whether a person is of unsound mind and incapable of managing himself and his affairs, though a person may be found incapable of managing his affairs, but capable of managing himself and not dangerous to others. In the reception order for a private patient the patient is described as a lunatic or idiot or person of unsound mind; but the reception order for a pauper patient incorporates the additional words, 'a proper person to be taken charge of and detained under care and treatment.' In cases of emergency, a person may be put under care where expedient either for the welfare of the person or for the public safety.

A person may be quite abnormal about many things without being insane. Mr Pigg, the huntsman in Surtees' inimitable tale, stated before the Judge in Lunacy that Mr Jorrocks was mad. On being asked his reasons for saying so, he said that he always cast back for a fox, and any man who did that was mad. No doubt things have greatly improved since Reade and Surtees wrote, but the prejudices of the public have

to be considered, and the public point of view is that the medical man is only too ready to certify, and without reason. The public has to be reassured, and that reassurance will have to be sought for in a way which will not leave the medical man with complete control. After all, laws are made for the public and not the public for the laws.

Unfortunately we have a great deal of mental sickness in our midst, much of which may be attributable to the conditions of modern life, and like physical illness, given a chance, it is temporary and curable. This result will not be attained by indiscriminate certification. Mental science receives very little attention in the medical curriculum, and yet it would appear that doctors are to be found wanting even in the rudiments of knowledge in psychiatry, who do not hesitate to sign certificates of insanity. It is felt that under the existing laws governing lunacy the safety of the liberty of the subject is not sufficiently safeguarded, and that such reform is needed as will allay public apprehension. That this apprehension is very general was manifested by the appointment in July 1924 of a Royal Commission on Lunacy and Mental Disorder, which issued its report in 1926 and summed up the problem in the following paragraph :

‘The lunacy code should be recast with a view to securing that the treatment of mental disorder should approximate as nearly to the treatment of physical ailments as is consistent with the special safeguards which are indispensable when the liberty of the subject is infringed.’

This is a pious wish and avoids the issue of public apprehension caused by the existing state of the law and its administration. The keynote of the past has been detention; the keynote of the future should be prevention and treatment. But it is just here that the crucial difficulty of the whole matter resides. Owing to the special nature of the symptoms of mental illness, treatment must in many cases involve compulsion and restraint. This is the element which differentiates the treatment of insanity from the treatment of other illnesses. The patient suffering from an ordinary ailment is generally an intelligent co-operator in his own treat-

ment and cure. He is able to appreciate what is being done for him and no coercive restriction of his liberty is needed. In many cases of insanity this is not so. The patient's intelligence and his ability to appreciate his position have been affected by his illness. His will has ceased for the time being to be rational. In such cases where there can be no voluntary submission to treatment, the treatment must of necessity be compulsory. It is round this problem of compulsion that the main controversies of our subject have centred. The liberty of the individual to manage himself and his property is a cardinal principle of our law; but it must always be remembered that the principle is not an inviolable one. No man can be a member of society without sacrificing some of his liberty. He is entitled to exercise his liberty of action in so far only as he does not thereby infringe the liberty of others. If he insists on exercising his liberty so as to cause danger to others he must suffer restraint. The price of liberty is conformity to the social order of conduct. Thus the citizen who abuses his liberty by infringing the criminal law has his liberty restricted by imprisonment. In the case of certain infectious diseases the sufferer has his liberty restricted by the requirement that he must be isolated from his neighbours lest he infect them with his malady. But herein lies the difference between them and the insane, they are deprived of their liberty by persons who being recognised by the public as experts in the work they undertake, inspire confidence. The ordinary medical man who has made no study of mental diseases cannot, and ought not to, expect that the same degree of confidence will be extended to him on a matter of which he obviously knows little or nothing. Such a man is prone to draw a definite line between the sane and the insane. There is no such line. Complete irresponsibility even among the admittedly insane is by no means universal. The degrees of mental instability are infinite and restriction of liberty is necessary only where the instability has reached the stage of being a danger to the sufferer himself or to his neighbours, or is such that the patient is incapable of managing himself. In slight or incipient cases compulsion is unnecessary and harmful. But it is in such

cases and at that stage that curative treatment is most valuable and is likely to be productive of the best results, which certainly would not be obtained by premature certification.

The existing lunacy code bristles with precautions against improper detention. No safeguards that can be devised can be absolute, but the postponement of certification of incipient cases until they have been observed and treated for at least months by experts in mental disease would be a step in the right direction, and would probably provide not only an additional safeguard which would satisfy public opinion, but would give the patient at any rate a chance of ultimate recovery. At present, when a case must in general be either certified or not certified and can only be received in a public mental hospital for treatment if certified, both doctors and judicial authority may in doubtful cases be influenced to take the course which they think may be attended with least risk to the patient and the public. The truth is that insanity is not always a definitely ascertainable state. This recalls to my mind a concrete instance. A soldier in India was sent to hospital as being insane. The regulations prescribed that all such were to be sent home to England. The form which accompanied him there was headed in red ink 'Insane' and below was appended the medical officer's certificate, which read as follows: 'I hereby certify Private — to be of sound mind.'

Under the present Lunacy Laws there is always the risk of the person who is not insane being nevertheless subjected to detention as insane. Against this risk in any new legislation legal safeguards plainly must be provided, however undesirable in principle may be the intervention of the law in cases of illness, whether mental or physical. Insanity has long been associated with imprisonment, so much so that under the present system it may almost be said, 'once a lunatic always a lunatic.' The end to be aimed at should be: (1) that no mental patient's liberty is infringed longer or to a greater extent than his symptoms necessitate in his own or the public interest; (2) that advantage is not taken of his disabilities to neglect or ill-treat him; and (3) that he receives proper treatment for his ailment.

The present legal status of the great bulk of the

insane persons in this country is that of paupers. This, in a great measure, is due to the very high cost of maintenance in Mental Nursing Homes. Many persons are compelled to accept the status of paupers because they cannot afford to adopt any other course. They have become in law paupers because they have been overtaken by this particular form of illness, although they may never before have been in contact with the poor law. There runs, however, through the whole existing lunacy code a distinction in procedure between the pauper and the private case, the justification for which has largely disappeared under modern social conditions. The problem of insanity is essentially a public health problem to be dealt with on modern public health lines. So only will the atmosphere of suspicion and aversion with which the subject is viewed be overcome. No doubt that atmosphere is partly due to the instinctive abhorrence of the normal mind for everything connected with insanity, but it is apt to be fostered by the present system itself. Patients and their relatives alike feel aversion from the idea of resort to an asylum, with all its existing associations. Consequently, resort to these institutions is put off to the last possible moment, when the chances of cure or alleviation have been greatly diminished. It is probably not possible to eradicate this feeling entirely from the public mind by any modifications of the present system, but much might be done to mitigate it by associating lunacy administration as far as possible with general public health administration. Nothing lingers so long in the human mind as prejudice. Statistics show that a substantial number of cases, often very acute, recover completely within a short time. This is proof positive that a considerable number of persons are certified who might avoid certification if it were preceded by a period of observation and treatment coupled if necessary with temporary or provisional powers of detention. The number of cases who would avoid certification altogether would undoubtedly be increased if greater facilities existed for persons who are willing to submit themselves to treatment, and if access to treatment were not preceded by the necessity of taking the irrevocable step of certification.

Persons may be certified as lunatics in various ways.

They may be found to be so by a judicial inquisition made by a petition to the Judge in Lunacy, but as this procedure has in the course of the last ten years fallen into almost complete disuse, it is unnecessary to enter into the intricacies of its law and practice. The ordinary course is a petition for a reception order presented, if possible, by the husband or wife or a relative of the alleged lunatic. The petitioner must be at least twenty-one years of age and must have seen the alleged lunatic within fourteen days of the presentation of the petition. He must give an undertaking that either personally, or by some one specially appointed by him, he will visit the patient at least once in every six months. The petition must be accompanied by a statement of particulars and by two medical certificates in the form prescribed by the Second Schedule of the Act, which requires *inter alia* that the examination by the two medical men shall be made separately and that the certificate shall be given on separate sheets of paper. The certificate is to the effect that the patient 'is a lunatic or person of unsound mind and a proper person to be taken charge of and detained under care and treatment.' The grounds for this conclusion must be specified under: (a) facts observed by the medical practitioner at the time of the examination, which may be amplified if the same or other facts were observed previously; and (b) facts communicated by others.

A certificate founded only on facts communicated by others will not justify a reception order. The Act also prescribes that one of the certificates shall wherever possible be given by the usual medical attendant of the patient, and if this is not practicable the reason therefor must be stated in the petition. Interested persons are debarred from signing certificates. The petition must be presented to a County Court Judge, a Stipendiary or Metropolitan Police Magistrate, or a Justice of the Peace specially appointed under the Act, which provides that the Justices of every county and quarter sessions borough shall annually appoint out of their number as many fit and proper persons as they may deem necessary to exercise the powers conferred by the Act upon the judicial authority. On the presentation of the petition the judicial authority is required to consider

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the allegations in the petition, and the statement of particulars and the evidence of lunacy in the certificates. The consideration of the petition is in private, and no one may be present without the leave of the magistrate except the petitioner, the alleged lunatic (unless the magistrate otherwise orders), the certifying doctors, and any other person appointed by the alleged lunatic to represent him. It is within the discretion of the magistrate to see or not to see the patient, but he must state in his order whether or not he has seen him. If a patient is detained on an order by a magistrate who has not seen him the patient is entitled after admission to the institution or single care to be taken before or visited by some other judicial authority, unless the medical officer of the institution or the medical attendant of the patient in single care certifies that such a proceeding would be prejudicial to the patient. Failing such a certificate, the medical officer of the institution or the person in charge must give the patient within twenty-four hours of his admission notice of his right to see a judicial authority. If the right is exercised the report of the judicial authority is forwarded to the Board of Control to take such steps as may be necessary to give effect to it. If the judicial authority dismisses the petition he is required to give to the petitioner a statement in writing of his reasons, and to send a copy to the Board of Control. If, on the other hand, he decides to make an order this will be in the form prescribed by the Act, and will be addressed to the superintendent of the institution or the person in whose charge the patient is to be placed, authorising him to receive the patient. Notice of admission and a copy of the reception documents must be sent by the authorities of the institution or person in charge of the patient to the Board of Control within one clear day after admission, to be followed after the second day, but before the end of the seventh day, by a medical statement regarding the mental and bodily condition of the patient. The copies of the reception documents are scrutinised by the Board of Control, who may require incorrect or defective documents to be amended within fourteen days, and if these are not amended to their satisfaction they may order the discharge of the patient. There is a special provision for the certification of

private patients in cases of urgency. Where it is necessary for the welfare of the patient or the safety of the public that the patient should be forthwith placed under care, he may be detained on an urgency order. This order must be made if possible by the husband or wife or relative of the alleged lunatic, and accompanied by one medical certificate. If the order is not made by a husband or wife or a relative an explanation of the circumstances must be given in the order by such other person as may sign it. The person making the order must be at least twenty-one years of age, and must within two days before the order was made have seen the alleged lunatic. An urgency order remains in force for seven days only, or, if a petition for a reception order is pending, it remains operative until the petition is disposed of. Private patients are received in County and Borough Mental Hospitals, Registered Hospitals, Licensed Houses, and Single Care, and they may be removed from one institution to another under the original order.

Pauper patients are dealt with under summary reception orders. One medical certificate only is required, but the magistrate must see the patient before making the order. Any lunatic is a pauper lunatic who is in receipt of relief, or in such circumstances as to require relief for his proper care.

It is evident that simplification of the law is desirable. Why should there be a difference in the procedure between the pauper and the non-pauper? Why should the non-pauper have two medical men to examine him and two medical certificates? Why should it be only optional for the judicial authority to see the non-pauper and obligatory for him to see the pauper lunatic? Why should a man if he becomes mentally ill and requires institutional treatment become automatically pauperised? If the same man suffered from some physical illness he would have the option of being treated at one of the voluntary hospitals or of obtaining treatment provided by the public health authority out of public funds; in either case without any detriment to his status as a citizen.

A very justifiable uneasiness exists in the public mind that a certificate may be given by any duly qualified medical practitioner immediately he has obtained his

qualifications, though he may have no experience in dealing with lunacy. Medical men themselves recognise that psychiatry finds only an insignificant place in the medical curriculum. Only one-third of the students who qualified during the years 1921 to 1924 were required to show any knowledge whatever of mental diseases in their written papers. The average prior to 1924 must have been considerably less. Yet, notwithstanding this, the British Medical Association inclines to the view that any qualified practitioner is also qualified to sign a certificate. A somewhat dangerous doctrine, and one scarcely likely to inspire public confidence. It is, of course, necessary that medical men should be protected from the possibility of actions being brought against them for wrongful certification. But, after all, the remedy is in their own hands. If mental diseases have not formed part of their curriculum, or if they have not formed part of their after study, they have only to refuse to undertake such duties in connexion with their profession. No one could blame them. Mental diagnosis is essentially the work of a specialist, and for any other medical man to undertake it is only courting eventual appearance in a Court of Law in an action for damages for wrongful certification. The attitude at present taken by some of the speakers in the discussion on the Report of the Lunacy Commission (England and Wales) in July at the meeting of the British Medical Association in Edinburgh was in defence of the medical man who gave certificates, when it was obvious that he was not competent to do so either by study or practise. It is a dangerous line to take and one which can never commend itself to the common sense of the public. One of the speakers, Sir Frederick Willis (Chairman of the Board of Control, England and Wales), went so far as to say: 'His own feeling was that that sort of question [actions for damages for wrongful certification] should be taken out of the province of juries. If it were left to the judges of the High Court much greater justice would be done. In these cases it was usual for "experts" to come in, and it had been rather distressing to see the sort of evidence given by one doctor against another doctor.' This is a strange view to take. It would have been thought that the Chairman of the Board of Control would have been

more concerned in looking after the interests of alleged lunatics, and would have welcomed any proceedings which might be instituted in their interest. Doctors are not any more infallible than other people, and it is scarcely surprising that the public should be inclined to accept the opinion of those among them who have made a special study of mental disease in preference to that of those who have neither their experience nor their knowledge. I remember the case of a lunatic who went about with two doctors' certificates in his pocket stating that he was quite sane, and with them for a time he defied all efforts to send him to an institution, until eventually he became a public danger and was shut up in spite of them. If any one wished to build a bridge, he would not go to a firm of sanitary engineers for the work. Yet they are engineers, and probably very good engineers in their own special line. So a man may be a very good doctor for the physical part of man's organism and yet know nothing of the mental side of that organism. The attitude sometimes taken by the British Medical Council appears to be a very narrow one, and savours too much of the Trades Union pushed to its extreme limits. It is unworthy of a great profession. It is quite right that the doctor should be protected, but that protection cannot be claimed so long as he persists in giving opinions on subjects outside his knowledge and experience. An expert may make a mistake, but he is less likely to do so than a man who is working outside his sphere. That is the view the public takes, and it will not be satisfied until the possibility of wrongful certification by casual doctors is altogether eliminated. Lunacy is essentially the province of the specialist, and to the specialist it should be strictly confined in order that public opinion may be reassured.

It is open to doubt whether the intervention of the magistrate can be regarded as an independent safeguard. There is a certain amount of haphazardness about the procedure, which lacks formality, and no proper records of the decisions are kept. The public are obsessed with the idea that wrongful certification is possible : (a) through illegal procedure ; (b) through *mala fides* ; (c) through insufficient or inaccurate evidence ; (d) under

conditions due solely to physical causes. It does not require a multiplication of instances to create uneasiness in the mind of the public. The cases of Beck and Edalji were sufficient to call into being the law of Criminal Appeal. The Royal Commission was, however, of opinion that the present safeguards against wrongful certification, if properly observed, were adequate. The whole crux of the question lies in the words, if properly observed. It is difficult to see how the Law of Lunacy as it is now constituted can be properly observed. There is an insufficiency of qualified alienists and the judicial authority consists in practice of Justices of the Peace who possess no qualifications for giving a separate opinion. They must almost invariably form their opinion on the medical certificate produced before them, which it must be remembered that any doctor, however recently qualified, is competent to give. The doctor is not on oath, his certificate has not even the solemnity of an affidavit. It is less important judicially than his evidence in a police court where the complainant had received a black eye. In such a case a certificate from a doctor would not be accepted as evidence. He must appear in Court and give his evidence on oath and be subjected to cross-examination. It is a strange anomaly that in cases of alleged insanity where the doctor is the sovereign arbiter, that his simple certificate should be accepted with its power to brand a man with the taint of insanity. If a patient is certified, not only is the patient subjected to a very invidious and unpleasant social censorship, hereafter, but the children are as well. How often do we hear it said: 'There is insanity in the family'! The statistics of various mental institutions show that there is a great deal of faulty prognosis on the part of medical men in dealing with insanity. Many alleged lunatics have been discharged a few days after their admission—a significant fact indicative of a tendency to premature certification. That the Royal Commission appreciated this state of affairs is shown by its proposal:

'That the treatment of mental disorder should approximate as nearly to the treatment of physical ailments as is consistent with the special safeguards which are indispensable when the liberty of the subject is infringed. That certification should be the last resort and not a necessary preliminary

to treatment; and that the procedure for certification should be simplified, and made uniform for private and rate-aided cases and dissociated from the Poor Law.'

The risk of an improper motive operating adversely to a patient obviously occurs in a case where relatives wish to keep a person under detention in order that they may benefit by his property. The possibility of this risk probably exists chiefly in the case of private patients. The power to discharge such a patient is vested primarily in the person on whose petition the reception order was made and who may be the relative interested adversely to the patient. A partial safeguard is, of course, provided, which requires the manager of a hospital or a licensed house, or the person in charge of a single patient, to report his recovery and discharge him. The possibility of a medical officer acting from an improper motive may be examined more directly in another connexion. In a licensed house, which is an institution conducted for private profit, the continued residence of a patient paying perhaps a high fee has a direct bearing upon the prosperity of the whole undertaking and, therefore, upon the livelihood of those employed in it. Indeed, the medical and other officers may have a direct interest in the finances of the house if they are shareholders or if their emoluments vary with the fluctuation of the profits. In such circumstances there may arise a conflict between interest and duty. That in the case of one licensed house an arbitrary profit was being made on extras supplied to the patients without the fact being disclosed to those who paid the accounts, gives rise to a suspicion that it is quite possible for interest to conflict with duty and that a certificate of discharge might be withheld for the sake of profit. The only prospect of liberty for a sane person who is wrongfully confined in such an establishment is to escape and to elude recapture for fourteen days. In such a case he cannot be detained without a fresh order and certificates. This is his only hope. It may be thought that visitation, in which a considerable number of authorities are engaged, would provide every safeguard against improper detention. This might be so if the visitation was effective. The Board of Control, at the time of the issue of the Report of the Royal Commission, consisted of eleven members,

of whom eight were paid. They are overwhelmed with administrative work. They have to scrutinise all the reception documents on which patients are received under care and the continuation reports which warrant their continued detention; the licensing of licensed houses in the metropolis; the examination of records and the preparation of statistics and other matters for the Annual Report presented to Parliament. In addition, they have to deal with a large correspondence from patients and their relatives. The Board of Control in short is the central authority for seeing that the lunacy code is administered in conformity with the Acts and Statutory Rules. They are also responsible for the administration of the Mental Deficiency Act. In addition to all this, and which is the most important part of their duties from the point of view of the public, they are charged with the visitation of all places where patients are detained. It is obvious that their task exceeds their power of performance owing to their number being inadequate for the discharge of the duties prescribed by the Act, and that much must escape their notice. In addition, the Chairman of the Board must often be absent giving his views at meetings where questions of lunacy are discussed. But it is the urgency order which is the chief danger. On it a person may be sent direct to an asylum on the certificate of one doctor with no confirmatory certificate from another and without being seen by any legal authority. It has been responsible for most of the actions which have been brought against medical men for wrongful certification, and lacking as it is in proper safeguards for the liberty of the individual, it is a danger to the community.

The feeling that mental sickness is not properly treated is growing, and the Royal Commission has proved that there is too much premature certification: that the Board of Control is inadequate for the duties it has to perform; that there is an insufficiency of qualified alienists; that the nursing service is not always what it might be; that there have been cases in institutions where patients have been unduly exploited; and that both the Lunacy Act and its administration are in urgent need of reform.

J. E. MARSHALL.

Art. 5.—AN AGE OF TRANSITION IN MUSIC.

The Decline of the West. Form and Actuality. By Oswald Spengler. Authorised Translation, with Notes, by C. F. Atkinson. George Allen & Unwin, 1926.

IT has become almost a commonplace to say that we are living in an epoch of little men. This reflexion is something more than the groan of the elderly 'laudator, temporis acti' who is to be found in every age. For to-day we find it voiced even by many of the younger generation, who join with their seniors in singing the praises of the giants of old. Nor can we attribute it to our natural modesty. There seems to be a deep conviction that our lack of great men in almost every sphere in the present century is symptomatic of the period of history at which we find ourselves. Those who have this feeling may be divided roughly into two camps. One school of thought considers that, after the great upheaval through which we have passed, we are drawing breath before passing on to the next phase of great men and big ideas, and therefore regards the present stage as a kind of interval in which we cannot expect to find persons of great force or genius, but which will in due course probably be succeeded by an era equal in grandeur to the most brilliant passages of the past.

Others, again, take the view that we are witnessing the sunset of Western civilisation, which, according to them, is no longer capable of producing anything really great whether in the realms of art or of science or in any other sphere of human activity. This view, which is associated mainly with the name of Oswald Spengler, does not indeed despair of mankind altogether. For it involves the belief that the Western will be followed by another Culture, as different from it in character and outlook as ours is from the Indian, the Græco-Roman, the Chinese, or the ancient Egyptian civilisations, and for that very reason neither inferior nor superior to ours but simply not comparable with it.

It would be beyond the scope of this essay to enter upon anything approaching to a general criticism of the

Spenglerian doctrine, though it is hardly possible to discuss one aspect of it—as I propose briefly to attempt—without first paying a modest tribute to the tremendous vision and astonishing knowledge which its author displays in putting forward theories that have inevitably aroused the most profound controversy. Whether we agree with Spengler or not, either in his main ideas or in his more detailed application of them, the perusal of his great work, 'The Decline of the West,' is an unforgettable experience. Difficult though all honest readers must confess it to be, it is one of the few books which may be said to enrich our whole outlook on life, driving us to think out afresh the greatest problems of man's career and to strive to discover our own solution of them.

Yet it is astonishing to find, in spite of the profundity and the inspiration which permeates Spengler's book, that again and again he distorts or ignores facts in order to suit his theories; and in no department has he done this to a greater extent than in his treatment of music. Just as, in the scientific domain, he is so anxious to prove that Western science is now on the wane that he conveniently overlooks, for that purpose, the discoveries of Einstein and of Marconi, so he twists musical history into strange shapes in order to make good his belief that we cannot expect any more great music to be forthcoming from Western Culture. It is a part of Spengler's thesis that Cultures pass through phases analogous to those which mark the careers of individuals. They have birth, youth, maturity, decline, and death. He has another way of putting the same notion when he assimilates the successive periods to the seasons of the year and speaks of the spring, summer, autumn, and winter of a Culture. Even if we agree with this conception, his application of the principle is not always easy to accept and is especially puzzling in the case of music.

In the first place, it is not clear at what stage he conceived that Western musical history reached its highest point. In two passages (pp. 44 and 90) he describes Mozart as representing the 'golden summit' or 'zenith,' which in the language of seasons one would naturally expect to correspond to the summer. But

later on (p. 108) he speaks of Mozart as 'fragrant with the sweetness of late October days,' and again (p. 207) of Haydn and Mozart as representing 'the gleaming autumn of the style' and belonging to 'the form-world of the arts as a sensitive longing and presentiment of the end.' This is the penultimate stage of the Culture—just before 'the style fades out.' Both these conceptions of the place of Mozart give rise to difficulties. The student of musical history, deep though his love and admiration for this great master may be, will probably be disinclined to agree that he marks the very highest point of musical attainment. If this be so, the implication would seem to follow (according to the logic underlying Spengler's own theory), that Bach, belonging to an earlier age, was on a less exalted pinnacle and that Beethoven shows a slight falling off from the perfection of Mozart. If, on the other hand, Mozart's work stands for the autumn of Western Culture, many of us might feel some consolation in being allowed to regard Bach as the summer, but our spirits would probably be a little damped as a result of Beethoven being brought even nearer to the period of decline.

These difficulties illustrate the position in which Spengler is apt to be involved through adhering too slavishly to his own theories. In order to establish that Western civilisation is now declining, he feels himself bound to work backwards and to show that our music, like everything else, was less great in its early days, rose to a noble climax about the middle of its career, and then started to fall away from grace. But there must be very few impartial lovers of music who will agree that this is a true account. The ideas of progress, maturity, and decline, as applied to the history of an art, are exceedingly hard to follow. It is doubtful whether an art can be said to improve or to grow worse as it goes on, except in respect of the technical means employed, and, as far as this is concerned, the present age is in many ways ahead of those that went before, while the development of instrumental colour is a marked feature of quite modern times. Actually, however, it is extremely doubtful whether the composers of one age, as such, can be described as being greater or less great

than those of another. The comparatively early appearance of Palestrina and Byrd upon the scene—at a stage which corresponds, I suppose, to the 'Spring' of Western music—does not in itself imply that they were lesser geniuses than Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner, Franck, or Delius. Hitherto we have had great composers springing up at all sorts of odd times throughout the last four or five hundred years, with occasional short periods of smaller men in the intervals. It will be my contention that we are in the midst of one of these intervening ages at the present day. The transcendence of Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner did not depend upon the periods at which they lived, but upon their own individual genius. Spengler's theory rests upon the belief that the epoch makes the man. But history seems rather to show that it is the men—and especially those of outstanding quality—who shape and mould the epoch. Spengler is unquestionably justified in emphasising that every man is a product of his time and of his culture and is influenced and affected by his environment and the fashions and outlook of the civilisation to which he belongs and of the particular period in which he is born. But the strange position in which the author finds himself when he tries to go further than this is illustrated by the following passage :

'Imagine Columbus supported by France instead of by Spain, as was in fact highly probable at one time. Had Francis I been the master of America, without doubt he, and not the Spanish Charles V, would have obtained the imperial crown. The early Baroque period from the Sack of Rome to the Peace of Westphalia, which was actually the *Spanish* century in religion, intellect, art, politics, and manners, would have been shaped from Paris, and not from Madrid. Instead of the names of Philip, Alva, Cervantes, Calderon, Velasquez, we should be talking to-day of great Frenchmen who in fact—if we may thus roundly express a very difficult idea—remained unborn' (p. 148).

At no point does Spengler fall a more helpless victim to his own theory than when he comes to deal with the later stages of musical history. He seems almost to personify Cultures, so that he is led to the belief that a Culture, when it reaches a certain stage in its career, is, as it were, no more capable of producing great

men or great works of art than a woman, after she has passed the period known as the 'menopause,' is able to bear children. Thus he makes the astonishing statements that Western music 'died in "Tristan"' (p. 291) and that 'What is practised as art to-day—be it music after Wagner or painting after Cézanne, Leibl, and Menzel—is impotence and falsehood' (p. 293). Now the score of 'Tristan' was completed in 1859. Among Wagner's own works it preceded the composition of the music for 'Siegfried' from the latter part of Act II to the end of the opera, and the whole of 'Die Götterdämmerung,' 'Die Meistersinger,' and 'Parsifal.' The latter is regarded by some others besides Spengler as exhibiting signs that Wagner's powers were waning. But even apart from that work, the consequence involved by Spengler's theory is that a great deal of that which the world has regarded as Wagner's finest music simply does not count.

In 1859, Brahms was a young man of twenty-six. Between that date and his death in 1897 he produced most of his greatest masterpieces, including the German Requiem and the Triumphlied; the concertos for violin and for pianoforte (No. 2); all his four Symphonies; the double concerto for violin, violoncello, and orchestra; and a quantity of superb chamber music. In fact, it was well after the composition of 'Tristan' that the art of Brahms, who is generally acclaimed as one of the greatest musical geniuses of all time, attained its full glory. The name of César Franck owes its distinguished place in the history of music chiefly to a series of compositions which, unfortunately for Spengler's theory, date from the 'seventies and 'eighties, the most conspicuous, perhaps, being 'Les Béatitudes'; the 'Variations Symphoniques'; the 'Prelude, chorale and fugue' and the 'Prelude, aria and finale'; the sonata for violin and piano; the quintet for piano and strings; the symphony in D minor; and the string quartet. Since 'Tristan,' too, Verdi created his Manzoni Requiem, and those two operatic masterpieces of his old age, 'Otello' and 'Falstaff.'

In face of these facts, it is surely fantastic to suggest that the composition of 'Tristan' was the 'finale' of Western music' (p. 291). It will be observed that I have mentioned only such creations as are almost uni-

versally recognised to be really great works of art. Actually, Spengler's thesis is inconsistent also with the fact that the most notable music of the Russian school did not start until the 19th century was fairly well advanced; that the latter part of that century witnessed the beginning of a revival of English music which has resulted in this country producing more striking compositions than it had done since the days of Purcell; that there has been a simultaneous re-awakening of creative activity with fruitful effects in Spain; that the art of 'lieder'-writing reached perhaps its zenith in the hands of Hugo Wolf, and that the genius of Berlioz on the one hand and of Franck on the other led to a Renaissance of French music in the hands of such imaginative composers as Fauré, Debussy, and Ravel.

Spengler was not content with stating that there had and would be no great musician in the West after Wagner (p. 425). If this phrase stood alone, it might be taken to mean not indeed that Wagner's immediate or later contemporaries did not continue to produce masterpieces after his death, but merely that among his successors there have not been, and could not be expected to be, any really great musical geniuses. But Spengler actually goes so far as to describe the music of to-day—which he identifies with music since Wagner—as impotence and falsehood (p. 293). We must assume that he is referring to the work of men who, though in some instances they may have been alive before Wagner's death in 1883, have reached their creative maturity since then. Ignoring, therefore, those of the masterpieces of Brahms, Franck, and Verdi which, though written by contemporaries of Wagner, were composed after 1883, we arrive at the position, if we are to follow Spengler, that the music of Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, Rimsky-Korsakof, Parry, Stanford, Elgar, Puccini, Debussy, Stravinsky, Delius, Vaughan-Williams, Bax, de Falla, Ravel, Schönberg, Bartok, Holst, and Bliss, is to be classed indiscriminately as 'impotence and falsehood.'

It is essential for Spengler's theory that he should express this view. It would not do for him to assert merely that the post-Wagnerian composers have been of somewhat smaller calibre than such giants as Bach,

Beethoven, and Wagner: for that would be consistent with a belief that the present age is one of transition preliminary to the appearance of a further succession of great geniuses. Spengler's doctrine committed him to the unqualified condemnation of modern art as being degenerate.

The music of the post-Wagnerian epoch cannot be swept into one net. Not only does each of the leading composers naturally differ from the others in his aims and outlook and in the character of his art, but some of them may be said to mark the conclusion of an era which is now drawing—if indeed it has not already drawn—to its close, as contrasted with others who seem to represent the start of a new age.

It is, I think, broadly true that ours is a generation of little men. Not merely is there no musician now in his prime who can be mentioned in the same breath as Bach or Beethoven: there is not a composer, the production of whose new works is awaited with such eager anticipation as was the case even with Debussy and Strauss some years ago. There have been many striking and interesting works produced in recent times by Stravinsky, Holst, de Falla, Ravel, Vaughan-Williams, Honegger, and Bartok—to name only a few of the leading composers of the present day. But he would be a bold man who would call any of these men giants of the stature of Brahms or Wagner.

It is undeniable that the era which was contemporaneous with the Victorian age in England was a great epoch—in other spheres besides music. Roughly about the close of the 19th century we seemed to reach the conclusion of a chapter, and there is a good deal to be said for the view that in music it was the finish of the diatonic, rather than that of the romantic, period. For romanticism existed even in music long before the so-called romantic movement initiated by Schumann, and will assuredly continue to manifest itself, because it appeals to a fundamental element of human nature in all ages—the faculty of imagination. Diatonic music has reigned supreme for several hundred years, and it is not surprising if its potentialities have by this time been worked out. In spite of the disturbing influence of Beethoven and the occasional lapses into

chromaticism that we find in Schumann, the diatonic style—with its simple, sometimes almost obvious, melodies, its straightforward major and minor chords, and its regular rhythms—was still appropriate to an age so steady and peaceful as the 19th century mainly was, once that the Napoleonic Wars were over. But already with Wagner the restless element of chromaticism had begun to make itself felt more markedly than ever before—Wagner, in whose turbulent soul was revealed an early symptom of the rising tide of German ambition which eventually hurled itself against the forces of the world in the terrible year 1914. This chromaticism was present in even stronger degree in the art of Rimsky-Korsakof—a citizen of the country which was to witness the greatest internal cataclysm of modern times. It is true that in the pre-Beethoven epoch Bach sometimes wrote chromatic music, but that was because Bach seems to have anticipated most of the devices which his successors have utilised, and it is significant that he uses it to express great emotion, as in the Chromatic Fantasia and in the deeply affecting first chorus of the St. Matthew Passion. But it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that Rimsky-Korsakof was steeped in chromaticism, and from him it passed as a direct legacy to his fellow-countryman Stravinsky, whose 'Firebird' was still plainly under the influence of Rimsky-Korsakof.

In the early days of the 20th century, chromaticism was a modern product, as was the whole-tone scale employed by Debussy. Rimsky-Korsakof, Debussy, and Stravinsky in his earlier works, were regarded as advanced composers. But to-day we have become so accustomed to those idioms, that we do not feel a musician to be in the forward movement at all now, if his music is merely chromatic, but only if it is atonal or polytonal. Thus Holst and Vaughan-Williams usually seem to be a step behind the most advanced wing. When the more adventurous spirits were writing chromatically, the works which these two composers were producing were still largely diatonic, and thus we got Holst's 'Hymns from the Rig Veda' and 'St Paul's suite for strings,' and Vaughan-Williams' 'Towards the Unknown Region,' 'A Sea Symphony,' and the 'London Symphony.' Later, when Stravinsky and Schönberg and some of the

younger men went on to atonality and free counterpoint, Holst and Vaughan-Williams advanced simply to a pronounced chromaticism. With Holst, 'The Planets' marked the transitional stage, while the 'Hymn of Jesus' and the 'Choral Symphony' were strongly chromatic in texture, as were the 'Pastoral Symphony' and 'Sancta Civitas' of Vaughan-Williams.

The composers who stuck to the diatonic medium—Elgar and Strauss—are not modern at all. They belong to a bygone age and are really 19th-century musicians in spirit. With them, the diatonic period may be said to have come to a close, and the fact that they were contemporaries of the chromatically-minded Rimsky-Korsakof is beside the point. They mark the tail-end of an epoch, whereas his work points forward along a fresh path. The sort of thing that 20th-century diatonic music is liable to be is exhibited in the Alpine Symphony of Strauss—a pleasant enough entertainment of the old school, with nothing original or remarkable except its orchestration.

Delius is apart from all the rest. We can hardly reckon him as a modern. His ill-health has unfortunately prevented him from composing anything recently and he is no longer young. His art is so individual in character, that to those who, while recognising the beauty of the sounds which he produces, declare that his music is formless, we are tempted to reply that he has created his own forms. Although in his early days he was influenced by Wagner, the force of his imagination has called forth such a multiplicity of shifting harmonies and colours that we are left in amazement that anything short of a system of quarter-tones could have produced so endless a variety. His is a chromaticism mellowed and softened by the loving finger of a poet. In his hands, all that had gone before is 'rounded with a sleep.' He is the greatest musical genius since Franck, and Spengler can hardly have made the acquaintance of 'A Mass of Life' and 'The Song of the High Hills' when he delivered his sweeping invective against post-Wagnerian music. After Delius, the art is ready for new developments, and while he was producing his later works the change began.

There can be no doubt that the quality and texture

of modern music marks a greater break with the past than any innovations such as those introduced by Beethoven, Wagner, or Strauss at their respective epochs. The switch over from the art of diatonic and chromatic music to the world of atonality and free counterpoint is not on the same footing as that deepening of emotion in the instrumental forms which Beethoven effected, or as the development of the music drama or of programme music. Strong and significant as those changes were, they marked but the onward strides of an art which in its essence remained the same in spite of them. Each of those great masters was a much-indebted man. But the composers in the forward movement to-day are exploring in an unknown region. It may turn out that they

. . . 'have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond their depth.'

But whatever be their fate, it seems undeniable that the experiments which they have made and are making constitute a veritable revolution in the history of the art—analogous not to the comparatively orderly developments of the great innovators of the past to whom I have referred, but rather to those bold adventurers who first introduced the simultaneous sounding of notes of different pitch in the Middle Ages and thus paved the way for the age of polyphony.

When we listen to the bewildering tone smudges of Anton Webern's Five pieces for String Quartet, to the scraping and gibbering of Hindemith's first pianoforte concerto, or the gruff, dissonant opening of Bartok's concerto for piano and orchestra, it is manifest that we have crossed over the border into a country where the manners and customs of the people are so utterly different from those to which we have been brought up that we can hardly recognise them as belonging to the same order of society. Stravinsky had started in this direction in his 'Sacre du Printemps'—a work which in its strange combination of remote loveliness with apparently intentional barbaric crudity, seems to mark the turning point. Thereafter it was almost inevitable that he should go a stage further. It was unthinkable

that he should return to the bewitching glamour of the 'Firebird' or even to the grotesque brilliance of 'Petrouchka,' both of which still maintained strong elements of diatonic and chromatic writing. The time was ripe for a keyless music and for a counterpoint which ignored the old harmonic laws. Thus in the 'Symphony for Wind Instruments in Memory of Debussy' and in 'L'Histoire du Soldat,' Stravinsky struck out on new paths, which differed as completely from his earlier style as Schönberg's astonishing 'Pierrot Lunaire' diverged from the Wagnerian timbre of his early Sextet for Strings ('Verklärte Nacht'), and from the first string quartet (Opus 7) which in spirit and technique (apart from the great length of its single movement) harked back to the 19th century or at least to the earlier days of the 20th.

It may be asked, what is the significance of this violent disturbance of our musical equanimity? Is it a mere flash in the pan—a temporary aberration from the straight path which the art may hereafter resume once more? Or does it herald a new era in which atonality and quarter-tones and free counterpoint will be the order of the day? My own belief is that we are living in an age of transition to a period in which the great man will once more bestride the world like a colossus. The existing generation of modernist composers contains not a single artist of outstanding genius; for we are living in an age of small men, whose function it is to experiment with chemicals of which their ancestors had never dreamed. They are making important discoveries, but as so often happens in these cases, the men who have to do the research work in its preliminary stages are not themselves persons of mighty genius, but skilful, imaginative investigators whose task it is to pave the way for the inspired masters who are to come. When the great genius eventually arises, he will profit by the pioneer work done by our contemporaries, absorbing into his creative net all that he finds suited to his artistic purpose and discarding the useless and superfluous matter. On such a foundation he—or they—(for there will surely be more than one) will build a superstructure of which we cannot form the slightest notion at the present time. The modern works of

to-day are often interesting, attractive, and stimulating. But they are continually looking forward to something of far greater significance in the future. Many of these compositions will be found to be of no value whatever. That does not matter very much. A research chemist often makes a number of unprofitable experiments, and even if some of us resent our musical chemists carrying out their tests in public, it is as well to realise that a certain proportion of mistakes and blind alleys is inevitable in any department of discovery. Time, and the great men of the future, will put things right. The errors and follies and charlatanisms, conscious or unconscious, of our generation, will even have been worth while for the sake of the valuable explorations in the directions of colour, instrumentation, and contrapuntal inventiveness which the 20th century is formulating.

In the age which is to come, no one will think of writing music in the idiom developed by the great masters on whose music we have been brought up. There can be no looking back. We can no more expect the musician of the future to employ the harmonies and rhythms and thematic phraseology which were utilised by Beethoven, Verdi, and Wagner, or even by Delius and Rimsky-Korsakof, than we can think it likely that 20th- or 21st-century authors will write in the style of Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Browning, or Bernard Shaw. The appreciation of the masterpieces of previous ages can continue undimmed; there is no reason why it should not do so; but they will not be imitated. Future generations will regard the music of the past in a different light from that in which we view it. Their own creations would sound horrible to us if we could hear them. To the men of those days and to their successors they will be a joy and a revelation.

It is not certain that the great age of atonality or polytonality will be in Europe. It may find its most notable exponents in America, and they may even weld it into a 'cultural' art built partly on the foundation of so primitive a folk music as jazz! Spengler may be right, in the main, about the decline of the West, so far as Europe is concerned. But it is exceedingly doubtful whether he was justified in including America. There is a lot to be said for the view—from Spengler's own

angle—that America's will be the next great Culture. At present it is at a very early stage; hence the strange barbarisms which cut across its surface in the shape of political corruption, imperfections in the administration of the criminal law, materialism, and a childish, unreasoning love of speed—combined with that wistful, pathetic hankering after the beauties of older cultures such as those of England, France, and Italy, which sends tourists from the U.S.A. to rush round the beauty-spots of Europe.

In the musical sphere, America has hitherto produced no real genius, and apart from negro folk-songs and syncopated dance tunes, she has created no music in a style of her own but has followed European models. Conversely, the restless, hustling spirit of America has in turn played its part, I suggest—even though it may be largely an unconscious or indirect one—in provoking the strange innovations which modern European composers have produced. An even more potent factor, however, in bringing about these changes has been the vast struggle which drenched Europe in blood from 1914 to 1918. The great conflict opened the door wide to a number of disturbing revolutionary impulses in music as in other spheres, and it is at least true to say that the world has moved on faster than it would have done if the War had never taken place. Mankind is still dazed by the sudden incursion of these curious, reckless notions, and even as the unexpected destruction of an ant-hill means that the busy creatures must begin to build all over again—possibly using different materials and in a different place—so the whole fabric of music after that huge international upheaval must be painstakingly reconstructed with new ingredients and even, maybe, on fresh ground. Of the actual outcome no man alive to-day can form more than a hazy notion.

R. W. S. MENDEL.

✓ Art. 6.—THE FACTORIES BILL.

It is so long since the introduction of the Factories Bill that the public seem to have forgotten it; but unless something unforeseen occurs it will be proceeded with in the coming session, and from present indications it appears likely to cause no small disturbance. It was introduced in the House of Commons by the Home Secretary on Aug. 2, 1926, for the purpose of examination and discussion outside the House—an excellent plan, of which some use has been made. Another Bill was introduced by Miss Wilkinson, and came to a second reading on March 26, 1926, but was turned down on the ground that a measure of such far-reaching importance should not be introduced as a private member's Bill. This measure was the Labour Party's Bill. The resemblance between the two is sufficient to have caused some mental confusion. It has been declared that the Government Bill is only the Labour Party's Bill. The fact is that in 1923, when Mr Bridgeman was Home Secretary, a Bill was prepared by the Factory Department of the Home Office. On the Labour Party's acceptance of office in 1924, Mr A. Henderson, the new Home Secretary, took up this Bill and made some alterations and extensions, which are embodied in Miss Wilkinson's Bill. Meanwhile, the Conservatives having returned to office, the present draft Bill was completed under the directions of Sir W. Joynson-Hicks. Consequently the two measures resemble each other in general, but with differences, some of which are of great importance; and since they will be fought to the last by the Labour Party and, to some extent, by the Liberals, stirring scenes may be expected, though every one concerned is agreed that a Bill is needed.

It is a somewhat formidable measure, being both a consolidating and an amending Bill. In that respect it resembles the Act of 1901, which took the place of the 1878 Act. With regard to consolidation there is, I believe, no doubt or difference. The twenty-seven years that will have elapsed since the 1901 Act have witnessed the passing of eight special Acts, which it is desirable to incorporate. Then there are other measures, such as Education Acts, which affect the law; and, in addition, a

large number of regulations have been issued by the Home Office. The law is in many details quite different from what it was, and administration requires that it should be codified. But if the case is so strong for consolidation, it is equally strong for amendment. Since 1901 much has happened to industry. It never stands still, but this quarter of a century has been extraordinarily prolific, with the development of automatic machinery, the general speeding up, the advance of the electrical industry, motor-car construction, rubber, films, artificial silk, aeroplanes, and many other things which affect health and safety in various ways. Then the application of welfare measures has become general and is based on scientific research, which has thrown an entirely new light upon it. Lastly, there are the effects of the International Labour Office, and the practice in competing countries in regard to measures which make for efficiency. For all these reasons amendment of our factory laws is called for, to bring them up to the highest standard. The Factory Department is well aware of the fact. The draft Bill is really its work. As Miss Wilkinson put it in the House of Commons, it is the result of 36 special reports, 25 ordinary reports, 9 conferences with employers and employed, 17 welfare and safety reports, 2 draft international conventions, and innumerable departmental memoranda and research. She was speaking of her own Bill, and there are those differences in detail; but I am writing of the Bill as a whole, and arguing the case for an amending measure, without reference to details, on which opinions may differ. At the same time it does not follow that everything in the draft Bill is right. It was introduced in 1926 for circulation and discussion by the people concerned, in order to ascertain their feelings and give them an opportunity to express themselves, which they have to some extent done. But on the need of an amending, as well as a consolidating measure, the case is clear.

Nor should there be any doubts about the right of the Conservative Party to undertake the duty. Hesitation on that ground is due to ignorance. From its origin factory legislation, which aims at protecting the wage-earners and promoting their efficiency, has been mainly the work of the Conservative Party. The earliest and

the principal Acts are theirs. Liberals at one time flatly opposed all this sort of interference when they stood up for 'Manchesterism' and *laissez-faire*. The earliest legislative interference with industry in modern times was the Health and Morals of Apprentices Act of 1802. It was introduced by Sir Robert Peel, Home Secretary in Mr Addington's Tory Ministry, and himself a cotton manufacturer. He gave as a reason for bringing in the Bill that he was convinced of the existence of gross mismanagement in his own mills, which he was unable to put right without the assistance of an Act of Parliament. What he had in mind was to overcome the opposition of his own manager—and of others like him—by a common rule applicable to all mills, so as to place them on the same footing and not put the better conducted ones at a disadvantage. This was, in fact, the main reason for legislative interference both then and later. It was to bring the practice of the less scrupulous employers up to the standard of the more enlightened and so enable the latter to carry out improvements without detriment. For the notion that improved conditions meant increased efficiency, which has not yet entered some heads, would have been scouted at the time. Individual employers were the pioneers, and the law followed in their wake, as Miss Proud has pointed out in her book on Welfare Work. The systematic distortion of history by sundry writers makes it necessary to insist upon the fact that if on the one hand private enterprise built up the mechanised industry of the period and was so far responsible for the abuses accompanying that economic development, it was also responsible for the initiation of reforms for the prevention of those abuses and for the improvement of standing conditions. It is only necessary to consider the matter for a moment to see that it must have been so. Trade unionism was then illegal, and Socialism was unborn. There was no one to bring before Parliament the evils existing in factories but the more humanitarian employers. Moreover, the adult workers, even if they had had the power, had not the will to expose the treatment of children in the mills, for which they were themselves responsible, as was shown by the public inquiry a few years later.

The Act of 1802 deserves more attention than is usually given to it. True, it was called for by the treatment of pauper children employed as apprentices in spinning mills, but it was a great deal more than a mere extension of the Elizabethan poor law, as some writers contend. It was a real factory law. It did not apply to apprentices or children other than those employed in mills and factories, although evidence was given to Peel's Committee thirteen years later that children were still sent down from London to be apprenticed to hand-loom weavers, and to work in cottages or cellars under worse conditions than in the mills. Such children were not protected by the Act, as they must have been if the object had been extension of the poor law. The Act was applicable to all cotton and woollen factories in which twenty or more persons were employed; and it included provisions for white-washing, ventilation, and separate sleeping-rooms for the two sexes. In the main, it was clearly a piece of factory legislation, in keeping with the whole later code which it inaugurated, though its true character may not have been realised at the time. The primary idea has always been the protection of those who cannot protect themselves, and that principle naturally singled out these children for a beginning, because they were the most helpless of all factory workers, not because they had to do with the poor law.

This inaugural Act was passed by a Tory Government, and that at a time when the only outside pressure came from medical men concerned with fever. Robert Owen had not then taken up the ideas to which he eventually devoted himself. It is a noteworthy fact, generally ignored, that the earliest interference with the freedom of industrial employers took place without pressure from trade unionism or Socialism or any similar agitation, and at an early stage in the development of modern capitalism. The next Act, passed in 1819, was also introduced and piloted through Parliament by Sir R. Peel, as a member of Lord Liverpool's Tory Ministry. It fixed an age limit (nine years) for the employment of children in cotton mills, and made the limitation of hours to twelve a day, previously enacted for apprentices, applicable to all children under sixteen. It was a further measure of statutory protection for children, and again

the lead was given by employers. It is true that Robert Owen, who was prominent in advocating legislation, had begun to turn in the direction of Socialism, but he was by no means alone among employers, and his advocacy was rather injurious than otherwise. It aroused opposition on account of his attacks on religion and his extreme views. The Act seems absurdly inadequate according to modern standards; but it enforced the lesson of gradual change in these matters; for, moderate as it was, it had to be relaxed in the following year by the permission of overtime in certain circumstances and by elasticity in regard to the meal hours. Trying to go too fast or too far with economic changes invariably entails reaction and retreat to a less advanced position by force of circumstances. It has happened repeatedly, and is happening again to-day. The most complete example is Bolshevism and the forced return to capitalism called the new economic policy, which is still in progress; but the same lesson was taught, in a small way, just a hundred years earlier. The converse lesson from experience is that a too stubborn resistance to change does not prevent its coming, but makes it more violent when it does come. True Conservatism is a policy that conserves by accepting the inevitability of change, but at the same time keeps it within bounds and maintains continuity. To quote the striking words of Dr Gustav Stolper, an Austrian Socialist who has learnt the 'tragic error' of Marxism and hold that the way to Socialism does not lie through the abolition of private ownership:

'The true Conservative is never reactionary; he only spins on the thread of history and takes care that it does not break off. To pursue a Conservative policy is to preserve the continuity of evolution.'

No man grasped that truth more clearly than the great Conservative statesman of the 19th century, whose genius restored the fortunes of his party and whose principles no Conservative need hesitate to own—Benjamin Disraeli. Reference to his remarkable novel, entitled 'Sybil or the Two Nations,' was made by Sir W. Joynson-Hicks in introducing the present Factories Bill. 'Sybil' was published in 1845, when the agitation of Chartism was in full swing. It painted a vivid picture of the

country divided into the two nations of the rich and the poor, and described the social and industrial conditions then prevailing, particularly in the factory districts. In it Disraeli denounced in scathing terms the 'spirit of rapacious covetousness' and the inordinate worship at the altar of Mammon, carried on under cover of the Liberal doctrine of *laissez-faire*, or free trade and free competition :

'To acquire, to accumulate, to plunder each other by virtue of philosophic phrases, to propose a Utopia to consist only of Wealth and Toil, this has been the breathless business of enfranchised England for the last twelve years, until we are startled from our voracious strife by the wail of intolerable serfage.'

But he had faith in the principles of true Conservatism, which had in his opinion been lost, and predicted the rehabilitation of the party, whose duty in relation to the distressed classes described in the book he defined in the following words :

'Even now it is not dead, but sleepeth ; and in an age of political materialism, of confused purposes and perplexed intelligence, that aspires only to wealth because it has faith in no other accomplishment, toryism will yet rise from the tomb . . . to announce that power has only one duty : to secure the social welfare of the PEOPLE.'

He looked to the rising generation to perform that duty :

'In an age of political infidelity, of mean passions and petty thoughts, I would have impressed upon the rising race not to despair, but to seek in a right understanding of the history of their country and in the energies of heroic youth, the elements of national welfare. . . . The claims of the future are represented by suffering millions, and the youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity.'

These reflections are not put into the mouth of any character in the novel ; they were his own, and they indicate the purpose of the book. It is amusing to note that when the revolutionary papers of to-day print the words 'tory party' without capitals in contrast to the 'Workers,' in order to show their withering scorn, they are only copying the great leader of that party, who wrote it so himself and gave the word 'People' capital letters throughout.

'Sybil' undoubtedly made a powerful impression and contributed to the passing of the Ten Hours Act in 1847. This was an important Act, but it by no means had the supreme significance attributed to it by the somewhat legendary character it has acquired. It is often referred to as the first Factory Act and the earliest limitation of hours; but that is not the case. It was a large step on a road already entered on, but no more. The account given above of the Acts of 1802 and 1819 proves that; and between the latter date and 1847 several other steps had been taken on the same road. Acts were passed in 1825, 1831, 1833, and 1844. The first of these extended to other children under sixteen the protection as to hours of work already granted to children in cotton mills. The Act of 1833 was the outcome of an inquiry by a Select Committee to investigate the question of child labour and hours of work, followed by a parliamentary Commission. It introduced a number of reforms, but its most interesting provision was the appointment of inspectors to see that the law was enforced—a most important innovation, very much misunderstood at the time. It was largely due to the reports of the factory inspectors that the Act of 1844 was passed. This Act extended the protection already given to persons under eighteen to adult women, made compulsory the fencing of machinery, prohibited women and children from cleaning machinery in motion and from remaining in the work-room during meal times, which were made uniform; it also introduced the half-time system for children. The inclusion of women with children is on the same principle of protecting the weak, but its extension to adults constituted a great innovation; and the fencing of machinery was another.

The disproportionate importance attached to the 1847 Act seems to be due in part to the stress laid upon it by Marx, who hailed it as the victory of a principle, though directly contrary to his own theory. But it involved no principle that had not been embodied in previous Acts, which limited the hours of work for women and children, as explained above. What it did was to reduce their maximum hours from twelve to ten, exclusive of meals. It was a large reduction, but new neither in principle nor in intention. In their 'History of Factory Legislation'

Miss Hutchins and Miss Harrison deal fully with the ten hours' question. They show that so far back as 1784 the Manchester magistrates adopted that limit for parish apprentices as part of their administration. They passed a resolution of refusal to allow indentures binding poor law apprentices to any mill or factory in which children were employed in night work or for more than ten hours a day. In 1815 Sir R. Peel brought forward a Bill to limit the hours of work to ten for the same class in cotton mills. Later a systematic agitation was started and carried on continuously in favour of the ten hours' day for all children. It was begun in Yorkshire by John Wood, a large manufacturer, and by Richard Oastler, and was taken up by many supporters irrespective of party, but including prominent Tories and manufacturers. Short time committees were formed in the Yorkshire and Lancashire textile districts. The Parliamentary leader of the campaign was Michael Sadler, who undertook to introduce a Ten Hours' Bill, but in 1833 lost his seat and was succeeded by Lord Ashley, who took charge of the Bill. It came to nothing in view of the Government Bill of that year; but the campaign went on, and in 1844 had virtually won the political battle. An amendment to the Bill of 1844, relating to night work, but involving recognition of the ten hour day was moved by Lord Ashley and accepted by Parliament. In 1847 the Ten Hour Bill, being reintroduced by John Fielden, a manufacturer, had a majority of 108 on the second reading, and passed quickly.

We have dwelt at some length on the early history of factory legislation, because the main question of statutory interference with private enterprise was then decided, and on looking back it is clearly seen to have been inevitable. All the arguments for and against, that are liable to be used to-day, were brought up and hammered out; and opponents were proved to be wrong by the results. The successive steps, which were to cause ruin, had no such effect, but the contrary. The improved health and vigour of the protected persons reacted to the benefit of industry by increasing their efficiency. To most economists and manufacturers it appeared self-evident that the longer they ran the machinery and kept people at work the greater the output. They argued,

indeed, that it was in the last hours that profit was made, and thereby probably provided Marx with his formula of surplus value. But there were other manufacturers who were not satisfied with this, but who studied the problem by observation and came to the opposite conclusion. One of them was Mr Thomason, of Bolton, who thought that by reason of the exhaustion and listlessness of the workers the probability was that the twelfth hour produced more spoiled work than any two hours in the day. Another was Robert Gardner, of Preston, who observing that a machine did not tire, but that a horse did, tried the experiment at his own mill and found, to his surprise, that he got the same output with ten hours as with twelve, and sometimes more. Nor did these men stand alone. Lord Ashley in 1844 mentioned a whole string of manufacturers in favour of the ten hour day. In effect humanity and good business were found to go together.

So it has gone on gradually with the extension of industry. In 1878 a consolidating and amending Act was passed and another in 1901, the former by Lord Beaconsfield's, the latter by Lord Salisbury's, Administration. It is, therefore, eminently fitting that a new Act of the same character should be undertaken by the present Government. But it must be admitted that the existing circumstances are abnormal. It would not do to admit changes which would increase the already intolerable burdens on industry without improving efficiency in any perceptible degree, and consequently all the more important new provisions need careful scrutiny. What are they?

The Bill has been examined by an organisation of employers, and by one of employed—namely the National Union of Manufacturers and the United Textile Factory Workers' Association. Each has drawn up a list of objections and proposed amendments. The recommendations of the National Union of Manufacturers extend to no less than sixty-two clauses, or nearly half the total number; and they are still more numerous, since in certain cases several suggestions are made; but many of them are not important. In a preliminary statement the Union states that if the Bill were confined to a mere consolidation no objection could possibly be taken to it,

but 'in its present form its scope and extent are such as to cause the greatest anxiety to manufacturers upon whom it would impose financial burdens which, in the present state of industry, they could not possibly carry.' If that is indeed the case, then the offending clauses need amendment. The United Textile Workers' Association only make about a score of recommendations, which are apparently arranged in the order of relative importance; they do not go systematically through the Bill, as the National Union has done. They naturally want more to be done, not less; and they begin by insisting on the forty-eight hours' week as a maximum. This is provided in Clause 66, but subject to overtime, dealt with in Clause 67, and to exceptions. Now the National Union also deals at considerable length with these clauses, and since Clause 66 is in keeping with the Washington Convention, which the Labour Party has taken up, they will probably be the most controversial in the whole Bill. We may therefore devote some attention to them.

The question is complicated by the fact that the new Bill completely alters the present law by abolishing the distinction between textile and non-textile factories, domestic factories and workshops, which have different hours, and placing them all together as simply factories. The wording of the Bill is as follows :

The total hours worked, exclusive of intervals allowed for meals and rest, shall not exceed ten in any day or forty-eight in any week.

This applies only to women and young persons. The employers' Union recommends the deletion of the words 'or forty-eight in any week.' They argue that a voluntary agreement, which already limits the week to forty-seven or forty-eight hours, is comparatively elastic and quite a different thing from statutory limitation, which must be complied with in all circumstances. The Textile Workers, on the other, not only support the forty-eight hours, but they ask that the hours of labour shall not exceed nine a day. This is apparently intended to be a step in the general direction of shorter hours, as there appears to be no evidence of injury to health from ten hours. It is unlikely to be granted. With regard to overtime the Bill says this (Clause 67):

the period of employment for women and young persons may . . . be extended by means of overtime not exceeding 100 hours in any period of twelve months or six hours in any week.

And further, to meet recurring periods of work at certain seasons or sudden pressure of orders from unforeseen events, the Secretary of State may make a special order

allowing the period of employment for women and young persons over sixteen years of age engaged in that class of employment to be further extended by means of additional overtime in excess of the overtime allowed under the last preceding subsection, so, however, that the additional overtime shall not exceed fifty hours in any period of twelve months or three hours in any week.

The employers' union have not much to say about this provision of overtime, but the Textile Workers flatly condemn the whole thing. They 'believe overtime to be both unnecessary and undesirable when applied to women and young persons, and regard the provisions of this clause to be reactionary.' They ask for its deletion. They also want the deletion of Clause 74, which permits the Secretary of State to authorise the shift system for women and young persons over sixteen. They then go back to the Health clauses, which form the first part of the Bill, and require alteration affecting temperature, ventilation and the removal of dust, lighting and unsuitable rooms. With regard to temperature the Bill makes provision for a 'reasonable temperature,' and lays down 60 deg. as a standard after the first hour in every room where a substantial proportion of the work is done sitting; they want these distinctions removed and the standard of 60 deg. ordered for all rooms all the time. The employers prefer the 1901 Act, which prescribes a reasonable temperature without naming any standard. On ventilation a similar difference occurs. The employers ask for the 1901 wording, while the Textile Workers would tighten up the draft provision. Lighting is a wholly new provision. The Bill provides for 'sufficient and suitable lighting in every part of the factory in which persons are working or passing,' and gives the Home Secretary power to prescribe a standard. The

employers consider that this gives the Home Office too much power, while the Textile Workers ask for light throughout the factory, and want rooms that need artificial light all day to be declared 'unsuitable.'

After some further, but minor, differences we come to the Welfare clauses, which are quite new to the Act of 1901, but take the form of Welfare orders in the existing law. The Textile Workers say that under these clauses provision should be made for the adequate supply of drinking water, hot water, cooking arrangements for meals, washing facilities, first-aid boxes, seats, the care and drying of clothes, and 'for any other thing necessary to health and welfare,' without any charge to the workers. The draft Bill does not exactly do this; it provides drinking water, first-aid boxes, seats and protective clothing, and arranges for the provision of the other things, and also 'for supervision of persons employed,' by order. The employers maintain that the provision of seats should be optional, that the existing law should be maintained for protective clothing, and that with regard to the other things the Home Office should proceed by regulation, not by order; they further demand the deletion of the provision 'for supervision of persons employed' and several other sub-clauses designed to ensure that the things are really wanted, providing for joint management and for objections to a proposed order.

The Textile Workers further ask for hand-threaded shuttles (to avoid 'shuttle-kissing'), the abolition of humidification in weaving sheds, and the prohibition of fines and deductions from wages. Finally, they demand that the Particulars clause—providing that piece-workers shall know the rates of wages—shall be so amended as to provide for the efficient inspection of the particulars supplied, by the inspector, as well as by a representative of the work-people, with prosecution by the Department of any employer who pays less than the correct wage. This seems to drag in the Department on a wage question. The employers would prefer the existing law. That is their attitude on several other disputed points. Their chief fear appears to be that the draft Bill gives the Home Office too much power; and with the possibility of a Socialist Government in view

the consideration has decided weight. In numerous cases they recommend that the Home Secretary should proceed by regulation, not by order. The difference is that before a regulation is made objections are heard, and in certain circumstances a public inquiry is held. After this, any regulation that is made must be laid before Parliament for forty days, so that the manufacturers concerned have ample notice, whereas under the draft Bill, the National Union observes that 'the manufacturer will never be sure from one day to another what sudden demand will be made on him by the Factory Inspectorate.' They further complain of the conditions leading to a public inquiry, which require a majority of the manufacturers affected to object, that the Home Office itself is the sole judge of what constitutes a majority and how it is ascertained.

This organisation of employers has raised many other objections to the Bill, some serious, others trivial. They have evidently gone through it very carefully with the object of finding as much fault with it as possible; and one cannot help feeling that they would have done better to confine attention to the more serious points. What will happen is uncertain, but it seems probable that the Bill will be mentioned in the King's speech. The Home Secretary is keen about it and has devoted time and trouble to considering the objections and recommendations made. The weak feature of the manufacturers' case is that similar complaints have been made in the past and have not been justified by the effects. Its real object is to bring all industrial concerns up to the standard fixed by modern knowledge and the practice adopted in the better class of establishment. But at the same time it is subject to limitations. No one can deny that the present conditions are abnormal or that the weight of social service presses heavily on industrial employers. It is not a time to add considerably to the burden; and any clauses, of which it can be shown that they would have that effect, should be revised. In any case the Bill seems likely to entail enlargement of the Factory Department of the Home Office, which is a thing to be considered, when the cry of public economy is so loudly raised.

ARTHUR SHADWELL.

Art. 7.—THE POPE AND THE *ACTION FRANÇAISE*.

CONSIDERING the very important repercussions which it has had upon the international relations of France, it is curious that the condemnation of the *Action Française* movement by the Pope a year ago has received so little attention in this country. The chief effect of the condemnation may be summarised by saying that, while the most irreconcilable nationalists of France in regard to the appeasement of Europe since the war have been predominantly Catholic, it is the Pope who has dealt the most severe blow to their influence. In condemning the *Action Française* movement, not for its programme of a royalist restoration, but for the implications of its doctrines of *nationalisme intégral* and for its subservience to the ideas of its agnostic leader, M. Charles Maurras, the Pope has had to strike those who have been among the most devoted and vigorous champions of the rights of the Church in France. He has, moreover, had to denounce and proscribe a movement which had rendered loyal and very considerable services to the Church; which had won the sympathies of many of the most enthusiastic among the young Catholics in France, in addition to its following among the traditionally Catholic aristocracy. More than that, the neo-royalist movement which M. Maurras has created in the past thirty years had gained the warmest approval from many eminent Catholic prelates because of its general attitude towards politics, in insisting upon the necessity for Authority as a first principle of sound government—in reaction against the doctrines of individualism and of universal liberty and equality which had dominated French political thought since Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Encyclopædists, who paved the way for the revolution in the 18th century.

That the Pope's intervention to condemn a movement which had inspired so much of the best Catholic thought in France should have led to many complications, and should have caused profound distress and resentment among many French Catholics, was not surprising. No more conclusive proof could be found of the intense loyalty of French Catholicism towards the Holy See

than the unreserved acceptance of the Pope's condemnation which has in fact taken place. This unqualified obedience to the Pope's instructions is all the more remarkable because of the extraordinary mishandling of the attack upon M. Maurras when it was decided to make a pronouncement against him in the late summer of 1926; which actually mobilised in his defence, at the beginning, many ardent Catholics who did not guess that the Pope would lend his support to the clumsy denunciation of the *Action Française* that was opened by Cardinal Andrieu in Bordeaux. But once the issues involved had become reasonably clear; when it was plain that the royalist movement was not being attacked as such, and that M. Maurras himself was being denounced only for certain aspects of his political teaching; the Catholic hierarchy and Catholics of every class in France rallied with astonishing loyalty and unanimity in supporting the Pope. In March 1927 a joint pastoral letter was issued by the French Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, bearing no less than 117 signatures, expressing their complete acceptance of the Pope's attitude in the matter, and giving a detailed exposition of the reasons why the Holy Father's intervention had become necessary.

The international importance of this general submission by the French Catholics to the Pope's condemnation of the extreme nationalists of the *Action Française* has been strangely overlooked in this country. M. Maurras and his supporters, who were predominantly Catholics, had been since the war by far the ablest and most vehement advocates of a policy of coercion against Germany. When the *Bloc National* Parliament was led by M. Poincaré until the elections of 1924, it is not too much to say that M. Maurras and his sympathisers on the extreme Right of the Chamber virtually dominated the foreign policy of France, and were chiefly responsible for leading M. Poincaré into the occupation of the Ruhr. Ever since 1924 they have denounced every movement towards a reconciliation with Germany as a new act of treachery against France by the politicians. They used every possible influence to obstruct the admission of Germany to the League of Nations, and they regarded the policy of Locarno as the climax of a vast international intrigue, to deprive France of the fruits of

victory and to enable Germany to escape the obligations of paying for the devastation of the war. During the *Bloc National* Parliament their influence had grown out of all proportion to the actual following which they could count upon in the elections, and this influence arose largely from the general belief that the *Action Française* enjoyed the active sympathies of most of the Catholic conservatives in France. The effect of the Pope's condemnation of the movement has been to achieve the result which many Catholics in France had urgently desired. The Church in France has now been publicly and dramatically dissociated from its former identification with the extravagant programme of a violent political party over which it had no control, and, above all, from the doctrines of implacable revenge upon Germany which M. Maurras and his followers have preached in season and out of season since the war.

Deprived of this fictitious support, which was based upon an illusion which it skilfully fostered and exploited, the *Action Française* has in fact been reduced to insignificance as a political force. The Catholics of France—who, although they are at most a minority of about one-fourth of the whole people, yet command a very considerable influence upon French public life through their sense of common interests in self-defence—have been explicitly forbidden under pain of excommunication to have any active connexion with the *Action Française* movement, and are most strictly forbidden even to read its newspaper. Detailed statistics which have been obtained of the sales of the newspaper in different towns and districts where the royalists have always boasted of their strength, show that its circulation has become almost negligible. The paper is still sold outside church doors in some of the principal centres, as it used to be, by young *camelots du roi*; but its sale is almost dead in comparison with what it had before the condemnation. Its former influence among the younger clergy and in the seminaries has completely ceased, though the wider aspects of M. Maurras' political philosophy cannot fail to leave a permanent mark upon French political thought. Not only have Catholics been ordered to dissociate themselves entirely from the movement, but M. Maurras him-

self has retaliated by ordering his own followers to discontinue their membership of every Catholic organisation of any kind—including the big national organisations like the Catholic Young Men's Society or the Scout clubs, and even the great National Catholic Federation, which has reached a membership of nearly three millions, under the presidency of General de Castelnau, since M. Herriot renewed the old anticlerical vendetta against the Church after his return to power in 1924.

It would be hard to exaggerate the influence of this sweeping change in France in regard to French foreign policy and the appeasement of Europe. The general policy of reprisals against Germany, which culminated in the occupation of the Ruhr, was discredited at the general elections that replaced M. Poincaré by M. Herriot three years ago. But the uncompromising nationalists still remained as a vigorous force, which the politicians who were pursuing a policy of reconciliation never dared to ignore or to offend unduly. And the one formidable group which was ready at any moment to denounce the smallest concession made by France, in a way that would shake the nerves of the Chamber of Deputies, was the *Action Française*, with its organised companies of young enthusiasts throughout the country, with its brilliantly conducted system of propaganda, and its undoubted influence upon the whole policy of French conservatism. That group has now not only lost most of its membership and of the circulation of its newspaper. It has been exposed to the Catholics of France beyond all possibility of contradiction, as having adopted and preached an attitude in regard to Germany which is in direct conflict with the endeavours of the Vatican to promote reconciliation in Europe. And after months of bewilderment and heart-burnings, the Catholics of France have come to realise that the hatred of Germany which was preached by M. Maurras and the *Action Française* is in fact incompatible with those principles of Christian charity in international affairs which govern the policy of the Holy See, and which can even become a matter of authoritative teaching by the Pope, as a question of faith and morals.

Long before the first steps were taken towards a public condemnation of M. Maurras by the Holy See,

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this direct conflict between the foreign policy of the Vatican and of the *Action Française* had become plainly apparent. Cardinal Ceretti during his term of office as Papal Nuncio in Paris had been lending his support, in pursuance of the Vatican's general efforts towards reconciliation in Europe, to the endeavours of M. Briand and of the Quai d'Orsay to reach a settlement which would be inspired by peaceful ideas. The *Action Française* soon recognised that the Papal Nuncio, with his great personal abilities as a diplomatist, enjoying unique opportunities in Paris for bringing the representatives of conflicting nations together, had become one of the most formidable adversaries of their own programme of revenge. 'What possible relations can there be between Germany and France,' said the publicists of the *Action Française*, day after day, 'except those of a fraudulent debtor with the creditor whom he is still trying to defraud?' And the policy of reconciliation, which was to culminate later in the agreement of Locarno, was utterly incompatible with all such claims. The *Action Française* has always been ruthless and unscrupulous in its methods against those who oppose it: and before long the newspaper openly denounced the Nuncio, and the *Action Française* propagandists began to employ the familiar methods of spreading personal calumnies concerning its enemies.

These unprovoked attacks upon the Papal Nuncio were one of the contributory causes to the subsequent condemnation. They were indeed evidence of the effect upon certain French Catholics of the extraordinary personal ascendancy of M. Maurras and his teaching. Months afterwards, when the Pope virtually issued a formal condemnation of the *Action Française* in his speech to the Consistory on Dec. 20, 1926, the *Action Française* replied with its famous manifesto entitled *Non Possumus*. It was a remarkable document in many ways, showing the unbounded confidence of the leaders in their own mission to save France from the intrigues of all other politicians. It contained two parts, incorporating a separate statement prepared by the Catholic leaders of the movement, in distinction from M. Maurras and those who were not Catholics. And the Catholic leaders went even further than

M. Maurras and his friends in proclaiming their belief in their own infallibility :

'To lend ourselves to the suppression of the *Action Française*,' they declared, 'would be to commit a grave crime against the country, would risk leaving her defenceless. That is no subjective illusion on our part, it is a conviction strengthened by an unceasing experience, which is constantly confirmed by events. *The Action Française is the only organised force capable of saving the country, the only one which is feared by the elements of disorder.* If that is not certain, nothing is certain.'

And they conclude by contending that to obey the Pope's commands would be tantamount to 'committing a crime against their country which could only be compared to paricide.' 'The father who tells his son,' these Catholic leaders reply to the Pope with amazing effrontery, 'to kill his mother, or to allow her to be killed, which comes to the same thing, may be listened to with respect but he cannot be obeyed.'

A week later, the same attitude revealed itself in a no less striking form. Mgr Ceretti had left Paris and Mgr Maglione had succeeded him as Papal Nuncio, when the diplomatic corps in Paris had to call at the Elysée Palace on New Year's Day to present their customary compliments and good wishes for the new year to President Doumergue. The Papal Nuncio is traditionally the *doyen* of the diplomatic corps, and in that capacity he makes the brief formal speech on behalf of all his colleagues. On this occasion Mgr Maglione went slightly further than is usual on such occasions, by making a special reference to the efforts of France's Foreign Minister during the previous year to bring about reconciliation in Europe. The speech obviously could not have been made without obtaining in advance the general approval of the other Ambassadors and Ministers, and Mgr Maglione expressed what they all felt with his customary tact and distinction. His whole speech amounted to little more than the following passages :

'Be good enough to accept our good wishes,' said the Nuncio. 'They are sincere and cordial. They express to you with what sympathy and satisfaction we watch the efforts that France has accomplished for the pacification of

peoples. We are certain that your government will pursue this work, worthy of the traditions of your country, of its most noble soul and its generous heart. The complete confidence which we had in this has been further confirmed by the proposals which your Foreign Minister expounded, little more than three months ago, to the representatives of so many nations. No one can recall without emotion the speech which he then delivered. His words, so eloquent and so full of feeling, expressed the aspiration of the peoples towards that rapprochement and that brotherhood of the spirit which will enable them to heal their wounds and will lead them, by an entirely peaceful rivalry, towards always greater moral and economic and social progress.

'In that beneficent work France can count upon the active and loyal collaboration of our governments, and in particular—if I may say so—of Him who has never ceased to plead, with the tenderness of a father and in the name of the Prince of peace, for the disarmament of minds. May God grant that soon and in all truth it may be possible to apply to the relations between the members of the great human family the words of the Sacred Scriptures which are joyfully recalled in our liturgy in these days: "Justice and Peace have embraced one another."'

It seems strange that any one should have found fault with a speech so formal yet so full of simple idealism, genuinely felt and nobly expressed. It was hailed with enthusiasm in the press of every country when it was published, and the 'Temps' and other newspapers in Paris noted with approval that for the first time the Vatican had made it plain without any reserve that it sympathised entirely with the policy which had culminated in the Locarno agreement. But the *Action Française* alone denounced it with vehement protests, and not because of its own immediate conflict with the Holy See, but deliberately in pursuance of its whole programme of foreign policy for France. It attached so much importance to the Nuncio's speech that it declined even to publish it on the following day, in order to have time for reflection upon its implications. Then, reproducing the speech, as all the other newspapers had done, it published an editorial article of great length denouncing the whole policy that it enunciated. This appeal for reconciliation, it argued, showed only too plainly that the Holy See had been misled into advocating

the old policy of 'pretended peace' which could only lead straight to another war. The path outlined by Mgr Maglione, it declared, was 'the same that had been followed in the past by Waldeck Rousseau, by Rouvier, by Loubet, by Fallières, by all those who have believed in this imbecile means to peace: disarmament which has resulted in attack and in invasion.' The Nuncio had 'given a moral approval to all that is most questionable and most dangerous in the policy followed by the Cartel, by the governments of Herriot, of Painlevé, and of Briand.' Their Franco-German policy had been 'canonised.' 'The dream of peace as Briand has expressed it,' declared M. Maurras, 'involves such an internal relaxation, such an enfeeblement, such a surrender of the military spirit, which IN FRANCE is the true spirit of peace, that the unfortunate or the contemptible people who would pursue it, would in a few years, perhaps in the few months, find themselves destined to another hecatomb.'

This bitter conflict between the pacific policy of the Vatican and the diehard jingoism of the *Action Française* could not be more clearly stated. There is no need to emphasise the importance, in relation to European politics, of the success which has followed upon the Papal condemnation of the movement. But the conflict on foreign policy was far from being the only reason why the *Action Française* was condemned. M. Maurras has contended throughout that he and his movement were being condemned solely for political reasons. Undoubtedly, the political reasons for desiring such a condemnation were very strong, and it is impossible to understand the history of the condemnation without giving full weight to them. But in fact the condemnation itself was entirely on non-political grounds. No formal condemnation of the foreign politics of the *Action Française* has ever taken place, or even been attempted. In regard to its royalist programme, the question has never even been raised. The condemnation itself was extremely simple and limited. Five books by M. Charles Maurras were placed upon the Index—several of them being books which were published many years ago, and were literary rather than political. The condemnation of the *Action Française* newspaper was a

different matter. It was placed on the Index as well, but not until it had adopted an attitude of constant and open defiance of the decisions of the Holy See, and after it had published the celebrated *Non Possumus* manifesto in reply to the Pope's address to the Consistory in December. Membership of the *Action Française* movement was afterwards prohibited, as a natural corollary of the condemnation, by explicit injunctions issued from Rome; but again on the ground that the *Action Française* was openly defying the Pope.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to note the reasons converging simultaneously upon the Holy See which eventually brought about the decision to act, before dealing with the actual teaching of M. Maurras and the extent of his very profound influence upon Catholic thought in France. One of the reasons for the condemnation was, obviously, this conflict between the *Action Française* and the Papal Nuncio in Paris. But there were other urgent causes for interference also. In Belgium it had suddenly been discovered, as the result of a sort of referendum taken among the students of the Catholic colleges, that M. Maurras obtained vastly more votes than any one else in a competition as to who should be regarded as the greatest living thinker. The Catholic professors became alarmed, and after an exhaustive inquiry had been organised it was found that they were almost unanimous in deploring the influence of M. Maurras upon their students. It was well known that M. Maurras had very narrowly escaped condemnation in Rome before the war when similar protests had been raised; and urgent appeals were made to the Holy See by the Belgian hierarchy in 1926, for a clear pronouncement in warning against his influence.

Both these influences coincided in Rome with most urgent appeals from France on other grounds as well. The same forces which had endeavoured to procure the condemnation of M. Maurras in 1913 became active again. His opponents insisted that his whole theory of politics made the Church subordinate to the State in such a way that if ever a conflict of allegiances should arise, it was to be feared that the Catholics who followed M. Maurras so devotedly would certainly obey his instructions rather than those of the Pope or of the French

hierarchy. And this question had two urgently practical bearings at the time. First, it was plain that the *Action Française* was already engaged in a bitter conflict with the Vatican over the question of reconciliation in Europe; but much more disquieting was the question of how the Catholic supporters of the *Action Française* would act in the next elections in France. The problem had assumed an importance out of all comparison with ordinary party politics. The results of the last elections had, from the Church's point of view, been calamitous. The Catholic electors had generally assumed in 1924 that there could never be any probability of an active renewal of the old persecution of the Church. During the war the members of the exiled religious communities had come flocking back to France, leaving the foreign missions to serve among the French soldiers in the trenches. Thousands of them were killed in action, and so many of them had received military decorations and unstinted praise in Army Orders, that it seemed incredible that any one should contemplate driving them into exile again. Besides, the war had greatly stimulated the Catholic revival, which had begun some years before it. The university students had generally become Catholic in their sympathies, and most of the 'intellectuals' were now supporters of the Church; many of them finding a new allegiance in the royalist and patriotic programme of the *Action Française*. And the personal influence of Marshal Foch, General Mangin, General de Castelnau, Marshal Lyautey, and many other devout Catholic soldiers who had risen to the highest positions in the army on active service, had given the Church a new prestige, and identified it conspicuously with patriotic movements, whereas it had for so long been suspect as the implacable enemy of the Republic.

But, in fact, when M. Herriot came into power, he set himself at once to revive the old anticlerical laws which had fallen into abeyance. He proceeded to carry out ruthlessly the full programme of the Grand Orient, which demanded the immediate expulsion of the teaching orders, the abolition of the recently renewed diplomatic relations with the Holy See, the enforcement of undenominational education in the schools of Alsace, and a further development of the old policy of eliminating

all religious influences from the schools and from the army and navy and the civil service. M. Herriot had put these policies into practice before the Catholics could realise that he seriously meant what he threatened, and a national defence movement among the Catholics had to be organised at once. Unprepared for such an attack, they had gone to the last elections with their forces disunited and without a definite programme of insistence upon Catholic rights. The result was an overwhelming defeat of Catholic candidates everywhere. Even General de Castlenau lost his seat in his own family stronghold; and up and down the country Catholics were ignominiously rejected. The cause was two-fold. First, there was the deep gulf between Catholics of the Right and of the Left; the Right consisting chiefly of the *Action Française*, with its combined support among the numerous young recruits to its patriotic and reactionary programme, and the traditional forces of the old Catholic aristocracy. They fared worse than any other party, and not only lost seats but usually were at the bottom of the poll everywhere, in the violent revulsion of public opinion against M. Poincaré's policy of occupying the Ruhr. But secondly, the *Action Française* used all its influence to secure the defeat of Catholic Republicans, or even of non-Catholic candidates who could be relied upon to sympathise with the Catholics in defending their rights to equal citizenship in France.

It was only because of the financial crisis which suddenly brought M. Herriot down, and left his many successors entirely preoccupied with financial difficulties, that the measures against the Church just failed to pass through Parliament. A few months more in office would have enabled M. Herriot to put his threats into action, and the Papal Nuncio would have been ordered out of Paris. A political truce among all parties in France became necessary while the financial crisis was being overcome; and the Catholics, with their new National Federation and the other defensive organisations which have since come into existence, had time to consolidate their forces and to prepare their plans for the next elections.

It was in these circumstances that the demand for

the condemnation of M. Maurras was revived in France, and was urged most strongly upon Rome at the same time as the Belgian hierarchy had expressed its alarm at his growing ascendancy over the young Catholics in Belgium, and when the conflict between M. Maurras and the pacific foreign policy of the Vatican was raging fiercely. It was quite clear that, if the Church in France was to escape a renewal, perhaps in a more intense form, of the threats and the attacks which M. Herriot lost no time in introducing, two conditions were indispensable. First, the Catholic vote must be united on a common programme, with a truce between Catholics of the Right and of the Left. And secondly, the *Action Française* must be prevented from attacking and discrediting candidates who could be counted upon to leave the Church alone. But on neither of these points was there the smallest hope of bringing the *Action Française* into line. The *Action Française* had in fact become the most serious menace to the prospects of the Church at the next elections; because its special methods of noisy propaganda had created a widespread impression among the mass of indifferent voters, that the Catholic minority who went to church on Sundays were generally in sympathy with the young men who sold its newspaper with such provocative demonstrations outside the church doors all over France.

Yet while those who felt most apprehensive at the prospects of the next elections threw all their influence into demanding that some decisive steps should be taken to dissociate the Church from the *Action Française*, it was far from easy to bring the condemnation about. Indeed, had it not been for the strong representations made from Belgium, the condemnation would probably have never taken place. The Pope himself told two prominent members of the French hierarchy afterwards that it was the Belgians who had decided him to take action. So far as France was concerned, the difficulties of denouncing the *Action Française* movement were very formidable indeed. It had rallied to its support not only the old aristocracy, whose traditional influence in Rome was still very powerful, but also the young men in the universities and many of the younger clergy; while among the older members of the clergy and hierarchy the anti

Republican politics of M. Maurras commanded a very great degree of sympathy. More than that, the *Action Française* had for years been the protagonist in the French press against the anticlerical laws before and since the war; while during the war itself M. Maurras had been almost alone in defending the efforts to bring peace which had been made by Pope Benedict XV. Its leaders could claim with justice that, even though some of them (and especially M. Maurras) were not Catholics or were even ex-Catholics, yet they were all united in profound respect for the Church, and they had used their talents in the defence of the Church's rights. So, when the attack upon M. Maurras was eventually launched, and Catholics were warned against associating with its non-Catholic leaders, the *Action Française* Catholics replied at once in all sincerity that, whereas other Catholics freely associated in politics with non-Catholics who had even taken part in the former attacks upon the Church, they themselves associated only with those who had striven to defend the Church and who regarded her institutions and her traditions with supreme respect.

Even M. Maurras himself was in a very strong position to reply to his opponents. It was true that he had been educated in a Catholic school, and that when deafness afflicted him in his childhood, his guardian, the future bishop of Fréjus, had arranged to have him taught privately by another future bishop, Mgr Penon. It was true that he had ceased to be a Catholic when he left school and had become a Positivist, proclaiming his devotion to the ideals of pagan Greece and Rome. But he had never made a secret of these facts. The books with which he made his reputation as a literary critic in the 'nineties had been in circulation for many years. And as a literary critic, scarcely less than as a prophet of reaction in politics, he had earned the approval of eminent Catholic teachers. Even after the attacks upon him had nearly reached the stage of final condemnation, Cardinal Charost, the Primate of Brittany, was to praise his influence upon literature as well as upon politics in terms of remarkable warmth:

'It cannot be denied,' wrote Cardinal Charost in December 1926, 'that the recognised Master of the *Action Française* has

sown much good seed on our soil, which has been pitted by so many revolutionary ravages. No one has placed in a stronger light the fertile beauty of the notion of Order: no one has shown more pointedly that the authority of the State must encroach less in what it undertakes, while at the same time it must, within a better defined field, be made stronger, for the realisation of the common good. No one has said better things about that tradition which preserves in a nation its spirit, its taste, its good manners, all the features of its spiritual physiognomy, all the alertness that it has acquired in every direction, through the inheritance of previous generations. . . . We are certainly not exaggerating such services which have been rendered to causes which are dear to us, and which concern both the country and the Church.'

But it was his political philosophy that won M. Maurras his most devoted following among Catholics in France. He comes of a Republican family in Provence, and it was solely through his personal study of history that he reached the conclusion that democracy had been the destruction of France, and that the greatness of France could be restored only by a reversion to the tradition of monarchical government and institutions. He joined the relics of the royalist party at the time of the Dreyfus case, and before long his brilliant gifts of political criticism, his profound scholarship in history, his fearless writing, and his extraordinary powers of persuasion had made him a force which galvanised the moribund royalist movement into new life. In time, as the older generation of royalists died away, M. Maurras had become the acknowledged leader of a neo-royalist movement which won new adherents in many unlikely quarters, through his sweeping denunciation of democracy in all its forms. The corruption of French politics, the incurable weakness of the party system, and the failure of the politicians to maintain the prestige of France abroad in international affairs, while they created fierce dissensions and strife in France itself, gave an unlimited scope to his devastating powers of criticism.

With a literary style as persuasive, and as perfect in its simplicity and directness and its resources of real eloquence, as that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, M. Maurras has exercised in modern France an influence very similar to that which the prophet of democracy had exercised

when he first propounded the opposite doctrines of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity in the 18th century. M. Maurras challenged every principle of democratic government, and ridiculed the referendum as the *reductio ad absurdum* of democracy. Supporting his argument with an immense fund of historical knowledge, he claimed that the people are incapable of knowing what is best for their real interests. Arguing that authority is the most indispensable principle of every stable society, he contended that the philosophy formulated by Jean Jacques Rousseau, upon which the Republic is based, is incompatible with order or any tradition of good government. This reaction against the licence which had been let loose by the philosophers of the Republic, inevitably rallied Catholics to his cause ; and the fact that M. Maurras recognised the Church as one of the principal aids to social order increased the force of his appeal to Catholic thinkers. This coincidence between his own insistence upon Authority and the traditional teaching of the Catholic Church was reinforced further by the fact that M. Maurras applied his teaching in practice to the defence of the Church against the politicians who were attacking her rights. It was no wonder that veteran prelates like Cardinal de Cabrières and Cardinal Sévin and many others hailed M. Maurras and his teaching as a new hope for France, and even took an active part in the work of the Institute which he founded to organise a more coherent propaganda. And Pius X, remembering his vigorous campaign against the modernists and his defence of the Church against the anticlerical laws, refused to make public the condemnation of his books, when it was actually decided upon by the Congregation of the Index, having been persuaded by Cardinal de Cabrières that he was likely to become a Catholic before long.

Nor has this sympathy with M. Maurras disappeared since the war, even among the hierarchy of France and among those who have with such unanimous loyalty accepted the Pope's instructions in regard to the proscription of the *Action Française* movement. There is universal agreement that M. Maurras bases his political philosophy on false principles, inasmuch as he denies the existence of God, and justifies his insistence upon

Authority solely by the needs for strong government in human affairs. There is no attempt to deny that his respect towards the Church is merely recognition of its moral hold upon the people as an aid to social order and discipline. But these differences between his ideas and those of Catholic teaching have always been insisted upon by those who admired him; and, subject to warning on these aspects of his doctrine, his philosophy has been warmly recommended by many important prelates and theologians. Mgr Marty, the Bishop of Montauban, was only one of those who could not believe at first that the Pope meant to do more than emphasise these warnings which had often been given before. His recent formal submission to the Holy See in its condemnation of the *Action Française* and M. Maurras was necessitated by his first professions of the belief that the Pope had no intention to give more than a solemn warning, while otherwise leaving Catholics free to remain in the movement.

All that has been condemned—apart from the ban placed upon the newspaper and the movement because of their open defiance of the Pope in practice since the condemnation—is a few books by M. Maurras which have never been among the most important part of his work. Freedom to hold, and to advocate by all legitimate means, the ideals of a monarchical restoration, has been most explicitly proclaimed again and again by the Pope and by all the members of the French hierarchy in explaining the purport of the condemnation. Only the fundamental doctrines of M. Maurras have been condemned, because they deny the existence of God as the prime source of that Authority upon which he constantly insists, and because they subordinate the obligations of religion to the duty which is owed to the State. In practice, the results of the condemnation have given ample confirmation to the complaints that had been made against M. Maurras and his disciples. The Catholic leaders of the movement have in fact deserted their allegiance to the Pope rather than disobey the injunctions of M. Maurras. They have, in fact, followed M. Maurras more 'blindly' than ever, and have declared that the Pope was urging them to commit a crime like parricide in asking them to repudiate his leadership of the movement. Even the formal decree of excommunica-

tion against those who remain in the movement on such terms has not deterred M. Daudet and other Catholic leaders from defying the moral authority of the Pope.

But the lasting influence of what M. Maurras has taught in reaction against romanticism in literature and against individualism in politics can scarcely be exaggerated. It was when the condemnation of the *Action Française* had already become almost inevitable, and when the controversy concerning him was raging in full blast, that Cardinal Charost paid so generous a tribute to the influence of M. Maurras, even though he has been uncompromising in his insistence upon strict obedience to the Pope. His tribute has been confirmed by similar expressions of gratitude and admiration by other leading members of the hierarchy who have shown an entire absence of bitterness, even under the vehement personal attacks in which M. Maurras and his newspaper have indulged. The reasons for the condemnation of M. Maurras were overwhelming. But while the condemnation was judged to be necessary as a warning to Catholic young men, and in view of the critical position of the Church in regard to French politics, the influence of M. Maurras as the chief prophet of reaction, in literature and politics, cannot fail to survive the condemnation of part of his writing and of the political movement which he has created. He has, in fact, brought into existence, with his own brilliant gifts and magnificent perseverance as a propagandist, what Cardinal Charost described as 'the first counter-revolutionary movement on an ample and organised scale that has arisen since the Encyclopædists.' His influence has already extended far beyond France; and there could be no greater tribute to its extent than the fact that the Pope found it necessary to issue his public warning against certain aspects of his teaching, because his influence had captivated Catholic students of another country.

D. GWYNN.

Art. 8.—THE PLACE OF ADVERTISING IN INDUSTRY. ✓

Two recent events have caused serious persons, not themselves in touch with advertising, to give attention to its present position and its possible developments. The first is the setting up by the British Government of an official organisation for advertising Imperial products. This seems to be something of a portent in the world of business. The second is the keen and wide interest shown in the Advertising Exhibition held at Olympia last July: which, although technical in its appeal, captured the public fancy. An attendance of over 108,000 in a week seems to show that people now regard advertising as something they are concerned to study and understand. It seems a fitting time, therefore, to undertake some review of the position of advertising to-day, of the services it is rendering to industry and commerce, of the question whether or not its efforts enure to the public advantage, and of its methods.

The Empire Marketing Board, which has for its Chairman the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs and for the Colonies, is as official an organisation as any Government Department may be, but it performs novel functions. The Board does much more than advertise Imperial produce by press and poster. It concerns itself actively and widely in promoting research into the problems of production, transport, and marketing. Amongst its principal aims is that of ensuring that Imperial products shall be the best of their kind and graded and packed in ways that will fit them better to secure a steady and expanding place in the Home Market. These activities, however, are not so visible as is its function in respect to advertising. In its relationship to the general public, it is a machine for co-operative advertising, with aims and methods differing in no essential from those employed by individual industries, such as Gas, British Motor Cars, the Opticians, the Regent Street shopkeepers, and many others.

The Board did not break wholly fresh ground when it brought the Government into advertising. The State has always used the columns of the newspapers for notifying open contracts; but those are official announce-

ments involving no skill in presentation and addressing no appeal to the general public. Even before the War the Services had used posters for securing recruits; but it was during the War that the late Sir Hedley le Bas secured Lord Kitchener's approval for an active and persuasive advertising campaign for recruiting. The arts of the advertising men were also used in commending to the citizen the duty of giving patriotic support to the War Loans.

Broadly speaking, however, it is true to say that Government advertising has, until lately, been concerned with official activities. The novel feature of the Empire Marketing Board's Work is that its advertising is designed to develop the prosperity not only or especially of the producer at home, but of producers throughout the Empire. The Home Government felt unable to give the producers of the overseas Empire certain fiscal preferences, which they would have liked to enjoy. It therefore set out to create amongst home consumers such a measure of voluntary preference as might bring the same commercial results. The Home Government was in fact driven to seek the aid of advertising in order to achieve a highly important Imperial result.

It is fair to say at once that they were not quite the first in the field. The Australian Government, faced with the problem of securing an outlet for the increasing exports of their dried fruit and other commodities, instituted in England an advertising campaign. The Director of Australian Trade Publicity in London is charged with the duty of convincing the home consumer that dried fruits, butter, etc., from Australia should be bought in preference to similar produce from foreign countries, and he pursues his task successfully.

The Empire Marketing Board's policy is the same, but it embraces the widest possible list of products, and primarily emphasises the merits of food produced within the United Kingdom. The task is obviously a difficult one, but those who are in close touch with the mechanism of retail trade in these islands are convinced that the character of those appeals is definitely moulding public opinion, and creating, slowly but surely, that voluntary preference which it is designed to effect; and this after no more than a year's campaign. When the results of

the researches, fostered by the Board, are seen in a greater regularity of supply, in a more precise standard of quality, and in all the benefits that follow better grading, better packing, better transport, and better means of identification—then, but not till then, will the Board's advertising achieve its maximum force in selling the Empire's produce.

It is, however, proper to inquire whether the Government was justified in agreeing that some part, even though not a large part, of the Empire Marketing Board's annual grant of a million should be expended on advertising. Some people find virtue and comfort in the theory that 'Good wine needs no bush.' It is the pet proverb of those business men who persist in believing that advertisement is a waste of money. This theory has a respectable historical origin, but it must be rejected as being wholly misleading in the light of modern experience.

England was the first country in the world to develop the industrial mind. Our leadership in mechanical invention, our coal, our traditions of mercantile adventure, our pre-eminence in shipping, and our Free Trade system, gave to British manufacturers the first place in the world's favour. If the foreigner wanted things within a large range of variety, he was driven to buy them here or to go without. Experience in manufacture and the habit of quality gave to our goods a reputation which enabled us for a century to ignore the increasing foreign competition. For a long time it was true that good wine needed no bush. The goods sold themselves. Deliberate education as to their merits would have been a work of supererogation. But times changed. First Germany, and then, gradually, the other European countries, developed a special skill in some line of manufacture. They could scarcely hope, without our corps of skilled workmen, and without our pride of quality, to compete on equal terms with us. They cut the price by cutting the quality, and had lower standards of wages to help them. There followed the new competition which came from the inventiveness of America and their development of mass production.

With these new industrial powers in the United States a fresh force in industry came into being. Intelli-

gent and persuasive advertising was used on a large scale, to support highly organised salesmanship. Our tradition was to ignore salesmanship. When first Germany became a serious competitor, she backed up her manufacturing effort by a distributing effort no less vigorous. When the new menace was first felt in this country, it was a common thing to relate German success to persistence in salesmanship, to readiness to print catalogues in the language of their buyers, and to elastic credit. English manufacturers long replied that if Germans liked to do that sort of thing, why not? They believed that English quality would tell in the long run, and that good English money ought not to be spent in sending abroad travellers authorised to give terms which appeared to lead to bad debts. Salesmanship was thought to be a device for increasing overhead expenses without any commensurate advantage. Time and bitter experience have done something to change all that; but even now our Commercial Attachés abroad have much, and with reason, to say about improving British salesmanship.

Advertising was in the same category, but seemed a good deal lower in the scale of commercial decency. Regarded as a costly way of telling lies about patent medicines, it seemed unworthy the attention of serious business men. In part that was true. The people who wrote advertisements fifty years ago exaggerated even when they were sincere; and often they were not sincere. The successful advertisement was that which most easily touched the gullibility of the public. The phrase 'truth in advertising,' now adopted in that solid sincerity which rests on the knowledge that it pays to be truthful, was not yet invented. Had any preacher of advertising morality suggested it as a working principle, it would have seemed 'to the Greek foolishness and to the Jew a stumbling-block.' Intelligent people tried to ignore the power of a commercial weapon which they had no good reason to respect. The technique of the business was not very convincing. The mere repetition of the name of a soap in gigantic letters did not encourage the reasoned belief that it was better in quality or in money value than an unbranded soap. At that embryonic stage of advertising, when its volume was

small and its appeal novel, its effect in the limited field to which its methods were applied was real. But the serious manufacturer in a majority of the staple trades could not be blamed for believing that such a weapon would do no good in his own hand. Advertising was dis-respectable for many years, and long after much of it had become wholly respectable, the earlier taint clung to it.

The case for modern advertising practice was put simply and with abundant truth by H.R.H. the Duke of York when, visiting the Advertising Exhibition at Olympia last July, he said, 'Advertising is really a form of education.' At the opening of that show, Mr Amery, speaking as a Secretary of State and the active Chairman of the Empire Marketing Board, expanded the definition as follows :

'Advertising was in the nature of an intelligence service. It informed the public where and how they could get the things they needed, and it also gave a very useful indication, both to the producer and to the middleman, of how much the public needed of any particular article. On the other hand, advertising constituted a very important element of social service. It enabled new ideas, new comforts, new reforms in the whole manner of living to be equally spread throughout the country. Under modern conditions of industry advertising was an absolutely essential element in efficiency and cheapness of production. Its value lay in the fact that it could subserve efficiency and economy of distribution, it could speed up distribution, and, in certain cases, at any rate, it could short-circuit unnecessary channels of distribution, and in those ways lead directly to cheapness to the consumer and better profits to the producer.'

How comes it that a responsible Minister of the Crown is able to attribute to modern advertising qualities that proclaim it an essential element in successful trading?

Probably the simplest and most truthful answer is—experience. The success obtained by the vendors of much-advertised pills caused the makers of more serious things than pills to follow their example. A new type of advertising-specialist emerged, who began to build up a technique of presentation by word and design, and to study the psychology of public response to the stimulus of advertisement. It seems unwise to speak of advertising as a science. It is doubtful whether any activity

into which so many personal factors enter can be developed with the exactness that the word 'science' suggests. It seems truer to describe it as an art which can be better practised after a close study of a large body of ascertained fact.

Advertising is no affair for the hit-or-miss methods of the amateur. The fantastic idea that success in advertisement must necessarily follow the invention of some catchy slogan is out of date. The practice of advertising is strenuous. It demands clarity of thought, wide experience of trading, grim persistence in research, and a facility in presentation which require of its practitioners as large a mental and personal equipment as may be required in any of the professions. It is necessary that this industry should have its *corps d'elite*, for the interests involved, both industrial and financial, are great and increasing. Mr McCurdy, the distinguished and active President of the Advertising Association, does not put the case too high when he claims :

1. That Advertising is an essential force in marketing and selling, at least as important as any other factor of modern trade.

2. That Advertising and Salesmanship constitute the advance guard of British trade for the opening up and development of new markets.

It is estimated that in this country alone the expenditure on Advertising amounts to a hundred millions of pounds sterling annually, and this figure tends to grow markedly. Whatever may be the individual view as to current methods of advertising, no one can be blind to its power or can doubt that it will increase. Some inquiries are pertinent. Who are the people and what are the organisations that control or influence its practice, and are its tendencies sound and improving ?

The label 'advertising men' is applied to people in many departments of business life, organised in a rather inchoate but steadily improving way. The Advertising Association was recently incorporated under the licence of the Board of Trade as a non-commercial body for the purpose of safeguarding and subserving the interests of advertising in this country. It affords a common centre for the discussion of the many problems which so new an

industry has to face, and is concerned, first and last, to improve the status, reputation, and prosperity of every one in the world of advertising. Included on its Council are representatives of the newspapers, of the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising (a cumbrous name for 'advertising agents'), the Master Printers, the Poster Advertising Associations, and kindred bodies. It embraces the Publicity Clubs that have sprung up in all the great commercial centres; it organises the annual Advertising Conventions; and it was responsible for the successful exhibition held in July at Olympia.

Not the least of its functions is that performed by its Vigilance Committee. The public can hardly realise with what persistent zeal this Committee hunts down any advertiser who makes improper or manifestly misleading claims for his wares. In America the law helps the advertising organisations to punish people who bring advertising into disrepute. Penal action is justified in the case of any one who in his advertisements claims to cure cancer and epilepsy, or invites the purchase of goods with intent to defraud, although often this fraudulent person has such ingenuity that 'false pretences' cannot always be successfully pleaded against him. We do not need special legislation to this end. With closer safeguards contrived in concert by newspapers, advertising agents, and printers, it will be possible to stamp out the roguery that smirches an industry run in the main with honesty.

The difficulty of organising advertising with any completeness is consequent to the infinite variety of its activities. The Advertising Agent is the broker standing between the business man with goods to advertise, and the newspapers and poster advertising contractors. His function is professional, in that he has technical knowledge of a mechanism and a practice which need common sense, acumen, and a good deal of general knowledge. He employs a staff of writers and artists who present to the public more or less attractively and effectively the commodities or service of the advertiser. He has, if properly equipped, a department of research qualified to examine into the problems not only of advertising itself, but of distribution, marketing, salesmanship, and even production. He inhabits, what may be called, the

prophet's chamber in the house of commerce. His organisation should furnish, and in many cases it does provide, his clients with a complete intelligence service concentrated on marketing problems and their solution. In the United States the Agent has for long been regarded as no less essential a coadjutor to manufacturer and distributor alike than the lawyer and the chartered accountant. These two professions are not in continuous demand, but the advertising agent should be consulted constantly; for his functions touch every turn of salesmanship. The best type of advertising agent is one who has no interest in one medium more than another and who is not a contractor for 'space' in the columns of the press.

The position of newspapers in the world of advertising is curiously passive. Without advertisements they could not live unless they cut down their columns to a tiny sheet representing the material value of what can be provided for a penny or twopence. In so far as they give a service of news and articles that pleases the public their circulation tends to increase. As their sales grow, so the value of their advertising space is enhanced, and, as soon as they can do so justifiably, they raise their rates. As their advertising revenue increases so they can afford to give a fuller and better service of news and articles. The more widely that geographical distribution is achieved by a paper, the more truly 'national' it can claim to be, and the more valuable its space becomes to the advertiser.

But an increased value of advertising means increased expenditure; and the greater the expenditure, the more important it is to the advertiser that his claims for his goods shall be faithfully accepted by the consumer. There is no more fatuous blunder than to suppose that advertising, however brilliant and persuasive, can sell unsatisfactory goods. Clumsy advertising of satisfactory goods may fail and will certainly be a costly experiment, but its methods can be improved and the situation retrieved. Advertising that does not stand the test of the consumers' acceptance of the goods advertised, can hardly lead to anything but disaster. Abraham Lincoln's maxim about fooling the people has no better justification than in advertising. The broad fact is that no industry could

attain a turnover of a hundred millions a year by fooling the people, unless Thomas Carlyle's theory that we are mostly fools is accepted as correct; and we need not be so pessimistic about ourselves as that.

It is probably true that advertising is at present shorn of some of its legitimate effect upon the public mind by a confusion that exists as to the character of commercial propaganda in editorial columns. The belief dies hard that any editorial reference to a commodity or a service is a puff for which some interested party has paid. Such a belief in relation to any British newspaper of standing is not only libellous, but to any one who knows how newspapers are run is ridiculous. It is, indeed, one of the complaints of the enthusiastic advertising man that newspaper proprietors, who rely on the advertiser for the success of their papers, take so little interest in advertising policy and practice.

The suggestion that a newspaper of character would accept payment for some favourable editorial reference to a motor-car or a food is not only offensive to its owners, but grotesque in relation to the independence of editors. The business of an editor is to put into his paper news that will interest his readers: if a new motor-car is introduced or a new food promises to revolutionise dietary, the wise editor will give proper prominence to it as a matter of public interest, but he will not return to it when it has ceased to be news. The submission to editors by press agents of news matter which is tendencious in character and serves some industrial purpose is justifiable when done frankly. The editor can then accept or reject it in the light of its news value. When it is sent in by underground channels, and in any case if it is designed to promote some financial or share-pushing interest, it is improper. This much is true: that no one so strongly objects to such tendencious stuff as the advertising agent, whose interest is on the side of frank advertising, which can be mistaken for nothing else. A press-agent who works underground on behalf of financial interests is the enemy not only of the newspaper, but also of the honest advertiser and of the advertising agent whose business it is to convince the public by frank and lucid statement. Another field of inquiry is worth some exploration.

Advertising may be described as a handmaid of salesmanship, and therefore, at one remove, of production; but have its activities any influence on production, beyond a stimulus to increased consumption? I do not think it is difficult to prove that they have such an effect.

Conspicuous amongst the improvements in modern advertising is the extent to which the artist is employed in presenting commodities and services attractively. Not very long ago it was regarded as improper for a serious artist to employ his gifts in the service of advertising, and I remember an intelligent man expressing to me his regret that a certain Royal Academician had 'degraded his art' by designing a poster. We have changed all that. Eminent persons at solemn banquets encourage great artists as well as other distinguished persons to place their energies and the strength and charm of their gifts at the disposal of British Trade. Instances need not be multiplied of the zeal with which Art has answered the call of business. Conspicuous success has not always followed those efforts, because the qualities that endear to us an easel picture, do not always persuade when the business at hand is to sell a motor-car. The new school of commercial artists recognises, however, that their art must convey information as directly as mediæval heraldry could do, and must be expressed, with the arresting quality of persuasive journalism, in a language so modern as to be understood by ordinary men and women. Advertisers are among the most effective supporters of the arts to-day, and all this activity of ideals and mind has its repercussions on the manufacturer. No present need is more urgent than that the artist shall be accepted by the manufacturer as an essential partner in giving seemly form, attractive patterns, and right colour to objects of common use.

The Design and Industries Association has had a long and uphill task in preaching this gospel. It is a tragic reflexion that the country which gave William Morris to the world left it to Germany in the first place, and to other continental countries afterwards, to bring to a logical conclusion in large-scale manufacturing the principles which Morris asserted for handicraft. It is melancholy to observe in how many British industries, whose tradition of technical skill remains the admiration

of the world, a lack of artistic sense has brought about grave declension of trade. It can be placed in large measure to the credit of advertising men, and to their quickened perception of the significance of art in industry, that the æsthetic leaven is beginning to work in the production of British goods, undoubtedly to the increase of their sales.

At no stage in the long processes of industry and commerce is the artist superfluous. He should play his helpful part in the shaping and decoration of the article, in its packing, display, and advertising. I can imagine no more fruitful subject for an Industrial Commission to inquire into than the extent to which some British industries languish because of their having ignored the æsthetic factor in their productions; while individual firms have forged ahead through recognising it, and the methods employed in many industries in Germany, Sweden, France, and other countries have proved that art can bring a new vitality and create a new prosperity.

But it would be misleading to suggest that good art, or indeed good writing, is the test of a good advertisement, or proves the skill of the successful practitioner in advertising. There is one test, and one only, the effective promotion of sales. Some advertisements, whether in the press or posters, are exceedingly attractive, pleasing to the advertising man and the public alike, and clinging to the memory as achievements in design. But for lack of a clear association between the design and the name of the thing advertised, they do not induce the reader to buy. An advertisement is not an end in itself, but a means to increased business. No inherent quality of beauty or humour can be justified if it does not urge to action. The competition in advertising is now so keen that success results only from competent work, but many existing businesses owe their strong position in public favour to an early appreciation of this comparatively new force in commerce.

The fabric of Lever Brothers owes its size in no small measure to the vision of the late Lord Leverhulme, who revolutionised the selling of soap by the persuasion of advertisement. In like manner the late Mr Barrett made Pears' Soap into a great property with the aid of Millais' 'Bubbles.' Perhaps the two most notable

examples of businesses recently built or strengthened by advertising are Selfridge's and High Street, Kensington. Mr Gordon Selfridge was perhaps the most inventive and statesmanlike employer of a weapon which he re-forged for use in store-advertising in this country. Eschewing the details of what he proposed to sell, he set out to present the idea of a great institution devoted to the service of the public. Beginning from zero in a new building, he enlisted the art of Sir Bernard Partridge, of Mr Garth Jones, and others to devise pictures suggesting a new element in the life of women—and men. Concentrating the effort on a wholly new plan of presentation, he has in less than twenty years turned that idea into an institution. The case of High Street, Kensington, is of more recent date. Before the war Kensington was a quiet Royal Borough. Since then, half a million sterling spent annually for a few years have transformed it from a suburb into an independent centre of commercial activity, which has challenged successfully the shopping habits of the historic West End. For this Kensington has to thank the large courage of Sir Sidney Skinner.

In this connexion it is fair to inquire about the effect of competitive advertising in the case of closely similar products. If a campaign expenditure of 20,000*l.* on behalf of breakfast cereal 'A' resulted in an increase of its sales by 200,000*l.*, but reduced the sales of food 'B' by 200,000*l.*, or even by 100,000*l.*, the result for the owners of cereal 'A' might be satisfactory, but the result for the breakfast cereal industry as a whole would obviously be an economic loss. In practice it works the other way. There exist two competing stimulant foods, on the advertising of which their proprietors habitually spend 200,000*l.* and 100,000*l.* respectively, resulting every year in huge and steady turnovers. Lately there came on the market a third competing product which was practically identical with them. Its makers spent 15,000*l.* on an introductory campaign. In the result, not only did their expenditure bring them satisfactory sales, properly related to the money spent, but the two long-established competitors had an immediate increase in turnover, without enlarging their normal advertising by a pennyworth.

The advertising of individual products, by widening the market and increasing consumption generally, carries its own economic justification. By the same token, it is probable that if all advertising ceased, there would be a calamitous shrinkage in the turnover of industry generally: the most powerful stimulus to consumption would have disappeared.

What now are the most hopeful tendencies of advertising, and in what direction may developments be expected? 'The organising' of any profession or trade is always regarded with mixed feelings by the general public, who have a not unnatural suspicion that this organising has a selfish basis, and is designed to secure greater profits for those engaged in the trade. The English mind cleaves to the idea of unrestricted competition; but, in advertising at least, all the abuses against which it has had to struggle since it emerged as a business force, have resulted from lack of control and want of education. The advertising agents, by establishing themselves as an Incorporated Institute, have made a definite bid for professional status. In so far as they may be able to impose a professional code upon all their members, the quality and the sincerity of British advertising will improve. In the future these practitioners will run the risk of expulsion from their own body if they derogate from clean standards of practice. They are also proposing to develop a system of professional examination, which in time should exclude from their ranks the incompetent and the quack.

At present the control of offensive advertisements is informal, and operates only by the goodwill of the individual newspaper proprietors. The Incorporated Institute exercises no disciplinary powers over its members. It is otherwise in the United States where what is known as the 'Better Business Bureau' exists. This phrase means not *more* business, but *cleaner* business. The Bureau's activities are supported by the great departmental stores. They encourage it to employ teams of skilled shoppers who purchase advertised goods and report on the faithfulness of the claims made for them. It is, however, not clear that we in England should do well to adopt the rather inquisitorial methods prevailing in America, and each industry can be left to deal

with its own abuses, unhampered by grandmotherly legislation.

As to the future of advertising generally, it is likely that there will be an immense development of Co-operative Advertising; not so much at the expense of individual effort, but in general support of it. The twin commercial needs of to-day are an increase in exporting power and in home consumption. It is in the latter field that the results of judicious advertising can be most quickly felt. The aim of Co-operative Advertising is to educate the public in the direction of increased consumption. The effects of it are not spectacular, but they are sure. During the first five years of the campaign initiated by the British Commercial Gas Association, the annual increment of gas consumption was 4500 million cubic feet. During the next five years the annual accretion had increased to 7000 million cubic feet. This annual figure leapt to 10,000 million during the following three years. Throughout the whole period the competition of electric light and power was vigorous and increasing, and the Gas Industry is satisfied that, but for the persistence with which they told the public about the services which they can render, and about facilities with which people are unfamiliar, only a small increase in gas consumption would have been registered.

Co-operative Advertising has a surprising by-product. It tends markedly to increase the efficiency of an industry. When any trade joins in an effort to commend goods or services to the community, it is found that there is a sharp difference in the efficiency of the various units. The best of them desire to claim for their goods or services the high standard they have achieved; but the trade as a whole dare not do so because of the lower standard shown by weaker brethren. Any trade, however, that is sufficiently organised to agree upon an advertising campaign is powerful enough to increase the efficiency of its more backward members, and this is found to happen, obviously to the benefit of the public. This co-operative method of advertising brings into trade a note of discipline and altruism that can be productive of nothing but good. Enlightened self-interest compels the more efficient members of an industry to assist their less capable colleagues towards a higher standard of

production in the interest both of producer and consumer. The general effect tends not only in the direction of greater efficiency, but also of lower costs. In the case of the co-operative advertising of the products of a whole industry, it is desirable, but only occasionally possible, to strengthen the efficacy of the appeal by branding or marking. The British tomato growers have identified their products by packing them in boxes marked 'British and Best,' but in many cases this is not possible, and Australian dried fruit advertising has been conspicuously effective without this support.

In the advertising of individual goods, identification by branding or distinctive packing is almost universal. Once a manufacturer has identified his goods and won public favour for them by advertising, he is bound to maintain or increase his standard of quality, lest his sales drop and his overhead charges become an unmanageable charge on a decreased turnover. In individual advertising, therefore, branding educates the public, and gives it a confidence which neither manufacturer nor distributor dares to shake without disastrous results to his profits. Advertising, in effect, is the final assurance to the public of honest trading. Without its increasingly intelligent use there is no hope of developing either the export or the home market to such an extent as will finally ameliorate our tragic burden of unemployment.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

Art. 2.—THE ART OF TRANSLATING.

LITERATURE—which is usually regarded as the most potent of the arts—suffers from an obvious handicap, which does not affect either music, painting, or sculpture. The handicap is the finiteness of the vehicle of expression. For the faculty of words is limited by international boundaries, and the most inspired works of a genius may be rendered meaningless by an insignificant river or a range of mountains. It would seem that the universality of music, painting, science, and so forth, is denied to Literature. It is, of course, possible to overcome the disadvantage of language by learning the foreign tongue, but this is only the advantage of the few. To those who do not enjoy this advantage, the translator can offer a remedy, and it is generally he who acts as a passport to the poet and the writer. Yet in spite of his invaluable service to literature, his art and his prestige are singularly obscure. Of the multitude of translators, few spring to the mind as having achieved fame by their efforts. Amongst these few, place may be assigned to the translators of the Bible, Fitzgerald, and Prof. Gilbert Murray. Usually the translator is regarded somewhat in the light of a necessary evil, and the results of his labour are not considered with much enthusiasm. His position seems to be this. If he makes a good translation his reader persists, probably justly, in believing that the original must be still more wonderful, and he involuntarily thinks of the pleasure he misses by not being able to read the actual work, instead of the advantages he enjoys from the labour of the translator. A bad translation suffers neglect or incurs opprobrium.

Granting the necessity of the translator and the importance of his efforts, what then are the fundamentals of his art? Dryden says :

‘A translator that would write with any force or spirit of an original must never dwell on the words of his author. He ought to possess himself entirely, and perfectly comprehend, the genius and sense of his author; the nature of the subject and the terms of the art or subject treated of; and then he will express himself as justly and with as much life as if he wrote an original; whereas he who copies word for word, loses all the spirit in the tedious transfusion.’

This broad definition can be taken as the general basis for the art of translation. But before we come to this aspect there is a primary requisite that the translator must possess, i.e. a thorough knowledge of both languages. Practically any one can acquire a working knowledge of a foreign tongue so as to be able to translate mentally word for word and eventually arrive at the general meaning of the text. But such a little knowledge is obviously a dangerous thing if the possessor is ambitious to translate. Especially necessary is mastery over idiom, or at least an ability to recognise idiom. The blunders that have been caused by ignorance of idiom, or of the true meaning of a word, and consequently a 'plunge' at the import, are both numerous and amusing. Nor are those 'howlers' confined to school-boys, but are sometimes made by competent translators. For instance, the Frenchman who was officially given Cibber's play 'Love's Last Shift' to translate for the stage, and who was presumably a competent English scholar, started off by translating the title as 'La dernière Chemise de l'Amour.' Congreve's 'Mourning Bride' became in French, 'L'Épouse du Matin.' A translator of Swift was certain of his accuracy when he translated a passage 'the Duke of Marlborough broke an officer,' i.e. 'ruined' him, by using the verb 'rouer,' which, unfortunately, means 'to break on a wheel.'

There has been in recent years a marked improvement in the general translations of such works as French novels and memoirs; but, even so, there are few which avoid all the pitfalls that await the careless or unskilled translator. Amongst these one of the most common is the tendency to render such words as *profiter de*, *assister à*, *défendre*, *charger*, by English words which are spelt the same way but have a different meaning. Here is one example. A traveller was describing a voyage through the Torres Straits and the large cockroaches which infested the ship, 'qu'on charge avec les charbons.' This appeared as 'which the sailors attack and destroy with pieces of coal.'

The careful and competent translator, however, will seldom make these elementary blunders, which are simply a matter of grammatical and technical knowledge. But supposing he has mastered the idiom and

grammar of his language, he must still cultivate further qualities. That is, he must discard tedious mental translation and read the language with more felicity, so that he can feel the metre and the peculiarity of style; capture the more subtle meanings, and recognise its varying inflexions and cadences. For he must attempt to reproduce this in his translation. Indeed, in regard to this, there is nothing more wearisome than the literal translation found in text-books and schoolboys' exercises. Anybody, hearing of the beauties of Latin poetry and acquiring, let us say, Lonsdale and Lee's sedulous translation of Horace, must be rather surprised and much disappointed. Or consider the translation of the 'Æneid' in Bohn's Library; the parting scene of Æneas and Dido in the original, very restrained yet full of intense feeling. This is what the public reads: 'That you, O Queen, have laid me under numerous obligations, which you may recount at large, I never shall disown; and I shall always remember Elissa with pleasure, while I have a soul to animate these limbs. But to the point in debate I shall briefly speak.' One expects, 'And what will be the bill, madam?' at any moment.

The effect of literal translation can sometimes be amusing as the schoolboy who translated '*passer meæ puellæ*' as 'my girl's sparrow,' and made the poem a music-hall song of the first order. Let it then be recognised that this sedulous translation destroys the beauty of the original and is only excusable as a student's crib or in an examination-room translation. But to what depths of imbecility and grotesqueness it may lead is illustrated by a perusal of the translations of operas—in which cases, however, the translator works under extraordinary difficulties. But can such as this be excused, whatever the obstacles to be surmounted? It is from the only 'authorised version' of Wagner's '*Tristan and Isolde*':

'Art thou mine?
Do I behold thee?
Do I embrace thee?
Can I believe it?
At last! At last!
Here on my breast!
Do I then clasp thee?

Is it thine own self?
Are these thine eyes?

Endless pleasure!
Boundless treasure!
Ne'er to sever,
Never! Never!

I only know one rival to that, and that is the Pyramus and Thisbe scene from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'

Obviously mere literal translation is not enough. The chosen word in the translation must not only be the equivalent of the original, but it must capture the finer shades of meaning and if possible the same onomatopoeical effect. For example, the word '*loquaces*' in the last stanza of 'O Fons Bandusiae' (Horace, Od., III, XIII):

'Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium
Me dicente cavis inpositam ilicem
Saxis, unde *loquaces*
Lymphæ desiliunt tuse.'

Literally '*loquax*' is 'talkative,' but Horace is addressing a fountain and describing it leaping down from its rocky height. 'Talkative,' then, is not suitable: 'tinkling' can be substituted, but even though it has the advantage of onomatopœia, it is not altogether euphonious. Try 'babbling' or 'murmuring,' and these are more satisfactory.

Then care must be exercised not to abuse the licence of the choice of words. A recent translator of Catullus has rendered '*passer*' as a 'canary.' This is definitely wrong. Perhaps he does not consider 'sparrow' suggestive of poetry, but Catullus evidently did, and that is what matters. This fault of altering the original and adding to it to an unpardonable point, is very common and very insidious. How common it is, does not need much illustrating, when examples such as Pope's '*Odyssey*' and '*Iliad*' and Elphinston's '*Martial*' are extant. Pope's translation is an interesting subject if one considers the pros and cons of the case. In his favour is the popularity he brought to the Classic; the difficulties of translating continuously into poetry and the suppressing of his own powerful personality and genius on behalf of the dead

poet. On the other hand are his irresponsibility and carelessness and, in places, wilful additions and subtractions. His preface is full of sound if rather bombastic reasoning, but it can hardly be claimed that he practised his own principles. He writes :

‘Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fables, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. . . . It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed. . . .’

The verdict of posterity does not acquit Pope of guilt.

This subject has, however, been amply discussed, and I would prefer to give as an example of the expansive type of translation, this from Boethius’ ‘*Philosophia Consolatio*’ (Book iv, *Metrum* iv) done into English by Viscount Preston :

‘Quos serpens, leo, tigris, ursus, apri
Dente petunt, idem se tamen ense petunt.’

Viscount Preston’s imagination runs riot in an amazing manner, and the simple list of animals becomes :

‘They whom the Lion and the *rugged* Bear,
The *Indian* Tiger, and the *foaming* Boar,
With *eager* teeth and with *armed* claws do tear,
Do stain their swords in their own *reeking* gore.’

This kind of translation with its flourishes and gratuitous adjectives can hardly be placed higher on the list than the bald literal type. Undoubtedly it is a fault difficult for some translators to avoid, but it is certainly unjust to the author. To such I recommend consideration of Chaucer’s view-point which expresses with his usual brevity, the rule that should be practised in order to effect a remedy :

‘For this ye knowen also well as I,
Whoso shal telle a tale after a man
He moot reherce,* as ny as evere he kan
Everich a word, if it be in his charge †
Al speke he never so rudeliche ‡ or large §

* Recapture.

† Power.

‡ Uncouthly.

§ Broadly.

Or elles he moote telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thing, or fynde wordes newe.'

Prologue 730-736.

It is certain that poetry ought to be translated into poetry. This immediately doubles—perhaps trebles—the difficulty. It also demands another quality in the translator. He must be a poet as well as a scholar. Any one with a working knowledge of a language and a dictionary can make a fairly good translation from the original, but to render his translation into verse is another matter. The exigencies of poetry are a great difficulty to overcome. But supposing a translator is prepared to attempt a rhymed version, how should he set about so doing? First an adequate metre must be found. This is fairly straightforward in modern languages, as metre is practically akin in them all, but in Latin and Greek the poetry is quite different. It is not rhymed and the metre is alien. Supposing, for instance, Ovid is to be translated, what English adaptation will best comply with the Latin original? Or what English form corresponds best to the elegiac couplet? Some prefer blank verse, but this has not the flexibility or the facility of the couplet.

A very good form would be, I think, the one Ernest Dowson used in his exquisite poem, '*Non sum qualis eram bonæ sub regno Cinaræ.*' Take this verse, which also illustrates that quality of intensive and semi-suppressed passion of Latin erotic poetry, and especially the sentiment of the '*Elegies*':

'I have forgot much, Cinara! Gone with the wind;
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng;
Dancing to put thy pale lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time because the dance was long;
I have been faithful to thee, Cinara, in my fashion,'

I give as an example this effort of my own from Catullus (C. ix). Notice the original has exactly six lines, which is also the number contained in the Dowson stanza:

'*Iucundum, mea vita, mihi proponis amorem
hunc nostrum inter nos perpetuumque fore.*

Di magni, facite ut vere promittere possit,
 atque id sincere dicat et ex animo,
 ut liceat nobis tota perducere vita
 æternum hoc sanctæ fœdus amicitiae.'

'You promise stolen joys to me, my soul's delight,
 Murmuring that this our love shall last eternally.
 Witness her vow, great gods; oh, make her keep the
 plight,
 And let her promise be true passion's utterance.
 Let it be thus, I supplicate, that we
 Always may live and love in mutual confidence.'

Another form for the elegiac couplet, especially in short passages which seem to stand out in the long poems, is the sonnet. This form, coming straight from Italy, and having a rigorous compactness yet a graceful movement, is adequate and attractive. For instance, it suits remarkably well Statius' 'To Sleep' and 'The Sleepless Lover' of Petronius. I give two examples of the adaptation of the sonnet to certain extracts of Latin poetry. The first is a translation made by Dr J. Wight Duff of Catullus' most hackneyed poem:

'Lugete, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
 Et quantumst hominum venustiorum.
 Passer mortuus est meæ puellæ,
 Passer, deliciæ meæ puellæ,
 Quem plus illa oculis amabat.
 Nam mellitus erat, suamque norat
 ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem;
 nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
 sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
 ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.
 Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
 illuc unde negant redire quemquam.
 At vobis male sit, malæ tenebræ,
 Orci quæ omnia bella devoratis:
 tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.
 Væ factum male! væ miselle passer!
 Tua nunc opera meæ puellæ
 flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.'

'Mourn all ye powers of Love and Loveliness;
 Mourn all the world of taste for beauty rare.
 Dead is my lady's sparrow—to possess
 Her pet, was more than her own eyes to her.

The bird was honey-sweet, and knew its friend
 As well as maiden knows a mother's face;
 Nor left her lap, but twittered without end
 To her alone, and hopped from place to place.
 Now fares it on the darkling path of gloom
 From which no traveller returns, 'tis said.
 Hell-shades that prey on beauty, black your doom,
 That carried my fair sparrow to the dead!
 Woe, deed of ill! For thee, poor little bird,
 My lady's eyes with tears are red and blurred.'

The second is an effort of my own of Tibullus' tender
 lines to Delia (1. 3. 13-94)—

'At tu casta, precor, maneas, sanctique pudoris
 absideat custos sedula semper anus.
 Hæc tibi fabellas referat, positaque lucerna
 deducat plena stamina longa colo;
 ac circa gravibus pensis affixa puella,
 paulatim somno fessa, remittat opus.
 Tunc veniam subito, nec quisquam nuntiet ante;
 sed videar cælo missus adessee tibi.
 Tunc mihi, qualis eris, longos turbata capillos,
 obvia nudato, Delia, curre pede.
 Hoc precor: huc illum nobis Aurora nitentem
 Luciferum roseis candida portet equis.'

'Prithee keep chaste and for your honour's sake
 Let some good matron always near you sit;
 Such will tell old tales when the lamp is lit—
 While she, distaff in hand, will slowly take
 The wool, and with the drowsy slave-girl make
 It into running threads, till tired of it,
 Her work laid down—she slumbers in her sleep.
 Then shall I come and unexpected break
 The silences; no messenger before,
 But seeming sent from heaven to comfort you.
 Then prithee run to meet me, Delia, nor
 Stay to bind up your streaming hair, but through
 The night come; where the rosy Dawn once more
 Shall usher in the morning star anew.'

One of the most difficult metres to render into
 modern verse is the Sapphic, perhaps the most lyrical
 of ancient forms. Hugh MacNaghten in his translation
 of Horace has made this very felicitous attempt, e.g.
 Odes III, XVIII.

'Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,
per meos fines et aprica rura
lenis incedas abeasque parvis
æquus alumnis . . .' etc.

'Woer of Nymphs who fly you, pass
Across my fields of sunny grass
Kind Faunus, and in gentleness
The nurslings bless . . .' etc.

Once the translator has found an adequate form for his attempt, and has captured the spirit and the inner meaning of the original, his task depends on his patience and poetical ability; but there are occasions when it seems that neither of these advantages will carry him over his difficulties, and sooner or later he comes across passages which are almost impossible to translate effectively. Such a passage is the '*Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt*' of Vergil—inimitable words and still untranslatable. The meanings of this sentence are so numerous and the suggestions so infinite that the translator admits his incompetence. Gilbert Murray's attempt is not wholly successful—'There are tears in things.' Conington tries:

'E'en here the tear of pity springs
And hearts are touched by human things.'

which is more Conington than Vergil. Matthew Arnold tries—'There are tears for human affairs and mortals, sorrows touch the heart,' which is after all only a literal translation. Byron perhaps has caught the inner spirit of these unfathomable words in the lines:

'Grieving if aught inanimate e'er grieves.'

Or how can justice be rendered to:

'Una de multis face nuptiali
Digna periurum fuit in parentem
Splendide mendax et in omne virgo
Nobilis ævum?'

The brilliant inspiration 'Lying in state' is too near a pun to be treated as a perfect rendering. Another example of the practically untranslatable is this from Catullus' exquisite '*Epithalamium*.' Take the lines 86-100, LXI, beginning '*Flere desine*,' with the murmured

refrain redolent with intangible sadness, 'Prodeas, nova nupta.' He is describing the torch-lit procession, and conjures up what to me is one of the most perfect examples of 'multum in parvo' in Latin Literature:

'... Faces
aureas quatunt comas.'

Useless to translate it 'The torches shake down their golden sparks,' since the beauty of the picture is the idea conveyed by 'comas,' which is infinitely more suggestive than 'sparks.' These untranslatable passages are too numerous to discuss in detail, and would need an essay to themselves. The Greek New Testament—especially the letters of St Paul—offers the same kind of difficulty. Consider also St John xvi, 15, and the difficulties presented by the Greek 'ἀγαπᾶν' and 'φιλεῖν.'

A further difficulty may suddenly assail the harassed translator—the result of the exuberance of his author, such as his 'bons mots,' puns, and general witticisms. Cicero, who prided himself on his 'bons mots,' constantly tantalises the translator on account of them.

'Ego quoque tibi iure favebo'

is perhaps one of his best. Taking the first meaning we have, 'I too will support you in law,' but remembering 'iure' may be derived from 'ius,' broth or soup, the sentence can have the meaning, 'I also will patronise you where your soup is concerned.' I need not add that I have no suggestion or solution in this particular case. Now and again a pun may be translated, e.g. 'Is Life worth Living?' Answer: 'That depends upon the liver.'

Similar to the difficulties of rendering puns, is that of translating the jokes proper, or any subtlety which in the original causes merriment. In this case the translator finds himself in face of an insurmountable difficulty—not a matter of word equivocation but of something deeper; that is, the different view-point and characteristics of the two nationalities. An example will best explain my argument. It is from Scene IV of 'Saint Joan.' Warwick, Cauchon, and the Chaplain are discussing the Maid. Cauchon declares her victory over the English a masterstroke, to which the English

Chaplain replies: 'We were not fairly beaten, my lord. No Englishman is ever fairly beaten.'

The Englishman, understanding well the truth contained in the gibe, can obviously appreciate it; but while it would be easy enough to translate it verbally into let us say Turkish, it would not have for nine Turks out of ten any meaning other than the literal. The Turk would probably take it as a truism unless he was acquainted with our national character. This is a difficulty no human translator can surmount—the translation of national characteristics. Enough, I feel, has been said of the translation of humour in general since the subject, like 'the untranslatables,' is an independent branch of the art.

It is equally difficult to find an adequate translation for slang and vulgar expressions. In this respect at least, the classical translator is more fortunate, since slang and vulgarisms do not play an important part in the literature. The most prominent example, however, is Petronius' 'Satyricon' in which the numerous tavern scenes and situations of low life, necessitated the use of the common language of the people. Where Petronius employs vulgarisms, the Latin is not easy to understand, but once the meaning has been grasped, it is not at all a difficult task to render it into English, since our language is much richer in slang than Latin. Translating slang into Latin, on the contrary, is scarcely possible as is shown by the following ingenious renderings of Mr Broadbent in 'Leviora': 'Yes, sah! You can swallow if you can: but it'll upset the digestive organs.' 'Cuncta vores licet—at duris opus ilibus ultro.' Or, 'Yah! you great, big bully!' 'Vah, tuas, immane monstrum, barbaras sperno minas.' This is the Latin equivalent, but it is not slang.

Under this heading goes the treatment of accent or of the general mannerisms of speech—in which cases the only rule to follow is to find an adequate stop-gap. For instance, the Scottish accent in English may be produced by the Austrian accent in German. With regard to the pronunciation of words, what is perhaps the most remarkable poem from the humorous standpoint in Classical literature, may be literally translated into English. It is a complete little poem by Catullus

mocking some Roman 'Arry (Arrius) who has the still-surviving habit of putting on his 'h's' where they are not wanted. Notice in the poem which I give, accompanied by the clever translation of Sir William Marris, that 'insidias' becomes when Arrius pronounces it, 'hinsidias.' This may be literally translated into English as 'ambushes' and 'hambushes' respectively. For French translators this poem would offer insurmountable difficulties.

'Chommoda dicebat, si quando commoda uellet
dicere, et insidias Arrius hinsidias,
et tum mirifice sperabat se esse locutum,
cum quantum poterat dixerat hinsidias.
credo, sic mater, sic liber auunculus eius,
sic maternus auus dixerat atque auia.
hoc misso in Syriam requierant omnibus aures:
audibant eadem hæc leniter et leuiter,
nec sibi postilla metuebant talia uerba,
cum subito affertur nuntius horribilis,
Ionios fluctus, postquam illuc Arrius isset,
iam non Ionios esse, sed Hionios.'

"Hallowances" said Arrius (meaning "extras"),
And "hambush" (when he meant "an ambushcade")
And thought his tongue had been uncommon dextrous
When all its force on "hambush" it had laid:
(His mother and her freeman twin, one sees,
Their father too, and mother, talked like that.
He went to Syria; so our ears had ease.
Hearing the same words uttered soft and pat,
And never feared to hear such sounds again;
When on a sudden the black tidings fall—
Since Arrius went there, the Ionian main
Has now become "Hionian," once for all.'

Although the translation of proverbs might seem difficult at first sight, I think it can be shown that here, at least, the translator can succeed in the spirit if not actually in the letter. For proverbs are elemental truths expressed with brevity and some vivacity, and are generally the inventions of the common insight. All elemental truths are universal, and if 'A stitch in time saves nine' is true in England, it is certain enough to be true in Spain or Afghanistan. If the translator recognises this fact and he has a good knowledge of

proverbs, he is perfectly justified in translating proverb for proverb, and of course not word for word. Let me take a difficult example to illustrate the facility of this rule. 'To carry coals to Newcastle.' This literally means nothing to a foreigner unaware of the relation of coals to Newcastle, but nearly every language has an equivalent expression. In French there is the saying, 'Porter de l'eau à la mer'; in Latin, 'Mari aquam addis'; in Persian a similar saying is found in the *Bustan* of Sadi, 'To carry pepper to Hindustan'; in Yiddish, 'To bring oil to the City of Olives,' and a similar proverb exists in Greek *γλαῦκ' ἐς Ἀθήνας*. Again, there is an Italian proverb:

'Chi duo lepri caccia,
Uno perde e l'altro lascia,'

literally, 'Who hunts two hares loses one and leaves the other.' This is best expressed in English by our proverb, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and a similar expression is that of Horace (*Odes* III, VIII, 27-28):

'Dona præsentis cape lætus horæ,
linque severa,'

although I am not recommending translating Horace into our proverb, since discretion must be used where graceful poetry is being translated; but I suggest that it would be quite rational to convey the idea in Latin by quoting those two lines. I have a little book before me called '*Leviora*,' which among many delightful rhymes, has a large number of proverbs translated into Latin or Greek:

'You can't have your cake and eat it';
'Esse paras tibi quam non est simul esse placentam';

'To buy a pig in a poke';
'οἶσαν ἔτ' ἐν θυλάκῳ μὴ σὺν ὀνειῶσθαι ἄμεινον':

which illustrate the liberty the translator may allow himself where proverbs are concerned.

Many proverbs have of course almost a literal equivalent, such as the French '*Il y a loin de la coupe aux lèvres*' and the Latin '*Inter manum et mentem*' for our proverb, 'There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.' Again, 'To throw dust in the eyes' is in French, '*Jeter*

de la poudre aux yeux,' and in Latin, 'Pulverem oculis offundere.' Such, of course, are easy to translate. The clever and versatile translator may essay even American witticisms which often are entirely independent of any language or of any previous form. Such is Father Ronald Knox's translation of the American saying, 'Eat what you can, and can what you can't,' as 'Quod potes esse, licet; quod non potes esse, licebit.'

A difficulty which generally troubles the reader more than the translator, is the extensive use of mythology and the references, often obscure, to contemporary persons and events. This tediousness—for such it is to modern readers—is avoided sometimes by adapting the poem. This is at once leaving the actual field of translation and avoiding by unfair means the true issue—but it is often successful and sometimes justifies itself. The best example of the successful adaptation is FitzGerald's 'Rubâiyat of Omar Khâyyam.' The original is much more wordy and often obscure. FitzGerald has carefully selected and pruned it, and the result is perhaps the most beautiful translation we have. Pope has justified his adaptations in his translation of the Odes of Horace, e.g. Ode iv, ix:

'Ne forte credas interitura, quæ
longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
non ante volgas per artes
verba loquor socianda chordis . . .'

'Lest you should think that verse should die
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song,' etc.

The 'silver Thames' for the 'sonantem Aufidum' is justified inasmuch as associations of the modern reader are awakened more by mention of our English river than by a Latin one.

Horace, of all classical poets, has been chosen most for adaptation, and while many of the efforts are amusing enough, one tends to become wearied by the constant references to 'Queen Anne' or political personages who, after all, with the passage of time, begin to have no more importance than the very people Horace mentions. Mr C. L. Graves in his 'Hawarden Horace' has made

many excellent parodies, but I find it rather difficult not to be irritated by this, for instance, in which the verse of Ode I, viii :

‘ Lydia, dic, per omnes
te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
perdere, cur apricum
oderit Campum, patiens pulveris atque solis ’ ;

becomes

‘ O jealous Primrose Dames, why seek to sever
My nephew Alfred from his early loves,
The finest Cambridge cricketer who ever
Put on the gloves ?

‘ No more with brawny hands that once could beggar
The power of Paderewski’s (when he thumps),
We see him, out-McGregoring MacGregor,
Behind the stumps.’

Here Horace is rather too obviously merely a prop on which to hang the cloak of the Parodist’s witticisms.

This example will show how easily paraphrase develops into parody, which is leaving more and more the essential art of translation. Parody, however, offers scope for wit and satire, and the chance was seized by Pope and Horace Walpole. The latter has, I think, the credit of making the wittiest parody in his translation of the Theseus and Ariadne episode thus :

‘ When Theseus from the fair he’d ruined fled,
The nymph accepted Bacchus in his stead,
The allegory to my humble thinking,
Means that deserted ladies take to drinking.’

Sir Owen Seaman has also excelled in parody in his ‘ Horace at Cambridge.’ He has rendered the ‘ Quis multa gracilis ’ ode in this way :

‘ What slender stripling in his primal year,
His lip bedewed with Tricholina,
Amid your flower-pots with alluring leer,
Woos you, Georgina ?

‘ Across the counter leans his blazered arms,
And plying you with laboured sallies
Of amorous wit, around your waning charms
Heavily dallies ? ’

Besides the adaptations, paraphrases, and parodies,

there are impressionistic renderings, one short example of which will suffice. It is Crashaw's famous line describing the turning of water into wine at Cana in Galilee:

'Nympha pudica deum vidit et erubuit.'

Another example of the untranslatable.

The translator with a knack of adapting may even essay this from Lewis Carroll's 'Through the Looking Glass':

*'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe,' etc.*

*'Cesper erat; tunc lubriciles ultravia circum
urgebant gyros gimbiolosque tophi;
Mæstenui visæ borogovides ire meatu,
et profugi gemitus exgrabuere rathæ,' etc.*

This translation of Lewis Carroll's famous stanzas was included in the 'Quarterly Review' of October 1925. All who read it must admit the ingenuity.

It would seem by the quantity of efforts of this kind, that translating English verse into Latin is a favourite pastime of classical scholars. In such cases it is often necessary to adapt the names and so forth. For instance, Mr W. H. Greene's translation of 'Omar Khâyyam,' stanza XVIII, will serve:

*'They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahram, that great Hunter, the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.'*

*'Nunc quibus exultans quondam bibit Hector in aulis
inde leo latebras, inde lacerta petit;
quo iacet Actæon tumulum proculcat onagrus
non tamen est illi sic violanda quies.'*

This tendency to translate may be further illustrated in 'jeux d'esprits,' like these versions of nursery rhymes. This was made by Prof. J. Wight Duff:

*'Little Bo-peep
Has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them.*

Leave them alone,
And they'll come home
Bringing their tails behind them.'

'Oves quas Bopippa pavit
irrita desideravit
quo abissent nesciens.
Mitte, parvula, ploratus:
grex redibit, non vocatus,
caudas pone quatiens.'

Mr Henry Broadbent in 'Leviora' has also attempted
'Bo-peep,' and this is his version:

'Palpebris oves puella semihiantibus petit
invenitque nusquam amatas; at vagentur liberæ;
pone caudas mox trahentes nota adibunt limina.'

Prof. Wight Duff has also translated 'Little Miss Muffet' thus:

'Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a great spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.'

'Muffa puellula
sedit in herbula
acidum lac bibens;
haud procul ab ea
ingens aranea
terruit assidens!'

It is interesting to surmise whether such nursery rhymes would have appealed to a Roman child, for while we know that fairy tales existed with the same popularity and even began, 'Once upon a time there was a king and queen . . .' and included two elder and uglier sisters while the younger and most beautiful married the prince, we do not hear of any nursery rhymes corresponding to our 'Little Tommy Tucker,' etc.

The art of contra-translation is even more laborious and skilled than ordinary translation. Some scholars, such as Munro and Dr Butler, have shown a marvellous knowledge of Latin and Greek in their works. Munro especially has played the game according to the strictest

rules. He has not lifted lines from Greek and Latin originals, nor are his verses a cento of tags from the classics dovetailed together. Sometimes, as in his translation from Judges, chap. v, verses twelve and onwards, he has achieved a Latin poem in Glyconics—his favourite metre—which could rank with some of the poetry of the Silver Age :

‘Awake, awake, Deborah ;
Awake, awake, utter a song :
Arise, Barak,
And lead thy captivity captive,
Thou son of Abinoam. . . .’

‘Suscitare, Dobura, te
suscitare soporibus,
carmen edere tempus est ;
surgat Abinoemides
ac domet domitorem. . . .’

An example of the aged Dr Butler's long and devout art is this neat rendering of this verse of his favourite hymn :

‘Lord, it is not life to live
If Thy presence Thou deny.
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give
’Tis no longer death to die.’

‘Σοῦ μὲν παρόντος οὐκέτ’ ἔστι καταθεῖν,
ἐπεὶ θανόντες, ζῶμεν· εἰ δὲ μὴ πάρει,
καὶ ζῶντες οὐχὶ ζῶμεν, ἀλλ’ ἐσμέν νεκροί.’

There are numerous examples of this highly skilled form of translation, for it has always attracted scholars in spite of its difficulties. Nearly all the gems of our literature have been translated into Latin or Greek by some one or other, just for the pleasure the difficulties of the labour gave. The whole of ‘Omar Khâyyam’ has been translated into Latin, so have the sonnets of Shakespeare, passages of the Bible, and even the poems of R. L. Stevenson. With regard to the latter, Mr J. Glover of Cambridge admits that he could not surmount the difficulties in translating the seemingly simple line :

‘The world is full of a number of things. . . .’

* * * * *

Of course it has only been possible to treat this vast subject in skeleton form, and only the more obvious specimens have been touched upon. But I would like to finish with what is the most perfect form of the art—that is, a result which is a work of art whether considered as a poem or as a translation, and which satisfies every demand of both. Examples are not by any means few and far between, but I can offer only two which appeal to me as worthy the distinction of representing this class. The first is this of Hugh MacNaghten, selected from his recent translation of the Odes of Horace, which all achieve a high standard. It is Odes iv, vii, and begins: ‘Diffugere nives, redeunt,’ etc.

‘The snows have vanished from the greening leas,
 Now leaves are on the trees.
 Change duly follows change, and now below
 Their banks the rivers flow.
 Now with the nymphs are dancing fearlessly
 The naked Graces three.
 Each year, each hour, each happy moment says
 Expect no length of days.
 Frosts yield to Zephyrs; Summer tramples Spring
 And dies when lavishing
 Harvest and fruits: comes Autumn: soon the drear
 Winter once more is here.
 Yet all that’s lost, in heaven swift moons restore:
 We, as rich Tullus, or
 Ancus or good Æneas, when we die,
 Dust and a shadow lie.
 We have to-day, but know not if the powers
 Will make to-morrow ours;
 But what you give to your own soul, we know
 Your heir’s greed must forgo.
 High birth, nor eloquence, Torquatus, nor
 Wealth shall your life restore.
 For Dian frees not from dark Night’s control
 Hippolytus’ white soul,
 Nor Theseus breaks the bonds that hold sans end
 Pirithous his friend.’

As a second example, I am torn between two made by the Earl of Derby in ‘Translations’—one being the ‘O Fons Bandusiae’ ode, and the other the last three stanzas of Ode i, ix. I will choose the latter.

'Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere; et
Quem sors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
Appone; nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,

'Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et campus, et areæ,
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora:

'Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
Pignusque dereptum lacertis
Aut digito male pertinaci.'

'Think for the morrow nought; enjoy
Each day the boons bestow'd by chance;
Nor rudely spurn, too happy boy,
Or love's delights, or joyous dance,

'While crabbed age is far away.
Now manly sports beseem thy years,
And whispers soft, at close of day,
How sweetly breath'd in willing ears!

'And tell-tale laugh of merry maid
In corner hid; and slender wrist
Of bracelet spoil'd, or ring convey'd
From fingers that but half resist.'

And these really excellent translations are not so rare that one is obliged to look far for examples. Prof. Gilbert Murray's rendering of the plays of Euripides, FitzGerald's 'Omar Khâyyam,' A. T. Barton's translation into Latin of Shakespeare's sonnets, the Authorised Version of the Bible, are all examples of great achievement in this art. Nor will they who have attempted this task of translating agree that it is 'merely mechanical and imitative.' The translator above all artists needs an 'infinite capacity for taking pains.' He must also be a scholar and a poet, and when these three abilities are combined, they produce a genius who can render invaluable service to art, and incidentally to mankind.

JAMES H. WELLARD.

Art. 10.—THE STAFF COLLEGE.

1. *The Staff and the Staff College*. By Brevet-Major A. R. Godwin-Austen, with a foreword by General Sir George Milne, G.C.B. Constable, 1927.
2. *General Lord Rawlinson of Trent. An Appreciation*. By Major-General Sir Archibald Montgomery, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. Reprinted from the 'Army Quarterly.' Clowes, 1925.
3. *Soldiers and Statesmen, 1914–1918*. By Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, Bart., G.C.B. Two vols. Cassell, 1926.
4. *Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Bart., G.C.B. His Life and Diaries*. By Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell, K.C.B., with a preface by Marshal Foch. Cassell, 1927.

And other works.

THE object aimed at in this article will be to trace the influence of Staff College education upon the British Army and upon military policy up to the close of the war of 1914–1918.

As Sir George Milne reminds us, in introducing Major Godwin-Austen's 'extremely readable and instructive' history of the evolution of the Army Staff College and its products (staff officers and Army Commanders), we are apt in this country to neglect our own famous soldiers in favour of the great leaders of the armies of other nations. It is only in recent years that political and public prejudice has sufficiently abated to allow such men as the Duke of Marlborough and Sir John Moore to take anything like their proper place in history, and 'it may well be as long before our army leaders of 1914–1918 receive proper recognition.' In a previous article* in this review, I ventured to call attention to certain outstanding qualities in British leadership in the field, during these same years, which seemed to have escaped public attention in the turmoil of post-war political propaganda and detraction of all things military. Two Field-M Marshals, Sir William Robertson and the late Sir Henry Wilson, have since recorded valuable historical

* 'Haig and Foch' ('Quarterly Review,' April 1923).

material, in the form of original documents and diaries, in support of the views that were expressed in that article, and we are also indebted to Sir Archibald Montgomery (now Lieut.-General Sir A. Montgomery-Massingberd) for an appreciation of the life and character of his former Chief, the late Lord Rawlinson of Trent, whose brilliant career was cut short by death when he was Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India. We are thus in a position to trace the influence of education (or the lack of it) in the British Army upon public policy and upon the conduct of military operations from the end of the 18th century until the year 1918, which marked the culminating triumph in Europe, Asia, and Africa of the supreme military effort of the British Empire. Lord Rawlinson joined the Staff College at Camberley as Commandant in December 1903. He was destined to be the leader of the British Army which turned the scale on the Western Front in the Battle of Amiens on Aug. 8, 1918. Both Ludendorff and Foch have borne witness to the far-reaching effect of that battle, of which a comprehensive account is to be found in 'The Fourth Army in the Hundred Days.'* Sir Henry Wilson succeeded Lord Rawlinson as Commandant at the end of 1906 and he left in July 1910, being succeeded by Sir William Robertson who held the appointment until October 1913. As successive Chiefs of the Imperial General Staff during the most critical period of the Great War, these two officers bore the limited responsibility that was allowed to technical advisers by the political chiefs who determined questions of distributing troops and material to different theatres of operations, and thus decided the major questions of military strategy. Lord Grey of Fallodon, in his 'Twenty-five Years,' expressed his opinion that the mistakes made in that connexion could be summed up in the single word 'side-shows,' and one of the most vital points, that emerges from study of the authorities now under review, is that, whatever opinion may be formed about the utility of those diversions, their initiation was in no single case due to the advice of responsible military authority. We must,

* 'The Story of the Fourth Army in the Battle of the Hundred Days.' By Major-General Sir A. A. Montgomery.

therefore, seek elsewhere for the causes underlying our general conduct of military strategy in a world-wide theatre of war, and devote attention, in the main, to our immediate subject, the effect of Staff College education in the Army.

Under the discredited 'Kings, Battles, and Dates' method of teaching history, which prevailed for several generations, it was natural that historians should devote their energies to research amongst records of combats, and that they should neglect, almost entirely, such subjects as supply, transport, and staff work, whereby alone it was possible to accomplish the strategic movements that ultimately resulted in the battles to which such careful attention was devoted. In other words—to adapt to our purpose the substance of a typical example of political oratory in the Great War—they ignored the brains and concentrated upon the bloodshed in the achievements of military leaders and their staff. They thus presented a distorted picture of the qualities that are needed for the successful conduct of military strategy. For such reasons as these, students of past wars are confronted with great difficulties when they are faced with the problem of determining how armies were moved about theatres of operations, although much original material, bearing upon this important question, lies undigested in public records and in private libraries.

Major Godwin-Austen has touched but lightly upon the staff-work in Marlborough's army :

'Marlborough took no heed of powerful friends ; he sought merit and not wealthy influential connections, and, as an instance, passed over his own aide-de-camp for an officer without influence. He well knew the qualifications he was seeking, for he did a good deal of his own staff work, and had no wish to encumber his headquarters with the inefficient.' (Page 3.)

After Marlborough's wars, interest in military affairs lapsed, as it has on subsequent occasions during periods of prolonged peace, and lack of public interest was, as usual, reflected in loss of army efficiency and preparedness. The Army was educationally behind the times, and it remained so until the Duke of York, as Commander-in-Chief and 'the soldiers' friend,' supported, in

1799, a plan put forward by an Army officer, Colonel Gaspard Le Marchant, to establish at High Wycombe a 'college for the improvement of officers of over four years' service, to fit them for staff employment.' This was part of a larger plan for improving the education of regimental officers that ultimately led to the establishment of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. With that we are not here concerned, excepting in so far as it affected staff training.

On May 4, 1799, a senior college was opened at High Wycombe, Le Marchant reporting that he never saw officers more desirous of learning, and from that beginning the present-day Staff College at Camberley sprang. The need for some such establishment was urgent, army officers being so ignorant that, as Colonel, afterwards Sir Charles Crauford, has said, we were 'obliged to have recourse to foreigners for assistance, or our operations are constantly liable to failure in their execution.' Nevertheless, public opinion was hostile, and Le Marchant was faced by an uphill task. For various reasons the college was not placed on a permanent footing by Royal Warrant until June 24, 1801, and from that date onwards its work was continued, largely on account of the strong personality and high standard of integrity of Le Marchant himself. In 1811, when two hundred officers had passed under his hands, he was promoted to major-general and sent to the Peninsula, where he fell in action at Salamanca a year later, leaving, as a perpetual memorial, the high standard that he set for the army at High Wycombe. There 'he managed to establish, by degrees, a discipline and good order which continued the subject of admiration in the place long after his decease.' His portrait still hangs in the High Wycombe Library—'student and fighting soldier, teacher and administrator; an upright gentleman; a man of the world of high moral character.' He had realised, from his regimental experience, that the military inefficiency that existed in his day sprang from the complete absence of professional education for officers, and the best years of his life were devoted to finding a remedy for that deficiency.

Of the early students at the Staff College we can mention Birch, on Abercromby's staff in Egypt, reported

on as one of the officers sent from Wycombe who were found 'of infinite use' by Anstruther, the Quartermaster-General; George Murray, of the Foot Guards, who was Quartermaster-General in the Peninsula; de Lancy, of the 45th, who occupied the same post at Waterloo; Herries, who lost a leg in the Peninsula and ultimately became Governor of the R.M. College; Scovell, with a similar career; Gomm, the hard fighter, last to embark at Corunna; Hardinge, destined to become Governor-General in India and Secretary at War; and in somewhat later years, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Marshal Beresford, Commander of the Portuguese Army, General Sir J. A. Hope, and others. The close of the Napoleonic Wars found the Staff College

'a virile institution fulfilling its functions, and the factors enabling it to do so were the Royal interest, which watched its inception and growth so closely; the enthusiasm of the Commander-in-Chief and his immediate staff, who insured the appointment of the best available instructors; and the financial assistance—the latter in some respects over-generous, especially as far as the building of the new college was concerned.' (Page 59.)

The building referred to was at Sandhurst, where the 'Senior Department' was brought in 1829 into close touch with the R.M. College for cadets, after a few years' sojourn in somewhat inadequate quarters at Farnham, to which place the senior department had moved in 1813 because the R.M. College building was still incomplete. The cadets had moved there from Great Marlow at the end of 1812. Le Marchant's successor at the Staff College was Howard Douglas, who had been appointed 'superintendent' under him in 1804, and throughout the history of the College we trace the influence upon the staff, and through the staff upon the Army as a whole, of the personality of successive Staff College Commandants. Amongst officers who passed through the course at Farnham we find the names of Charles Napier, the future conqueror of Scinde, who joined in 1814, and his brother William, who joined in Waterloo year, as did Colquhoun Grant, who was taken away by the Duke of Wellington to take charge of his intelligence department. It is on record that Grant's message, written on June 15,

'Les routes sont encombrées de troupes et matériel, les officiers de toutes grades parlent haut que la grande bataille sera livrée avant trois jours,' did not reach the Commander-in-Chief until 11 a.m. on June 18, when the Battle of Waterloo had begun, the message having been delayed by the intervention of a subordinate General (apparently of inferior mental calibre) through whom it had just been submitted.

The years 1820 to 1854 covered a period aptly described as 'siesta' by Major Austen, and on these years we need not dwell, beyond taking note of the points that the length of the courses was reduced, that a period of parsimony set in, and that 'Howard Douglas, sick of attempting to prevent economies which he felt so drastic as inevitably to ruin the Senior Department, seems to have wearied of trying to maintain the previous standard of efficiency in the face of so great difficulty.' He left in 1824. No successor was appointed as Commandant, and under John Narrien, eminent as an astronomer, and others lacking in military knowledge and experience, the programme of work became less and less military, and 'the Senior Department became the refuge of married officers who wished to avoid foreign service, and of unmarried officers whose only aim was to shirk regimental duty.' So matters went on during a period when the Duke of Wellington's acquiescence in the gradual decay of the army of his creation, as fine a fighting force as the world has ever seen, is considered to be incomprehensible. Before the situation could be retrieved, the policy of neglect was put to the test in March 1854 by the outbreak of the Crimean War, when :

'Had the work of the Quartermaster-General's Department been studied in the Senior Department as it had been whilst at High Wycombe and Farnham, there would at least have been a number of Staff Officers who had a theoretical knowledge of the subject, though they might lack practical experience. But all experience gained so dearly and bitterly forty years before had been forgotten. The Army was completely ignorant of any system of transport, supply, or medical service; no ancillary units even existed.' (Page 85.)

The result is too well known by every student of the history of the period to need any further enlargement.

Reform had its origin in the work of a Parliamentary Committee which reported (June 15, 1855) that the general decline of the Army Staff was due to lack of financial support. In January 1856 Lord Panmure appointed the first Commission to touch again upon the training of the Army Staff. With him the Prince Consort and the Duke of Cambridge co-operated, 'while the Queen kept in close touch with all that was done,' and Mr Sidney Herbert, as a private member in the House of Commons, insistently reiterated our shortcomings in military education, and the adequate training of Staff Officers in particular.' In July 1856 the Duke of Cambridge became Commander-in-Chief. Advised by Mr Gleig, the Chaplain-General, he sounded the Prince Consort and enlisted the support of Lord Panmure and Lord Palmerston, who laid before the Queen a scheme for the establishment of a Council of Military Education. The ultimate result was that by December 1857:

'Her Majesty the Queen had been pleased to approve of the name of the Senior Department of the Royal Military College being changed to "Staff College," and so, at last, after fifty-eight years of chequered existence, our training school for the Staff received its correct title.' (Page 103.)

The Staff College, thus constituted, was established in the west wing of the R.M. College for cadets, but this arrangement was only temporary. The interest displayed by Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, the Duke of Cambridge, and Mr Sidney Herbert (who became Secretary for War), continued, and, in the autumn of 1862, the staff and students moved into the present separate building, then approaching completion.

During the years that followed, the 'Army University' had its ups and downs, largely owing to the subjects taught and to the varying personalities of the successive Commandants and Professors. Out of 144 students who passed through the course between 1858 and 1868, only 81 received staff appointments, with the inevitable result; competition languished, and the right stamp of officer was not attracted. A Royal Commission reported in 1869 that 'expectations entertained of the Staff College had not quite been fulfilled,' and the enthusiasm of the Duke of Cambridge for the establishment for which he

had done so much declined into toleration in his later years. We read of his famous saying: 'Staff College Officers! I know these Staff College Officers! They are very ugly officers and very dirty officers!'—which Major Austen describes as 'a saying treasured by regimental officers who had suffered at the hands of the objectionable, and who naturally were inclined to tar all the Staff with the same brush.'

There is no need to describe the twenty years of work done at the Staff College immediately after its establishment in the present building. The first requirement was some appreciation, by those in high places, of the duties required of Staff Officers, before there could be any hope of devising an educational system to train them to perform their duties. Competitive examinations in such subjects as geology and mathematics held their sway for many years, almost to the exclusion of the application of theoretical knowledge to the practical needs of warfare. One name, that of the late General Sir E. B. Hamley, author of the standard work in the English language on 'Operations of War,' stands out above all others connected with the Staff College during this period. After serving as Professor of Military History, he became Commandant in 1870,

'he saved the College Staff, revived it when it was in danger of perishing from infantine debility, and, on quitting the post of Commandant, which he had held just five months longer than the seven years fixed for its tenure, richly deserved the tribute paid him by the Director-General of Military Education.' (Page 182.)

Hamley's departure seems to have shaken the faith of officers in the Staff College. In spite of the fine soldiers of the right type who had gone there, regimental officers still looked on the place with suspicion, and 'very few commanding officers encouraged their best to compete for entry.' Even by the year 1888 'no real Staff organisation was evolved for war; save, perhaps, for the Intelligence Branch,' in spite of the influence of a plethora of Commissions and Committees which had conducted inquiries and issued sterile reports.

The year 1893 marked the beginning of the reforms initiated by Colonel H. J. T. Hildyard as Commandant

and by Colonel G. F. R. Henderson—best known to the public as the author of 'Stonewall Jackson'—as the most influential member of the Staff. From that time forward progress was continuous. 'Hildyard and Henderson won their students' affection not only by efficiency but by personal sympathy.' The final examination was abolished, and classification of students was based on 'the impression that they had made on their instructors, a method followed ever since.' In 1895, 120 competed for 24 vacancies; in 1927, 553 for 31. This continuous progress was due, amongst other causes, to the personality of successive Commandants, to the class of regimental officers selected as candidates, to the recognition of the *p.s.c.* as a claim for Staff appointments, and to the appreciation of good work done by the Directing Staff by the selection of its members for higher employment.

In the wider field of Army reform, due credit must be accorded to the Esher Committee reforms of 1904:

'The institution of the Army Council gave a fillip to military progress. Every department was raked through, while the recommendations of the Norfolk Commission, the Elgin Report, and the Esher Committee, were examined and put into practice whenever considered desirable. Mr Brodrick and his successor, Mr Arnold Forster, jeered at in the Clubs, paved the way for the greater reforms that were to follow. A great military awakening began. Officers throughout the Army realised that soldiering was something more than filling in the time between breakfast and lunch.' (Page 241.)

It fell to the lot of Brigadier-General Sir H. S. Rawlinson, in December 1903, to become Commandant on a rising tide of zeal and efficiency, and his influence was reinforced by a Directing Staff whose merit is proved by the distinction they were to earn later. Hamley, in his 'Operations of War,' had treated the subject of war from the Continental Army point of view, rather than from that of an island Empire. Rawlinson's mental grasp was far wider:

'Thanks to — and Rawlinson, a far closer liaison was established with the Navy. We have all heard of the only certain means of establishing perfect liaison between the sister services: a tunnel under Whitehall connecting the

War Office with the Admiralty, and a bar in the middle. Rawlinson and — did the next best thing. Both were members of the "In and Out." They arranged a small luncheon party. Henry Wilson, Colonel in the Staff Duties Department of the War Office, was invited to meet Admiral Slade, in charge of the War College at Portsmouth. Captain — and Commander —, Royal Navy, joined the Staff College as students on May 16, 1906. So simple. In addition, a combined Naval and Military Exercise formed part of the course. The "Matlows" have been favourites at the Staff College ever since.' (Page 242.)

Upon Lord Rawlinson's subsequent services we have already touched. His biographer writes of his later tasks—as a leader of an Army in France, and as Commander-in-Chief in India—that :

'His work in command of the Fourth Army stamped him for all time as a great leader of men ; his success in grappling with and, to a great extent, solving the many-sided problems of organisation and administration in India, revealed in him a capacity for military statesmanship of a very high order. It was fortunate for the Empire that during such critical years she possessed in Lord Rawlinson a man with all these qualifications.' (Page 11 of Pamphlet.)

Rawlinson died in the rank of General, his immediate successors at the Staff College, Sir Henry Wilson and Sir William Robertson, were promoted to the higher rank of Field-Marshal for their advisory services in the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff, not for responsible leadership of armies in the field. This indicates the growth in the importance attached to staff work, as compared with that attached to personal responsibility in high command. It was given to these two officers to set before the political authorities who controlled our military strategy the advantages or disadvantages of the various courses which those authorities proposed to pursue, or, on some occasions, of the procedure which they had already adopted without consulting their responsible military advisers.

'Certain it is,' writes the author of 'The Staff and the Staff College,' 'that the Army receives from Camberley exactly what it sends there, and that a two years' course of instruction, on whatever lines it may be conducted,

cannot change the nature of a man in the thirties.' Still less was it likely that a sojourn for four years at the Staff College in the position of Commandant would change the natures of two such strong individualities as those possessed by Sir Henry Wilson and by Sir William Robertson, men differing completely in temperament and in outlook.

It might, however, be expected that, after more than a century of teaching and study, the Staff College would have produced certain doctrines for the successful conduct of land warfare—not in the form of rules, but rather as warnings, taught by historical study, against courses of action which were proved by experience to militate against success in military operations. One of Hamley's warnings—against the temptation to commanders of field armies to take shelter in a fortress, as Bazaine took shelter in Metz—saved Sir John French, by his own admission,* from the fatal error of sheltering in Maubeuge, instead of continuing his retreat from Mons.

For the political authorities charged with general strategy, as distinguished from the army commanders who handled the forces at their immediate disposal in the field, both Hamley and Henderson issued grave warnings, based upon the experiences of great strategists in the past, against unnecessary dispersal of their forces. They impressed the maxim that concentration of effort is the secret of success in military operations, as it is in other human activities. However well-established this warning may be, military strategists are usually confronted by political and by other influences that render complete concentration of effort impossible, and compel them to detach forces which have only an indirect influence, if any, upon the purpose to which concentration of effort is directed. Later editions of Hamley's 'Operations of War' contain a chapter on 'Detachments,' wherein this subject is handled with skill by Colonel (afterwards Lieut-General, and Chief of Staff on the Western Front) L. E. Kiggell, who was Commandant at Camberley when war broke out in 1914. The subject is not one that lends itself to brief exposition, but, if we

* See '1914.'

can assume that concentration of effort is the best road to success, the deduction can be made that the utility of every detachment of force can best be judged by the extent to which it contributes to success in that effort.

To take a practical example. In August 1914, the political authorities, who bore the responsibility for distributing our troops about the world, recognised that the German Army constituted the chief menace to ourselves and to our Allies. Military effort was, therefore, concentrated against that objective. The entry of Turkey into the war towards the close of the year opened up many opportunities for military adventure and for diversions of force from the original purpose, which had not in any way decreased in importance. The principle was quite simple, but under the stress of war conditions and distractions the simple became difficult. Sir Henry Wilson and Sir William Robertson had followed the example of their predecessor, Lord Rawlinson, in impressing this point upon the Staff Officers whom they trained. It was commonly remarked amongst Staff College students of their day that, although the advantages of concentration of effort had been impressed upon them *ad nauseam* in books studied for the entrance examination, it was not until they had spent nearly two years in solving practical problems at the Staff College for themselves that they discovered the soundness of the theory, and acquired an instinct for its application. We can now study, from their own writings, the extent to which Sir Henry Wilson and Sir William Robertson had acquired this same quality, which they demanded from their students.

In 1914, both Sir William Robertson and Sir Henry Wilson seem to have shared in the prevalent delusion that the despatch of a British expeditionary force of six divisions would suffice to adjust the balance between the French and German armies on the Western Front, that the war would, therefore, be so short as to justify the abandonment of their posts by the General Staff at the War Office, leaving to others the responsible task of advising the Government on broad questions of military strategy.

Sir William Robertson provides us with valuable

historical sources about the inception of the great diversions of man-power and material, to the Dardanelles and elsewhere, which occurred before he returned to Whitehall, in December 1915, as 'chief military adviser and executive officer at Government headquarters.' The result of these various diversions was that :

'By the autumn of 1915 the Entente armies had become engaged in five different campaigns in Europe, besides several in Africa and Asia, each of which was being prosecuted more or less independently of the others and on no good system for securing effective co-ordination of the whole.' ('Soldiers and Statesmen,' Vol. I, p. 191.)

Under such conditions as these, concentration of military effort or of political purpose, whatever that purpose might be, was clearly impossible. To this cause may be attributed the long duration of the war; the crushing losses in man-power and economic resources; and much of the distress from which the Entente Powers suffered before and after their final victory.

Since, as we have seen, the power to control the higher military strategy lay with political, and not with military authorities, it was obviously necessary to devise sane political machinery for combined action, before military combination could be achieved. The credit for devising such machinery must be awarded to the soldier-diplomatist, Sir Henry Wilson, to whom must also be awarded much of the credit for such military co-operation as it was possible to secure between ourselves and our French Allies during that critical period, the winter of 1917-18.

In September 1917, Wilson took over charge of the Eastern command, with his headquarters in Whitehall, and 'the fact of his being stationed in London enabled him to keep touch with his friends in the Cabinet, his friends at the War Office, and his friends in Parliament. In October, we find him at work on a memorandum for the War Cabinet. In his diary for Oct. 17, we read :

'Lloyd George means to get Robertson out, and means to curb the powers of the C. in C. in the field. This is what I

have been advising for two-and-a-half years, and this is what the whole of my paper is directed at—not to getting Robertson out, but to forming a Superior Directive over all the C. G. S.'s [Chiefs of the General Staffs] and C. in C.'s [Commanders in Chief].’ (‘Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson. His Life and Diaries,’ Vol. II, p. 18.)

and, on Oct. 19:

‘It seems to me that there will be a holy row over all this, and, of course, the Frock Coats [Political Authorities] will quote Johnnie [Sir John French] and me against Haig and Robertson. It is the system and machinery that I am aiming at, not the men.’ (Ibid, p. 18.)

The ultimate result was the establishment of the Supreme War Council, which first met at Versailles, on Dec. 1, 1917, and provided machinery for combined political control over the military strategy. Wilson was appointed ‘Military Representative,’ perhaps better described as ‘Technical Adviser,’ to this politico-military supreme authority. We read:

‘If the Supreme War Council was not actually a creation of Wilson’s single-handed, if he could not perhaps claim it wholly as his child, its establishment none the less was to a far greater extent his handiwork than it was the handiwork of any other individual on the side of the allies, civil or military.’ (Callwell, Ibid, p. 35.)

That combined action can in theory best be secured under a single combining authority in the executive powers is a self-evident proposition, but there was room for a strong divergence in opinion over the status of the technical military advisers. The Prime Ministers, or their representatives, formed the supreme authority. Should they be advised, as members of the Supreme War Council, by the Chiefs of Staff who advised them as independent Prime Ministers? or should they seek other military advice, as Sir Henry Wilson proposed? Wilson himself was appointed to advise the Supreme War Council, while Robertson, as Chief of Staff, advised Mr Lloyd George as British Prime Minister. No other nation adopted the same practice.

This brings our study of the influence of military

education, of the Staff and the Staff College, to its climax. Education does not, and should not, alter personality. The views of Sir William Robertson and of Sir Henry Wilson were divergent. Robertson, in view of the collapse of Russia having set free a great German Army to reinforce the Western Front, of the necessary detachment of a number of British divisions to help the Italian Army after its disaster at Caporetto, and of French demands upon Haig to occupy a longer line, disregarding the proportionate number of German troops facing the British and French armies respectively, held steadfastly to his opinion that the issue would be determined on the Western Front, where every available British soldier should, therefore, be concentrated.

Wilson, who on Nov. 10, 1916, had written in his diary: 'If we beat the Boches, all else follows. If we beat the Turks and Bulgars and Greeks we shall be beaten by the Boches. And serve us right,' had completely changed that opinion. He favoured diverting troops from the Western Front to enable Allenby to exploit his successes against the Turks.

Sir Charles Callwell tells us that, instead of adopting the statesmanlike course of replacing Robertson by somebody in whom he had confidence, Mr Lloyd George resorted to the plan of making the British Military Representative on the Supreme War Council 'a soldier entirely independent of the War Office, a soldier who would be in a position to express views to that exalted body which might be totally at variance with the views entertained by the military authorities in Whitehall.' On Jan. 16, 1918, we find this entry in Wilson's diary:

'Much more talk again to-night about a drive against the Turk, and I told Smuts my mind was travelling this way—that the Boche could not get a decision against us, that we could not get one against him in the West, and that, therefore, we ought to try and knock out the Turk.' (Ibid, p. 52.)

The change of view is conspicuous.

Sir William Robertson tells us that on Jan. 14, nothing having been heard from the 'technical advisers' on the question of Palestine which had been referred to them in December, he urged the War Cabinet to decide the question for themselves. On the Western

Front 'as in 1914, and whether we liked it or not, the great struggle would have to be fought out.' He explains further that the General Staff was anxious to assemble as large a force as possible on the Western Front, 'so as to be able not only to parry the blow which there threatened, but to hit back the moment an opportunity offered,' but that unfortunately some 760,000 troops were being retained in the East; of these a considerable number could be spared, but could not be moved pending a decision whether the primary object should be the defeat of the Turks or concentration against the Germans. The War Cabinet would decide nothing pending a report by the technical advisers to the Supreme War Council. This report was furnished at the end of January, after five weeks' consideration, and on Feb. 1, 1918, the Supreme War Council recommended a decisive offensive against Turkey.

M. Clemenceau spoke strongly against the proposal as did Robertson; but a resolution put by Mr Lloyd George in its favour was accepted. On Feb. 19, 1918, Robertson ceased to be Chief of the Imperial General Staff, his successor being Wilson. The Palestine proposal was abandoned for want of troops, and

'When the German attack on the Western Front was launched the situation arose which the General Staff had foreseen four months before and tried to prevent; a large number of troops had to be transferred to France from Palestine, and so found themselves out of action for several weeks just at the time when every man should have been fighting. . . . Troops from other Eastern theatres, as well as from England, were hurried to France at the same time as the withdrawals from Palestine were ordered, and, in general, the crudity of British strategy in persisting in the Eastern adventures collapsed like a house of cards.' ('Soldiers and Statesmen,' Vol. II, p. 294.)

On March 25, 1918, Wilson wrote in his diary that the signs were cumulative of a big German attack on the Western Front, but he added, 'I still think that the Boches, while pressing us, should wait and fall on Italy later.' On March 21 the great blow fell upon Haig's army. On March 26 occurred the historic Doullens Conference, when Lord Milner, instigated by

Wilson, took the responsibility of departing from Mr Lloyd George's policy, expressed publicly during the preceding November, and advocated the appointment of Foch as co-ordinating authority over the allied armies on the Western Front, a position which, on Haig's initiative, was strengthened to the equivalent of a 'generalissimo in the main theatre of war.'

Wilson's services were subsequently of the utmost value to the allied cause. As a brilliant soldier-diplomatist, with an insight into the French character, he did much to keep the two nations together in circumstances in which, without his influence, there might have occurred a fatal divergence amounting even to rupture of military combination. The time soon came when words were dominated by deeds, of which diplomacy was the servant rather than the master. Here Wilson's personality was again of service, as the intermediary between the War Cabinet and the responsible commanders in the field (more products of the Staff College) under their leader Sir Douglas Haig, upon whom all responsibility was thrown by the Government for the loyal response which he made to demands from the French for the aid of British divisions, and for launching Rawlinson's great attack of Aug. 8, 'the black day of the German Army in the history of this war' (Ludendorff). There followed advances by all the British Armies, the principal factor in accelerating the final *débâcle*.

If we glance once more across the years which have passed since the days of Gaspard Le Marchant, the influence of the Camberley Staff College in recent times upon professional knowledge in the British Army stands out as a prominent feature. With increase of knowledge comes increase of power. Reluctance in the nation to grant power to soldiers is well known, but with the experience of the War of 1914-18 behind us, little exception is likely to be taken to Sir William Robertson's plea:

'While soldiers must never forget that the selection of the decisive theatre is influenced by political as well as by military considerations, statesmen should not forget that, once selected, the theatre cannot be changed without causing such dislocation in administrative arrangements as may,

according to the size of the army and the distances involved, take several weeks or even months to readjust. In the meantime the army will be more or less out of action.' ('Soldiers and Statesmen,' Vol. 1, p. 74.)

or to Lord Grey of Fallodon's considered opinion, referring to our waste of effort in secondary theatres:

'The moral for civilians in the future is to ascertain what the best and most responsive military opinion holds to be the central and cardinal point of the war, and, having ascertained it, to keep within the narrowest bounds everything that will direct strength from that point.' ('Twenty-five Years.')

Experience has thus taught to one of the wisest of our statesmen the same lesson that over a hundred years of Staff College education has impressed, with beneficial results, upon British Staff Officers and Commanders.

GEORGE ASTON.

Art. 11.—MODERN OXFORD.

A History of the University of Oxford. Vol. III. *Modern Oxford.* By Sir Charles Edward Mallet. Methuen, 1927.

WE have seldom met with a book so tightly packed with information of the most miscellaneous sort as is Sir Charles Mallet's new volume on the history of the University of Oxford, and we are bound to say, in his praise, that the tight packing has not made the book dry to read. Most of the pages are full of interest, if some are a little 'parochial' in their detail of the minutiae of individual College history, only likely to gratify readers from the particular college in question. For, as in his two volumes on Mediæval and Renaissance Oxford, Sir Charles has undertaken to give us the annals not of the University alone, but of all its component units, down to the now defunct halls, which struggled on till the end of the 19th century. This method of treatment necessitates certain breaches of continuity in the general narrative, where condensed college history crops up at the end of a chapter on social, political, or scholastic developments. Nevertheless, as we have already observed, the interest seldom flags—many college anecdotes are extremely diverting, and illustrate well enough the spirit of the times. It would be difficult to realise without their aid some of the odd possibilities of life in Oxford in the 18th, or even the early 19th, century.

There are, of course, two sharp breaks, one between the story of the first half-century—that of the Jacobite University of Hearne and Dr King,—with all its quarrels and scandals;—and that of the generation of somnolence tempered by lively abuses which followed. The second comes between the annals of the later 18th century and those of the bitter controversies of the 19th, concerning the Oxford Movement and the work of the two great Royal Commissions. The period from 1700 to 1830 can be treated with judicial impartiality by any historian, whatever his political views. But when once we come to the Tractarians and the work of the University Com-

missions, we arrive at problems on which controversy is still alive, and the commentator has to choose his side, and thereby display his bias. We gather that Sir Charles Mallet—as might be expected from one who was a scholar of Balliol and a pupil of Dr Jowett—must be reckoned an Academic Liberal of the moderate sort; but he possesses such a kindly and genial temper that his controversial knocks are never vicious, and condemnation, when it comes, is rather humorous than heavy. The one personage who provokes him to real indignation, and receives a castigation with which most readers will sympathise, is Mr Butterfield, the architect favoured by High Churchmen in Victorian days, selected to disfigure Oxford 'chiefly out of sympathy, as it seems, with his ecclesiastical views.' He 'vented the passion for variety in buildings which no one has yet found the courage to destroy'—though Mr Morrison offered Balliol 20,000*l.* to demolish Butterfield's Chapel, 'a structure deplorably ill-suited to the surroundings in which it was placed.' As to his more pretentious work at Keble Chapel, Sir Charles finds it 'strangely wanting in judgment, dignity, and repose, its crude colouring distressed spectators,' and in general this architect committed with impunity outrages as bad as those which Holdsworth and other 18th-century vandals had projected on paper, but were never allowed to carry out.

Sir Charles is evidently somewhat of an optimist, and in his survey of Oxford since the first Royal Commission of 1852, finds that all has gone well in the best of all possible worlds. That the University needed drastic reform, no one will now deny; that the changes have all been well executed is a more doubtful proposition, whether the critic is a 'federalist,' i.e. a believer in the University composed of colleges as Switzerland is composed of cantons, with a small and weak central executive, or, on the other hand, a 'Unitarian,' i.e. one who conceives of the University as a corporation managing its teaching and administration for itself, and regarding colleges as little more than boarding houses for its students. The extremists of both parties still remain discontented with the working of the three Royal Commissions. But this, as Sir Charles would no doubt remark, is no proof that the Commissions have erred—compromise is the soul

of English politics. The Federalist murmurs against University Boards which strip colleges of fellowships and endowments, and waste the money got thereby on professors who have no pupils, and Honour Schools where the class-lists are well-nigh empty categories, and on sumptuous buildings whose occupants are few. The Unitarian, no less, can tell of colleges which cheat the academic Common Fund by extravagant building and unnecessary superabundance of staff, while their tutors boycott the professorial class-rooms, which the University provides but has no power to fill with students. We may still hear echoes of the tirades of Mark Pattison and Thorold Rogers on the one side, and Goldwin Smith and his friends on the other. But, after all, the machine is working pretty well: the ideals both of the Federalist and of the Unitarian may be unfulfilled—but neither of them can deny that Oxford is in a much more satisfactory state than it was before Royal Commissions began to meddle with its ancient autonomy, and—as we fear that we must add—with its ancient abuses.

It requires a strong effort of imagination for the graduate of to-day to realise what the 18th-century University was like. He can recover its unamiable characteristics by diligent search in the pages of the first section of Sir Charles Mallet's volume. The true governing body, the Hebdomadal Board, was composed of an oligarchy of Heads of Houses: in times of unrest the Hebdomadal maintained an intermittent warfare with Congregation, which, though it had no administrative power, could turn down all legislation proposed to it by the Board. But no amount of rejected decrees or statutes could impair the position of the irresponsible and irremovable Hebdomadal. Internally most of the colleges were from time to time rent by long and bitter feuds between two factions of fellows, or between the fellows as a body and their Principal, Warden, or Provost. These led to constant disputed elections, and interminable appeals to the visitor—a bishop or chancellor whose decisions were sometimes haphazard or confused. We find the Head of the College vetoing every election to a fellowship for years on end, and his fellows retaliating by ingenious methods of so manipulating the college income that their tyrant should suffer in purse or dignity.

Many heads were pluralists on a large scale, holding not only country livings by twos and threes, but distant deaneries, and even bishoprics, which took them away from their college duties. Elections to fellowships, and equally to scholarships, might often go to the deserving student or schoolboy, but as often were given away by pure nepotism. The worst abuse was the institution of 'Founders' Kin,' which led not only to the preference for family descent over intellectual ability, but even to the scandal of 'faked' pedigrees. Where Founders' Kin abuses did not exist, there was often an almost equally pernicious system of county or diocesan restrictions—scholarships or fellowships were confined to candidates born in, e.g. the diocese of Worcester or the county of Northampton. The number of localised foundations was so great that a promising boy, born in some shire which had no endowments attached to it, might have some trouble in discovering where an 'open' scholarship was available. Of 542 fellowships at Oxford only twenty-two were really 'open,' uncontrolled by conditions of locality or kin or the obligation to take Holy Orders (p. 315).

The social life of the University was disfigured by contrasts of undergraduate status which seem to us incredible. The gentleman-commoner, practically released from all bonds of discipline, feasted with the fellows at the high table in Hall, where he was an intolerable nuisance. For the conversation of tutors and deans had to be restricted in his presence, while the conversation of gentlemen-commoners could not be free when an audience of seniors sat around them. No worse arrangement was ever made. This privileged class, with its intentional or unintentional arrogance, was hateful to the charity-scholar, the servitor, who in return for such education as he could pick up, and a bachelor's degree in the future, discharged most of the duties of the College Scout of to-day.

Eighteenth-century satirists draw highly-coloured pictures of the miseries of these poor lads, who 'attended to the needs of gentlemen-commoners, cleaned their shoes and wrote their exercises, while dressing in their old clothes and dining often off cold scraps.' As Sir Charles Mallet writes, 'It was the grinding poverty contrasted with wealth, the grinding poverty which

sometimes went hand in hand with great natural endowments, which embittered some servitors, as it embittered Samuel Johnson in his undergraduate days.' The great Doctor wrote that 'the difference, Sir, between us Servitors and Gentlemen-Commoners is this, that we are men of Wit and no Fortune, while they are men of Fortune and no Wit.'

According to the biographer of the poet Shenstone a gentleman-commoner could not be seen in public with a servitor without disparaging himself. It is astonishing that all servitors did not develop into whatever was the equivalent of Bolsheviks in the 18th century. Yet some of them became in time not only respectable country parsons, but Heads of Colleges, canons and prebendaries, distinguished men of letters (such as William Gifford, the first Editor of the 'Quarterly'), well-paid public servants; one astonishing case, John Potter, a servitor of Queen's College, rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England.

Looking at the general condition of the University in the 18th century, with its professors without audiences, its colleges full of fellows without any regular duties, who had taken orders on compulsion, and were waiting year after year for a college living of competent endowment, to enable them to marry and depart; remembering that the mediæval examination system had become a farce, and the modern examination system had not yet been invented, we sometimes ask ourselves how Oxford continued to be called a place of learning or of education.

The answer must be that individuals are sometimes better than their surroundings. Thus among the forty celibate fellows of Magdalen, St John's, or New College, there would always be some few who were not mere expectants of a college living, but students by real choice. The test by examination, it is true, had become a shameless formula, the repetition of set questions and answers before the 'regent master' whom the undergraduates had chosen, by the candidates who fee'd him—and fed him too! For it was the custom for the successful student to give his examiner a sumptuous meal at the end of the farcical proceedings. But education may proceed without the necessity for examinations,

and in many colleges—though not in all—the relation of pupil and teacher was real. The conscientious tutor would devote himself to the willing pupil, and could give him an excellent training in the classics—even in a small number of cases in mathematics and other studies. All tutors were not conscientious—nor all pupils willing; and no doubt the experience of Gibbon, the historian of the 'Rise and Fall,' at Magdalen were typical enough. As his often-quoted epigram runs, tutors remembered that they had salaries to draw, and forgot that they had duties to discharge.

'No plan of study was recommended for my use: no exercise was imposed for inspection, and in the most precious season of youth whole days and weeks were suffered to elapse without labour or amusement, without advice or account.'

Gibbon was a gentleman-commoner, and his class, it must be remembered, was often regarded by its appointed teachers as intellectually hopeless, and suffered to run its own road, which usually led to idleness and extravagance. But the real indictment against the Magdalen tutors is that they did not discover that this student was a youth with an omnivorous appetite for knowledge, and 'the ardour of a curious mind.' Possibly he may have struck his appointed instructors as egotistic, conceited, and perverse—he was always a self-centred and introspective creature—but that was no excuse for ignoring him.

Meanwhile, other tutors in other colleges were, as Sir Charles Mallet points out, not only zealous instructors but conscientious guardians in all social and moral matters of the boys committed to their charge. And cases may be quoted of eminent men already in their prime, who maintained affectionate correspondence with their old college tutors, as did Canning with Cyril Jackson at the end of the century. It was the fact that the revival of earnest academic study started with the relations between college tutor and pupil, not with those between professor and student, that settled the development of the University as a live institution in the 19th century. When by the laudable exertions of

Eveleigh, Parsons, and Kett, and other contemporaries, the Honours School examinations were established in 1802, and the successful candidates divided into classes in 1807, eager competitive study among the better sort of undergraduates started at once.

And this competition became a matter of inter-collegiate rivalry, just as, twenty years or so later, the original casual regattas on the Thames became the keenly contested 'Eights' of the Summer Term. Incidentally it may raise a smile to remember that in one of the original races, that of 1823, Christ Church entered a protest against the presence of professional watermen in the Brasenose and Jesus boats, and that it was apparently possible for a college which could not raise an eight to put a six-oar crew on the river to compete with the rest.

To revert to our main thesis—the institution of the Honours Schools turned Oxford study into the line of competitive reading for examinations, in which the eager tutor did his best to turn his pupils into first-class men. It was even possible in the primitive days of the game, while mathematics were undeveloped, for an able man to get the double first in classics and mathematics in the same term. This was accomplished by Gladstone and his friend Henry Denison in 1831, and by others of less note before and after. The competition was not only between individual undergraduates, but equally between their college tutors: in both local patriotism worked strongly, for if there were some colleges which founded their pride on social or athletic success, there were others where intellectual triumphs were the all-important ambition. From the second quarter of the 19th century onward all Oxford education grew more and more dominated by the desire to achieve success in the final Honours examinations, and so—despite of protests from many quarters—does it remain to-day.

Essentially speaking, the Oxford curriculum is planned purely with a view to success in examinations, not to the increase of learning. It fares ill with the undergraduate of good parts who swerves from the prescribed subjects and becomes attracted to studies which, as his tutor assures him, 'will not pay.' Before he gets his second or third class in the final schools, he will have

earned the dislike of his instructors—for has he not cheated his college of a first class?—and the condescending pity of his contemporaries of a more practical turn of mind.

The University in recent years has established certain doctorates and baccalaureates as rewards for post-graduate studies. They are not taken too seriously by the average man. It was often pleaded by admirers of the examination system that professors would find their proper sphere of work in the supervision of classes of post-graduate candidates for the new degrees. Any one really conversant with modern Oxford ways is aware that this suggestion was made in irony. For no two of such candidates wish to specialise in the same subject: imagine the Professor of Modern History endeavouring to form a 'class' out of young men interested respectively in Burgage Tenure, the constitution of Aragon, Cardinal Fleury, and the Reform Bill of 1832! As Dr Fowler of Corpus remarked before the Royal Commission of 1881, Oxford and Cambridge are the only Universities in the world in which the Professors have no control over, or access to, the student. And as another of his colleagues complained, 'You pay professors to make bricks [classes], but you do not give them any straw [pupils].' So the tutor continues to thrust the academic youth through the examination schools, while the Professor sits in an empty class-room. Dr Stubbs, the greatest constitutional historian of his day, and an admirable teacher, never had a class of more than five or six men. Dr Freeman's lectures on Mediæval Sicily expired, because no one at all came to them. Meanwhile, the halls of tutors whose lectures were supposed to be 'good for the schools' were thronged by a couple of hundred hearers. For all this, see Sir Charles Mallet's pages, 290-91, 342-44, and 452-55.

We are, however, lingering too long on the educational side of the history of which Sir Charles Mallet has to tell. Far more interesting to most readers, we fancy, will be his genial and carefully balanced pages on social, religious, and athletic annals. His account of the Oxford Movement and the Tractarians (pp. 217-79) is written with a good deal of self-restraint, the author's sympathies being obviously on the anti-Tractarian side. But we do

not think that the High Church critic could point out a single epithet which is unjust, and the account of the whole stormy period, from the Hampdenian Controversy to the Gorham Judgment, is as clear as it is judicial. It is curious to learn from the reminiscences of old men who lived through those times of bitter controversy—in which we imagine that no one in Oxford thought of anything save heresy-hunting on one side or the other—that the whole storm passed unnoticed over the heads of many of the youth of the day. Dean Purey-Cust, a Christ Church undergraduate of the early 1840's, recorded that he and his friends rode a good deal, played some cricket, and read enough to pass the schools, without comprehending the inexplicable habits of dons who thronged Congregation at frequent intervals to wrangle there on religious topics. Pusey's name was just known to the honest sporting passmen—those of other chiefs of factions on one side or another not at all. The controversies, which we suppose to have engrossed the entire attention of the whole University for long years, were really the delight only of certain circles of men, young and old, who were ecclesiastically minded. It must be remembered that the majority of the fellows were still compelled to take Holy Orders. The tide of University business and pleasure flowed on all through the days when Newman's agonies and W. G. Ward's laboured subtleties were engrossing the attention of their enemies or admirers.

In the next generations it was Royal Commissions which was the topic of the day—not religious disputes. The character of Modern Oxford was definitely settled by the two great commissions which reported in 1852 and 1882. The first was the great sweeper away of ancient abuses, such as Founders' Kin scholars and fellows: it deprived the Heads of Houses of their monopoly in the Hebdomadal Council, freed a good many fellowships from the obligation to take Holy Orders, and made detailed inquiry into the administration of college revenue. It certainly seemed odd that Magdalen College should have over forty fellows and only fifteen undergraduates, and that out of the immense closely Wykehamical foundation of New College only one student should have taken a first class in ten years, that the

Professor of Greek should be receiving only 40*l.* a year, but certain non-resident senior fellows of certain colleges eight times as much. The inquiry into the distribution of college funds was welcomed in certain quarters, received with grudging taciturnity or even an absolute *non possumus* in others. The Vice-Chancellor 'did not feel at liberty to make any reply, and intimated the University's intention of contesting the legality of the Commission.' If Corpus, All Souls, St John's, and Pembroke placed all their rent-rolls and by-laws at the disposal of the Commissioners, Oriel and Queen's, Trinity and Jesus, sent polite acknowledgment but nothing more. Christ Church and Magdalen refused to be drawn into making any responses: University and Brasenose withheld information (p. 302). This was unwise and provocative, and led to much greater suspicions of maladministration than were really justified. After extorting information as best they could, the Commissioners cut down the number of fellowships, increased that of scholarships, endeavoured to make special provision for poor students by relaxing the strict rules as to residence in college, and founded a number of new professorships; but forgot to make any arrangements by which the professors in the new subjects should be provided with pupils. The Bill founded on the report of the Commission became law in 1854, not without certain changes of details in Committee of the House of Commons. Its queerest compromise was one by which Nonconformists were admitted to matriculation and the B.A. degree, but prohibited from proceeding to the Mastership of Arts, which would give them places in Congregation and a voice in the governance of the University. The removal of this illogical hindrance to full academical citizenship was delayed for more than ten years, and it only came to an end with the 'University Tests Act' of 1871—which was bitterly opposed by the Tractarians. Dr Pusey declared that 'Oxford was now lost to the Church of England'—but the case had been given away in 1854; it was impossible with any show of reason to deny the M.A. degree to Nonconformists, when once the B.A. had been conceded.

If the Tests Act had failed to pass in 1871, it is certain that the relief which it granted would have formed part

of the reforms recommended by the second Royal Commission, whose activities resulted in the Universities Act of 1882. This Commission had not such obstinate enemies to fight as its predecessors of 1852, possibly because the abuses which had been so obvious in the early Victorian colleges had already been in the main abolished. The second Commission made an end of life-fellowships, which the first had unwisely allowed to continue. There are many still alive who can remember the last resident survivors of the old régime, lingering on obscurely in colleges where they had never done any work, or perhaps returning in senility to quadrangles where they were forgotten, after a life spent in other quarters of the globe. The non-tutorial life-fellow was seldom a scholar or a writer of books, though he occasionally excused his existence by ostensible researches for a *magnum opus* which never appeared. He was sometimes a man of affairs, who by continued celibacy had retained 200*l.* to 300*l.* a year of academic money to add to the income which he was earning at the bar, or in a public office, or in Fleet Street. It certainly was no profit to the University, or to learning at large, that a Q.C. or a Permanent Under-Secretary should be drawing a few hundreds of college endowment money for twenty, thirty, or forty years. This was merely an abuse of academic funds. The case was not quite so scandalous with the molluscs who never had left Oxford, and, lured from more active life by the attractions of an exiguous celibate endowment, stuck to their rooms and crept about the college, often in unhonoured old age. For it must be acknowledged that some of them were eccentric, up to (or over) the bounds of insanity, while others were bibulous, a source of unholy joy to observant undergraduates, as they passed from common-room to their beds. The second Commission wisely brought down the prize fellowship from a life tenure to a seven-years' term, removing the ban on marriage. The tutorial fellowship, with all bans equally removed, was made into a renewable office, tenable so long as its duties were discharged, and furnished with a pension at its end. The weak point of the tutorial fellowship as a career was that it had no certainties of promotion: a competent tutor might be earning as much at the age of thirty as

at the age of sixty. And if his particular line of learning was provided with a professor who lived for ever, and his college was presided over by a Provost or Warden who emulated the years of Dr Routh, promotion in Oxford was blocked for the term of his natural life. The only chance was to seek it elsewhere—breaking the habits that had been formed by twenty years of residence. In earlier days the superannuated tutor had been in orders, and took a college living. But for laymen there is no such possibility.

The abolition of the compulsory clerical fellowship, and of the life-long 'idle' fellowship was undoubtedly a boon to the University, and set free much money for better uses—always in an increasing degree. For the colleges, giving as their reason or in some cases rather as their excuse, the long-drawn agricultural depression which brought down their rents, took to giving fewer prize fellowships every year. There are hardly any in existence now, save at All Souls, whose conditions are exceptional. But relief to the college revenue obtained in this way only involved the corporation in larger contributions to the 'Common University Fund,' that institution so much hated by the advocates of college autonomy and 'federalism.' New professorships were founded by the 1877 Act, on even a larger scale than those of the 1854 Act, a great proportion of them on the Science side. Indeed, Science, with its all-devouring and ever-multiplying group of museums and laboratories, has been the great spending department of the University of the last fifty years. Outside the sphere of the scientific schools, in which college tutors were few and University professors were often the real teachers, the newly created holders of professorial chairs often found themselves in the same position as their elders of 1854. 'The University expected them to lecture in the grand style, but forgot to provide them with audiences' (p. 343).

Of the last Post-War University Commission it is, fortunately, not needful to write at any great length. To the distress of many foes of Oxford, it found that there were no scandals to be removed, and its touch fell with comparative lightness on the academic Constitution. But, as Sir Charles Mallet observes (p. 493), the time has not yet come to judge of the permanent

results of its activities. The most obvious of them are the liberal grants in aid of University funds by the Exchequer of the realm. Whether this will in the end make Oxford the vassal of the Education Office we cannot say—but venture to hope that pessimists are as misled as the prophets of evil who, in 1854, declared that the work of the first Commission was ‘an illiberal revolution which struck at the roots of freedom,’ and in 1877 cried out ‘that every penny diverted from the colleges to the University would be diverted from the encouragement of learning to the benefit of laziness.’ This last was the *dictum* of Robert Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke!

Of Sir Charles Mallet’s chapters on college, as opposed to University, history we have little space to speak. In the 18th century their interest is great—in the 19th decency began to be the rule rather than the exception, when the fellows differed from each other—or from their head. The former period is naturally the more amusing to the reader. The strangest incidents may be found—of fellows who at an election dragged a half-witted or a moribund colleague to vote in chapel—of Rectors who withstood a visitor *vi et armis* when he tried to enter—of the chaos caused when two bodies of fellows, each declaring itself to be the legitimate governing body, elected colleagues into their corporation, no one knowing which was the valid and which the invalid mandate. All this greatly resembles Papal Elections of the 14th or 15th century. The 19th century can produce few such pictures—the wars of Mark Pattison with the fellows of Lincoln were at least conducted with decency, if not without acerbity. Perhaps the only 19th-century Oxford incident which still strikes us as astounding was the bankruptcy of old Hertford College, the only college which has ever disappeared, though halls vanished by the dozen in the 16th century. Insufficiently endowed by that admirable enthusiast Dr Newton, old Hertford fell into financial ruin when undergraduates ceased to enter its gates. Of its exiguous staff of four fellows, several died unreplaced. The last survivor is said to have elected himself as head of the moribund institution, and to have maintained a small income by letting out the empty rooms to strange non-academic lodgers—a teacher of modern Greek, a fencing master, and various un-

desirable foreigners. The fall of an unrepaired roof slew one or more of these aliens, and the University Calendar of the following year has as its head-piece 'A view of All Souls College from the ruins of Hertford College.' The University at last interfered, and procured an Act of Parliament to declare the college defunct. Its partly ruinous buildings were sold to Magdalen Hall, a society whose home had recently been destroyed by fire, and which sought a new abode. With the fund thus obtained the famous Hertford Scholarship was established in 1834. How many of its proud winners are aware of the curious origin of its name—the sole memorial of the excellent endeavour of Dr Newton?

We cannot speak too highly of the excellent index with which Sir Charles Mallet has furnished his volume. Tested again and again, it has always been found lucid, complete, and well arranged—as indeed is the whole of his book.

C. W. C. OMAN.

Art. 12.—QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Letters of Queen Victoria. (Second Series.) [Third Volume.] A Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence and Journal between the Years 1862 and 1885. Published by authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by George Earle Buckle. In Three Volumes. Murray, 1928.

THE new volume of Queen Victoria's letters carries the story from 1879 to 1885. We begin with the last months of the Beaconsfield Ministry and end with the first months of the long rule of Lord Salisbury. The bulk of the book is occupied with the Gladstone Ministry of 1880-1885, with which the Queen is shown to have been in almost continual conflict on one subject or another. Though describing herself in one of these letters as 'yielding to no one in true Liberalism' she had in fact become a strong Conservative, and even something of a Jingo. The defeat of her beloved Disraeli in 1880 was a great grief to her, and still more the necessity of accepting Gladstone as his successor. Almost everything the Gladstone Ministry did aroused her alarm or indignation, and she welcomed their defeat in 1885. The last letters here printed show her, after the General Election of 1885, successfully urging Salisbury not to resign, and endeavouring, through Goschen and others, to create a coalition of 'moderate' men who will save her from the dreaded and detested alternative of resigning herself once more into the hands of Gladstone. As we know, she did not, in fact, escape that alternative. Readers of this volume will have no difficulty in guessing the indignation with which she must—certainly not at all in silence—have watched the fall of the Salisbury Government and the first attempt at Home Rule. Indeed, if I am rightly informed, there was more than indignation. There was active resistance. I believe that she passionately urged Lord Salisbury to carry on and defy the vote of the House of Commons; and that, even after the impossibility of that course had been made plain to her, she accepted Gladstone only on condition of his substituting Lord Rosebery for Lord Granville at the

Foreign Office and promising that the extraordinary improvement which Lord Salisbury's short term of office had brought about in our relations with Foreign Powers should not be destroyed by any reversal of his policy. She thus secured herself comparative peace in the field of foreign affairs, which was what specially interested her. But, in spite of that, the first half of 1886 must have been spent by her in explosions of disgust and anger. And those who feel for a woman of very strong personal feelings and public convictions placed after a reign of fifty years in a position of extraordinary difficulty will be glad to remember that after July 1886 she had comparative rest and comfort for her remaining fifteen years. No doubt she did not like everything done by her Conservative Ministers, but they at least shared her faith in the greatness of England and the British Empire, and they were sure to preserve her from such fundamental changes in the social and political conditions of England as were always being threatened by their opponents, and were naturally dreaded and disliked by an old Sovereign full of the Royal instinct for continuity and order. In their hands the land had rest for nearly twenty years, and the Queen, one may almost say, for all the years she had yet to live; for the last Ministry of Gladstone, though it must have been a great annoyance to her, was too weak and too short-lived to be more than an unimportant interruption of the long peace. Even those who most disagree with her may well indulge in a kindly rejoicing that the policies, both foreign and domestic, which she most disliked were in abeyance or defeat during the last chapter of her reign.

But mention of that is an anticipation of volumes which we may, or may not, be privileged to see later. For the present we are concerned only with the six years, 1879-1885. It will be evident, from what has been already said, that we are here dealing with a woman and a Queen who was, in Arnold's phrase, more and more abounding in her own sense. The immediate cause of that was, of course, Disraeli. The Throne was the first article in Disraeli's political faith, and, naturally enough, he made no quicker or easier convert than its occupant. He always talked to the Queen of her Empire and her Army and her servants, and even of her policy.

All that was wholly true in law, and much truer in theory and in desirability than had been understood during the long rule of the Whigs. But it was new and naturally pleasant to the Royal ears; and it made her believe in herself and assert herself with a new courage and confidence. Nature had given her at her birth an exceptionally strong physical constitution, a very forceful will, and a mind which, because extremely clear, extremely untiring, and at the same time not at all subtle, was just the mind to reinforce a strong will. In her, as in George III, these qualities were reinforced by an honest consciousness of daily desire to do a Sovereign's duty to her people, and the combination was one which in both cases Ministers found very formidable. Victoria began her reign under the stimulating protection of Melbourne. Even before she had begun to feel that protection, within the first dozen hours of her reign, she had shown the courage and will that was in her by dismissing from her presence, at once and for ever, her mother's favourite, Sir John Conroy. And how rapidly her self-confidence grew, under the double delight of the Crown on her head and Melbourne at her side, may be seen in her defeat of Peel over the Bedchamber affair. Then came her husband, and with him a long period of something like obedience, first to tuition, and then to memory, though her natural self was always there and could even break out violently at times, as in the dismissal of Palmerston. Still, between Melbourne and Disraeli she had no Minister who was temperamentally congenial to her. With Disraeli she took new life; and, with the privileges of age now reinforcing those of rank and sex, she became the passionate, determined, and, to opponents, very difficult woman whom we see in these pages.

About a woman in so great a position as Queen Victoria people naturally ask two questions: What was she like as a woman? What was she like as a Queen? So far as those two questions can be separated, it is only the second of them to which these letters provide an answer. In what we have here the woman appears almost exclusively as the Queen. She is, indeed, as far as possible from being lost or concealed in the Queen. Her letters have nothing of the official colourless-

ness of the 'Queen's Speech' about them. They are the letters of an eager, excitable, prejudiced, and passionate woman. No man could have struck the note whether of indignation or of sorrow, which comes out in all she writes about her soldiers, whether in victory or in defeat, or about such tragedies as the deaths of Lord Frederick Cavendish and the Prince Imperial, above all, about the supreme tragedy of the death of Gordon. No man could have written such petulant letters as she wrote to Gladstone, and no man would have received such patient and respectful replies. Never for a moment does she forget, or allow any one else to forget, that she is woman as well as Queen. But neither in the letters themselves nor in the useful and admirable introductions with which Mr Buckle has prefaced each chapter, is the woman apart from the Queen much in evidence. There are a certain number of appearances of the mother, the grandmother, and the cousin. Unlike the four women who had preceded her on the throne of England, of whom one was unmarried and none had children, Queen Victoria had a large family and a whole clan of relations, and was eager and active in promoting their interests all over the world. It is amusing to find Lord Salisbury obliged to remind her that in her passionate championship of her favourite Alexander of Bulgaria's annexation of Eastern Roumelia she was trying to upset the very cornerstone of the policy of her beloved Beaconsfield. To any one else he probably would have enjoyed adding that it was a new doctrine to him that a popular revolution was a proper guide to the policy of the statesmen of Europe. But the woman in Victoria had a great liking for Alexander, who was her daughter's brother-in-law: and in his interest the Queen was quite prepared to forget her legalism and Conservatism, and even her adored Disraeli. This action was, however, of a public nature, though founded on private affections. Of strictly private life, tastes and feelings, there is almost nothing here.

His Majesty the King has been free and generous, some will think surprisingly so, in permitting the publication of the Queen's political and ministerial correspondence. He has allowed Mr Buckle to make the two volumes an historical record of the first importance. And, as

every one would expect beforehand, Mr Buckle has carried through what must have been the very laborious as well as very responsible task of editing the letters, with admirable judgment, as well as with his usual self-effacement and his usual well-informed accuracy. He gives us no private opinions or private information of his own. He is content to supply us with all the political information we need for understanding the matters discussed between the Queen and her correspondents. This he does by means of brief and business-like footnotes with a few pages of introduction placed at the opening of each chapter. These, between them, serve to tell us who the personages mentioned are and how the political situation at home and abroad was developing at the time. For the book is, almost exclusively, a selection from the Queen's official correspondence. It is in no sense a biography. There are indeed a few letters, but very few, addressed to private friends, and dealing with private matters, such as marriages or deaths in the Queen's family or among her intimates. These show once more her quickness of sympathy, her intimate affection for her trusted servants (she addresses Dean Wellesley's widow as 'Dearest Lily'), and the terrible loneliness which after 1861 never passed away. 'I am a poor desolate old woman,' she writes after Prince Leopold's death, 'and my cup of sorrow overflows.' Of smaller personal matters there is almost nothing. The only items I have noticed are a snub to a silly Miss McGregor who wanted all mention of drinking of healths omitted from the 'Life of the Prince Consort' for fear of offending the total abstinence party, and a curious account of getting wet at Holyrood, which shows there is not more comfort in a multitude of servants than wisdom in a multitude of counsellors. The Queen comes home very wet from a review during which she had 'sat in a pool of water'; and yet she had 'great difficulty' in getting a fire lit, had herself to 'run down and look after Beatrice and Marie,' the latter of whom had no change of clothes with her and had to borrow some while her own were being dried! But these are isolated trifles. The book is a book of the Queen. Perhaps one who had become a Sovereign so very young found it hard even for a moment

to be anything else. Even to her own children, whom she so devotedly loved and who so loved her, she was always Queen as well as mother. Anyhow, neither of that relation nor of any other, if there was any other, in which she could dream of forgetting her Queenship, do we see more than the scantiest glimpses here. No doubt there was no room for more, independent of the fact that the subject of the book is the Queen's public life. Already the volume is a large one; and its seven hundred pages have enough to do in showing how from day to day a nearly always absent Queen, by an incessant stream of letters, discharged her function as the Sovereign of this country without whose ultimate consent almost nothing could, in law and theory, be done by her Ministers, and not a very great deal in fact and practice.

And yet—it is the irony and sometimes the tragedy of the position of a Constitutional Monarch—the greater the issue the less possible is it for that consent to be permanently withheld. The government of this country can only be carried on by Ministers possessing the support of the House of Commons, for no others can obtain supplies. The Sovereign must therefore accept Ministers who command that support: and no statesman will take office except with the power of carrying out his own policy, at least in matters of importance. When that is a policy which, as in 1880 and 1886, was one which the Queen disapproved and disliked, friction inevitably resulted. The letters printed in this volume are an almost continuous record of such friction, which was worse during the years 1880–1885 than at any other period of the reign. This was largely due to the personality of the Prime Minister, which was more antipathetic to the Queen than that of any of his predecessors or successors. He was, indeed, never jaunty, impertinent or vulgar like that 'dreadful old man' Lord Palmerston, being as exactly the reverse of Palmerston in his treatment of the Queen as in everything else. She never had a more deferential Minister. All the traditionalism, all the clinging to custom and precedent, all the social Conservatism, which were so strong in him to the very last (and one may note so conspicuously absent in Lord Salisbury), made him treat his Sovereign with a respect at once ceremonial and sincere. No Conservative was

quicker than he to resent criticism of her doings, or to oppose attacks upon the Civil List, or attempts to interfere in any way with the dignity or the comfort of the Queen and her family. She always recognised these services : and with her habitual honesty and courage she mentioned them, and not any public services, in the telegram she sent to Mrs Gladstone after his death. If the Prince Consort had lived it is possible that Gladstone and not Disraeli would have been the favourite Minister of the Throne. But when the Queen began, as I said just now, to abound in her own sense, antipathy was certain. For, except a high seriousness in matters of morals, she and her Minister had nothing whatever in common. She knew little, and cared little, about franchise, finance, local government, and the other domestic problems in which Gladstone showed such mastery and such passion. And he was always an ignorant and impatient bungler in the field of foreign affairs where her knowledge was so intimate and her interest so eager. Partly on personal and partly on public grounds, she was intensely sensitive to the slightest weakening of the power and prestige of England as one of the great nations of Europe and the centre and life-blood of the greatest of empires. Gladstone was always rather apt to treat the pressure of these things as a tiresome interruption of the real business of Ministers ; to regard the Empire with indifference, and look upon national prestige as a temptation of the Devil. So it was, perhaps, to the Queen, more than she knew. She was at least as human as the rest of us, and for her the greatness of England was, as we see here, not merely a national but a personal interest. She always thought of herself, naturally enough, as one of that tiny band, remote from ordinary mankind, the Sovereigns of Europe, and instinctively felt that the position she held among those august units depended largely on the importance of the part played by her country. She fought for the dignity and interest of England with that same mixture of the selfish and the unselfish which other women exhibit in fighting for their families. Like them, she was ready to sacrifice herself for the cause ; and, as to other people and things, they were to be sacrificed for it, without hesitation or question, whether it had any claim on them

or not. So here she writes angrily to Lord Granville in 1883: 'Are we to let the French go on taking what they like with impunity? First Tunis, and now Madagascar. It will have the very worst effect.' And there is not a sign that she ever asked herself why it was so entirely wrong for France to take Tunis and so entirely right for us to take Egypt, the Soudan, Candahar, the Transvaal, and other trifles, about all of which she was insistent for advance, and vehement against evacuation or retreat. The truth is that her strong will and love of power set free by Disraeli had made her what we find her in all these letters, which is very much of an Imperialist and more than a little of a Jingo. And to Gladstone the follies and egoisms of the Jingoists were scarcely more alien than the wisdom and imagination of such Imperial statesmen as Cromer. And yet it seems quite possible that it may be by his action in foreign affairs, which was a series of ignorant and unpopular failures, rather, even, than by his financial work, which was as scientific and successful as it was brilliant, that he will ultimately influence the history of the world. No foreign policy ever failed more disastrously than that followed between 1868 and 1874 and between 1880 and 1885. In these last years, in particular, its drifting weakness was fatal, not merely to the power and influence of England, but almost to the peace of the world. It is said that Lord Salisbury, on taking office—1885—remarked: 'they have created a Concert of Europe. But it is a Concert united against this country.' And the impression made upon the country by the mismanagement of foreign affairs was so great that, without the votes of the ignorant new voters, the Government would have been defeated in the elections of 1885; and it may be added that distrust of Liberal policy abroad and in Ireland, the special legacies of Gladstone, has from 1885 to the present day prevented the Liberals from ever obtaining a majority of their own in the House of Commons except during the four years, 1906-1910. Yet it may perhaps turn out that this field of utter and deserved failure provides the achievement by which Gladstone will be longest remembered. To foreign affairs he never gave much either of his intellect or his industry. Consequently his foreign

policy was a danger to his country and a discredit to himself. But he gave to it more than once the whole of his heart, and consequently he sowed seeds which may yet bear rich fruit. If the spirit of selfish aggression is ever exorcised among the nations; if justice and right are ever universally preferred to power and prestige; if arbitration and legal decision ever become the accepted ways of settling all disputes between nations as they have long been between individuals; if armaments disappear and the peace of the world becomes established and secure, much will be due to the man who provoked Bismarck's contempt by giving the Ionian islands to Greece, who referred the Alabama dispute to arbitration, who, not always wisely and often ignorantly but always generously, demanded that justice should be the law of international action whether in Europe or Asia or Africa.

But if it be only fair to Gladstone to say this, it is only fair to the Queen to say that she could not be expected to see results so distant and problematical. What she saw was present, actual, and certain. And there was little in that that did credit to Gladstone. So when the Beaconsfield Ministry was defeated she naturally felt that she was losing a statesman in whose hands England had grown greater, more respected, and more trusted, and was being forced to accept one whose reckless language during the previous years had filled the Sovereigns and statesmen of Europe with the same distrust with which it filled her. Gladstone, in his day, like Mr Lloyd George in ours, never understood that a statesman who, in the hearing of the whole world, criticises the foreign policy of his own country must do so with caution and moderation. So it was natural enough that the Queen in 1880 looked upon Gladstone as a violent demagogue, the unscrupulous enemy not only of her favourite Minister but of herself and of England. And already, in 1879, we find her directing Sir Henry Ponsonby to let 'his Whig friends' hear that 'I never could take Mr Gladstone as my Minister again, for I never *could* have the slightest confidence in Mr Gladstone after his violent, mischievous, and dangerous conduct for the last three years.' And it is well known how hard she struggled against the inevitable when the

crash came in 1880. At first she still maintained that 'with Mr Gladstone she could have nothing to do,' and she refused to send for him till Hartington and Granville had definitely failed her. It is interesting to see from her journal that these statesmen were inclined to regard Gladstone as rather inevitable than desirable, while Hartington did not conceal from her that he felt Gladstone's conduct in resigning in the hour of adversity and claiming the leadership again in that of victory to be 'certainly not generous.' But, of course, things being as they were, and Gladstone being what he was, neither of them could save her from the detested surrender. From that moment began the long struggle between a Queen and Minister of exactly opposite temperaments which lasted, especially with regard to foreign affairs, right up to Gladstone's defeat and resignation in 1885. It makes rather melancholy, or rather amusing, reading, according to the mood in which it is approached. Each meant so well, and neither was really capable of understanding the other's point of view. The Queen was clear, direct, vehement, generally brief, and occasionally rude. Gladstone was verbose, long-winded, casuistical, often obscure, but always polite. The Queen took long views, judged every proposed policy by the effect it seemed likely to have on the present and future influence of England among the nations, knew no fears of anybody at home or abroad, and was utterly contemptuous of popular opinion and Parliamentary votes. Gladstone, always anxious to get back to Ireland or finance or the franchise, was generally thinking of the next session or the next division, and the difficulties of carrying on an always divided Government. To these things she was blind and deaf, and we find Lord Rosebery and Hartington having to reinforce Gladstone by pointing out to her that such things as the retention of the Soudan, for which she was eager, simply could not be done because any Government, this or another, which attempted them would, as things were then, simply be turned out. But if this particular thing was an impossibility, there were others that were not. Looking far ahead in politics is never easy, but the Gladstone Ministry was exceptionally incapable of it. There is a letter here of Lord Beaconsfield's to the Queen, in which he remarks

that before the General Election of 1880 he had, in his election letter to the Duke of Marlborough, pointed out that the two danger spots were Ireland and the Turkish Empire, and that Gladstone and his friends had replied that he had fixed on the only two subjects in which there was neither danger nor difficulty. So the Queen warned her new Ministers of the danger of withdrawing the Consuls whom Beaconsfield had sent with special rights and duties to Asia Minor: and who knows how many subsequent massacres their presence might have prevented? Again, the Queen was certainly right in objecting to the removal of Colonial Governors on the change of Ministry and on the general principle of supporting them while they represented the Crown. No doubt she greatly exaggerated this salutary doctrine, for she was constantly telling her Ministers that it was their duty to follow blindly the advice of 'those on the spot' (including, and perhaps especially, the soldiers), 'who can alone judge of the state of affairs.' No Empire like ours could survive the adoption of this principle carried as far as the Queen would have liked. For the man on the spot, whether the spot be Egypt or Africa or China, is almost sure to exaggerate the importance of that spot and of the particular problem with which he himself has to deal. It is one of the most important duties of Ministers at home to look at each single problem from the point of view of the whole; not to sell the whole, which the 'man on the spot' seldom sees, for the sake of the part which he sees so plainly; not, for instance, as Lord Rosebery told the Queen, to secure the Soudan at the cost of rendering ourselves helpless before Russian or French aggression elsewhere. Still, the Queen appears, as we look back, far more right, because more foreseeing, about Egypt than her Ministers. How wise she was in continually urging them not to make any pledges about evacuation which must depend upon conditions that could not be foreseen! What a price the English name, and English credit for good faith, has paid in the last forty years for those rash pledges of Gladstone, and even of Salisbury! Allowances must, of course, be made for Ministers hard driven by Parliamentary or diplomatic exigencies. But it remains true that the Queen's policy was the right one.

She wished to give 'an honest firm answer that it is impossible to say when the British troops can go, in the interest of Egypt and of this country.' It is certain that if Ministers had listened to her, and ignored protests from France and from 'gentlemen below the gangway' they and we would have been the gainers. How far more foresight she showed, again, about the danger of Gordon! It was not she who sent him, and no doubt he behaved in a very surprising, inconsistent and irritating fashion. But the Queen, like her people, instinctively felt that, whatever his mistakes, it would be an indelible disgrace to let such a hero die deserted at Khartoum. Gladstone shows at his worst in the whole business, and was as completely out of touch with national feeling as the Queen was representative of it. Gordon had not reached Khartoum before the Queen was 'trembling for his safety.' 'If anything befalls *him* the result will be awful.' Gladstone had no such feelings. Indeed, even when all was over, he illustrated his extraordinary lack of response to the heroic character by always wondering, so Morley tells us, why Gordon's death aroused so much more sympathy than that of the gallant Cavagnari at Cabul. No doubt he was unaware of it, but it is plain that he half disliked Gordon for having caused him so much trouble, and therefore refused to see that there could be no such feeling about the death of an entirely unknown man who had died, tragically and cruelly, no doubt, but in the discharge of his ordinary duty, and that of a man who had become a legend in his lifetime, a hero of heroes, and had besides, at the call of his country, gone alone into a desert of savages on the forlornest of forlorn hopes. But to all this Gladstone was, or chose to be, blind. When Baring in March 1884 strongly urged that help should be sent on account of the danger Gordon was already in, Gladstone drily told the Queen that 'at the present moment your Majesty's Government do not possess evidence of these dangers.' He had a case for refusing; for Gordon had been told before he went that English troops could not be sent after him, and military opinion was strong about the difficulties of sending them. But Gladstone, unlike the Queen, insisted on shelving the question, for the reason that, as Baring told the Queen

after an interview with him, he thought the whole matter of secondary importance and had no decided policy about it. In June, he still tells the Queen that he 'saw little occasion for present anxiety about Gordon,' and writes her a characteristically obscure and verbose letter about Egyptian policy, referring to those who allege that 'it is folly to surrender (what they think) a privileged position, and to establish (as they erroneously anticipate) a multiple instead of the dual control.' No wonder the Queen let herself go in replying: 'How often and often on many questions within the last few years have the Queen's warnings been disregarded and alas! (when too late) justified.' And still less wonder that when the worst of all the 'too lates' occurred and the news of Gordon's death arrived she actually sent an angry telegram *en clair* to Gladstone, Granville and Hartington, in which she said that 'to think that all this might have been prevented and many precious lives saved by earlier action is too frightful.' To which Gladstone coldly, argumentatively and, it must be added, untruthfully, replied that Ministers had acted 'on the first symptoms' of danger to Gordon. The whole letter is a deplorable document for a Prime Minister to write at such a moment. The nearest it gets to confession of the sins of the Ministry is the very Gladstonian remark, 'it may be that, on a retrospect, many errors will appear to have been committed.' But the only error mentioned is one attributed to Gordon, and there is not a syllable or hint of the grief and horror at the catastrophe which one would have supposed would be the feeling in his mind overwhelming all others, nor any word of sympathy with the family of either Gordon or Stewart. Sir Edward Hamilton says he felt Gordon's death more than anything since the Phoenix Park murders. But there is no sign of it here. There was nothing in which the Queen and he stood out in sharper contrast than in these matters. None of her subjects were nearer the Queen's heart than her soldiers and sailors; their privations, wounds and deaths are a personal grief; their achievements a personal pride. Gladstone, on the other hand, as Wolseley here complains, never found one word of praise or sympathy for the troops who had had so much misery to bear in their effort to get to Khartoum in time.

In all these matters, and many others, it is now pretty certain that history will pronounce the Queen to have been on the whole right, and her Ministers on the whole wrong. But on the matter of their constitutional relations to each other the verdict may perhaps be the other way. The telegram *en clair*—though no one can be sorry she indulged herself in so human an outburst—was a thing which Ministers in a stronger position must have met by a resignation. As it was, 'Mr Gladstone and Lord Hartington were so grave about the unciphered telegram' that Sir Henry Ponsonby had to go further in calming them down than the Queen approved; and Gladstone even talked of resigning. But no doubt there were two reasons against that. One was that he was in all sincerity a very loyal subject and would have been very unwilling to have any action of the Queen's made matter of public controversy. And another, at least equally decisive, was that he must have known, though nothing would have induced him to admit, that an election fought on the death of Gordon would be no mere defeat, it would be a disaster and a rout. He could not possibly fight the Queen on a point on which she would have had the whole nation enthusiastically behind her. But sometimes, as one reads here the epistolary raps over the knuckles which she was for ever administering to her servants, one wonders at their exemplary patience, when they had so easy and so crushing a retort in their hands. What if they had said when her snubs and rebukes became exceptionally offensive, 'Very well, Madam, we see that we no longer enjoy your Majesty's confidence, and we resign our trust into your hands.' On most of the matters in dispute they had Parliament behind them, and no other Ministry could have stood. She would plainly have had to take them back on their own terms, and would have been placed in as humiliating a position as George III after he had tried in vain to get rid of George Grenville or to escape the Coalition of 1783. At any rate this must have been the result of such a struggle in the earlier years of the Ministry. Later on she might perhaps have got other Ministers and successfully dissolved. But she was a wilful and fearless woman, and was quite as sharp with them in their first months as in their last.

They had been only a few weeks in office when she wrote to Granville about the 'unparalleled violence' of the language some of his friends had used when in Opposition against 'her former Prime Minister who raised the position of this country in the eyes of all Europe,' and told him that it would have been '*far more patriotic*' if the Liberal party had altogether separated themselves from Gladstone. So she drily wrote to him in January 1881, 'Great Britain's star is *not* in the ascendant since the last six or seven months.' And throughout the Ministry he received many such communications. No man ever had a greater talent of conciliation than he; and his double task of keeping Gladstone's Whig and Radical horses in the same team, and at the same time of explaining the bad driving of the coachman to his mistress inside and softening down the lady's language for the coachman's ears, must have required the daily exercise of all his diplomacy. The Queen was always, and rightly, extremely tenacious in all points concerning her personal dignity. She only accepted Dilke as a Minister under protest, and Granville had to obtain from him letters, and even public speeches, apologising for his former lapses about Republicanism and the Civil List. Even Beaconsfield at the height of his favour receives rebukes for allowing the Cabinet to discuss the voyage of her grandsons and for giving a Naval appointment to one of her Grooms-in-Waiting without first asking her consent. On this second occasion he was tartly told that she would 'not stand all the dunces and fools of rank being thought good enough for Court,' to which that most accomplished of Courtiers, tactfully, and, it may be added, truthfully, replied that 'his conscience does not accuse him of ever having placed any dunce or fool near your Majesty's person, for he can unaffectedly and sincerely say that he is of opinion that they would be singularly out of their sphere.' He, no doubt, was easily forgiven. But probably forgiveness did not come so easily to Lord Ripon, who told an Indian Prince that he would communicate to 'Her Majesty's Government' a letter addressed by the Prince to 'Her Majesty the Queen-Empress': nor perhaps to Hartington for omitting to consult her before moving the Guards, and, still worse, seeming to try to prevent her writing direct

to her Generals: least of all to Gladstone for going on a yachting cruise to Denmark without asking her permission. 'The Prime Minister,' she writes to poor Granville,—'and especially one NOT gifted with prudence in speech—is not a person who can go about where he likes with impunity'; especially when he is also a person, as she write to the same correspondent on another occasion, 'who never *will* consider the effect of *all* his constant shiftings and changes on the country and on the whole world.' Gladstone in reply makes confession and promises never to offend again, and even perceives that there might be reason for her fears that his innocent conversations about the weather with foreign Sovereigns would be suspected abroad of having in fact been concerned with very different subjects. She proved right, in fact, for such suspicions were entertained, to our disadvantage. But he cannot have liked receiving such rebukes at his age and in his position; and still less, perhaps, hearing that she had angrily described his little voyage as his 'escapade.' More annoying still, probably, were her frequent letters of advice not to make so many speeches, though she politely gilded the pill by references to the need of curing his hoarseness and taking care of his health. If he must speak he had better say 'a few words discouraging wild and extravagant notions' which 'would have an excellent effect.' So, again, she wishes him to dissociate himself entirely from 'visionaries who excite the people's hopes by promises of what is impracticable and dangerous.'

The interest of all this is not merely personal and biographical; it is practical, and raises a public issue of the first importance. What is the true function of the Sovereign in a Constitutional Monarchy? The first, truest, and most permanent part of the answer to that question hardly applies to Queen Victoria, for it refers to duties which she always disliked and generally neglected. The Sovereign is the only person who can ideally fill the first place in national ceremonies of every kind because the only person who is of no rank or class or party, but raised above all, embracing all and the head of all. But the Queen hated appearing in public; she never even showed herself at the proroguing of Parliament, and seldom at its opening. She lived, as far as

she could, a private life and, as far as she could, threw away her privilege of being the visible representative of the English people, the person in whom all saw the embodiment of all the national affections, both memories of the past and dreams of the future. She did, indeed, become, with little direct effort on her part, by the length of her reign and the goodness of her character, a sort of invisible spirit of the whole race, a remote and semi-deified Empress whom the white man revered and the coloured man worshipped. And, in so becoming, she unawares laid the foundations of the new and free Empire and created a new kind of Monarchy. But that was not what we see her here consciously aiming at. It was only dimly and occasionally present to her rare moments of imagination. What she really wanted was to rule the country and decide issues of policy. She was a strong-willed, industrious and, in some respects, very able woman who had been on a throne since she was eighteen, and had in her ears, not only the language of the Coronation Service, which she is sure not to have forgotten, nor that of the Prayer Book which she heard every Sunday, but many echoes of both which came to her from living voices all through her reign. It could not be easy, and it was not, for her to learn that lesson of reigning without governing, taught her by all her Ministers, but half concealed from her in her first days by the agreeableness of Melbourne, and now in these last, more completely, by the flatteries of Disraeli. So we see her writing again and again as if she had a power of command or veto over the policy of her Ministers. 'I will *never* consent,' 'I *never* could allow,' 'I would never give way,' and other similar expressions are not infrequent in the letters, and are launched at the heads of Ministers in respect of policies they propose to follow at home or abroad, but especially abroad, with regard to South Africa or Egypt, Russia or France or Turkey. And yet in substance—sometimes after securing modifications in form—she has of course to consent in the end. It is strange that after a long reign she had not come to see that the system which she inherited and was called upon to work was one precluding the Sovereign from deciding issues of policy. In practice she accepted it. She never did refuse to consent. But in form

and phrase, and probably in her private will, she never would recognise it. The consequence was a series of extorted consents or surrenders which must have been very disagreeable to her. From her lofty height she naturally and justly despised popular clamour, newspaper articles, and ignorant Members of Parliament, and she expected her Ministers to do the same. But *she* was not dependent on the support of these often foolish and ignoble powers. Her Ministers were, and even if they had wanted to carry out the policies she desired, it was often simply impossible for them to have done so. Her continual pressure influenced them, no doubt; she forced them, for instance, to alter an important telegram to Baring, and her insistence obtained for Wolseley in Egypt powers they had not at all wished to give him. But in the greatest issues she could not affect decisions. We find her angrily protesting to Granville that 'a *Democratic Monarchy* (as described by Mr Briggs in his address to that Communistic French Ambassador, M. Challemlacour, which proceedings she thinks *very objectionable*) she will not consent to belong to.' But, as Parliament became more and more dependent on popular votes, that, or something very like it, is what she did in fact belong to. And it would have been a good thing if she had been more inclined to set her exceptional common sense and clear-headedness to considering how she could best play her part in it. By her dislike of being seen she had thrown away a weapon which, in the already-beginning days of newspapers, crowds and publicity, might have been one of enormous and almost irresistible strength, especially in the hands of a woman. She had followed the unwise practice of her predecessors, unwise for themselves and unwise for the nation, of allowing the distribution of Honours to pass almost entirely into the hands of Ministers. It would have been easy for the Crown to have insisted on retaining the strictest control over Peerages and the rest. No Minister would have dared to quarrel with the Sovereign over the refusal of a Peerage to some party hack or ambitious plutocrat. A strict retention of that control would certainly have been in the interest of the country. And it would have left a very valuable card

in the hands of the Crown in its relation with Ministers. And that it needs. Without the Crown the Empire would certainly fall to pieces. Even the unity of the various races, classes and interests which fill Great Britain would be seriously endangered. Yet it is difficult to feel confident that the Monarchy will survive if the Monarch is gradually transformed into a mere machine for registering or signing the decrees of others. It is neither possible, nor at all desirable, that the Sovereign, who in the course of nature will usually be a person of very ordinary abilities, should be able to force his political policies on Ministers and Parliaments. But it is equally undesirable that he should become a mere puppet in their hands. His remoteness, aloofness, permanence and, as it were, universality should set him free, at any rate, than Ministers from the exigencies of party and the pressure of temporary conditions at home or abroad. To enable him to perform his duties he should have some cards in his hands. He should be able to exercise some real pressure on his Ministers. The control of Honours would have given him that. We here see the Queen exercising something of that in ecclesiastical appointments, but, curiously enough, less in lay Honours. As she, against Disraeli, had appointed Tait to the Primacy, so here, though Gladstone's ecclesiastical recommendations are far more carefully considered and made on far more honourable grounds, we find her, nevertheless, intervening in them and sometimes, as in the case of the Deanery of Westminster, substituting another name for that recommended by Gladstone. So much power she kept. But on the whole, what she had to rely upon was simply the vague dignity and prestige of the Crown. She had to be informed and consulted: and a person, especially a very august person, whom you have always to consult, will almost inevitably be a person whom you occasionally follow. That was her position. How do these letters and journals show her using it? The answer is: in the spirit of the Duke of Wellington's maxim. Her first aim, like his, is that her Government should be carried on. We have seen that she often misinterpreted her powers and rated her Ministers for doing things which they had been elected to do. And, now and then, here, we see her doing

something worse: going behind her Ministers, for instance, to write 'very secret' letters to Beaconsfield, and even urging Wolseley to resist the policy of her Government, and to resign if he cannot get his way, which is also hers. But these are exceptional cases. More often we find her using her influence to induce the Opposition to be reasonable. Like the business-like woman she was, she hated party, wanted to see things carried through by reasonable concessions on all sides, and had no patience with the game played by men like Randolph Churchill, who opposed the Government irrespective of right or wrong simply for the sake of annoying the enemy and advertising themselves. So we find her sending Ponsonby in 1881 to see Beaconsfield and Northcote and 'speak to them very earnestly as to the desirability of helping Mr Gladstone' in the matter of the new rules against obstruction; and again, later on, making herself a mediator between the parties about the Land Bill and the Arrears Bill and the affair of Arabi Pasha. There are other instances of action of this sort in minor matters. But the supreme one—one of the most important acts of her reign—was the persistence with which in 1884 over the Franchise Bill, as in 1869 over the Irish Church question, she plied the leaders of both parties with remonstrances and appeals till she had got her way and prevented a deadlock between the two Houses of Parliament. Perhaps it was the most difficult, as it was one of the best, things she ever did. Neither of the two protagonists made her task easy. Gladstone, always a self-willed man, was especially so in matters that lent themselves to rhetoric and popular applause as the question of wider franchise eminently did. He was being pressed hard, too, by Radical colleagues who rather wished for a quarrel with the House of Lords. And then, as we now see, he was certainly in the wrong, which seldom makes people more reasonable. Franchise and Redistribution are clearly bound up with each other. To ask the Lords, as he did, to pass the extension of the Franchise without knowing anything about what shape Redistribution was to take was, in fact, to ask them to buy a pig in a poke or to put their heads into a noose for him to strangle them at pleasure. None of his letters or memoranda provide any plausible justification

for this proceeding on the necessity of which he vehemently but unconvincingly insisted. No doubt he partly thought that a quarrel with the Lords about franchise might be a popular cry of which the most unpopular of all Ministries stood in the direst need. On the other hand, Lord Salisbury was well aware of that unpopularity, was always rather reckless about the House of Lords, which he afterwards, as Prime Minister, did as much as any one to discredit by snuffing out debates and giving it nothing to do, and thought, as Northcote also did, that his party had nothing to fear, and everything to hope, from a General Election on that or any other issue. The consequence was that when Gladstone had become more or less reasonable, the Queen was not out of the wood; for Salisbury remained obdurate. And he was by that time as plainly wrong as Gladstone had been, from her point of view, that is, from the point of view of the public interest. When once Gladstone was prepared to have an agreed scheme of redistribution there was no excuse for going on fighting as Salisbury wished to do. It is more due to the Queen than to anybody else, as was acknowledged by all when all was over, that there was no war between the two Houses and that the deadlock was avoided. We see her here with admirable pertinacity and patience working on Gladstone through the Duke of Argyll and on Salisbury through the Duke of Richmond and Lord Cairns, using every weapon which the throne gave her to force common sense on minds much cleverer but much less commonsensical than her own. The two difficulties—outside the personalities—were party feeling on both sides, and platform speeches. ‘I do wish there was some patriotism instead of “Party,” “Party,” in all this painful agitation,’ she writes to the Duke of Argyll, who was the chief mediator she employed with Gladstone. ‘Mr Gladstone,’ she adds, ‘was plausible and amiable when *here* (i.e. at Balmoral), but as soon as he got among his foolish adorers all was forgotten; and he even wrote letters against any “compromise” “for fear of breaking up the party.” Party will ruin the country,’ she concludes. The dangerous period was between July, when the Lords rejected the Bill, and the reassembling of Parliament for its reintroduction. Speeches had to

be made, and made to party gatherings: and Gladstone being, as the Duke of Richmond wrote to the Queen, 'imprudent' and Salisbury 'impulsive,' the natural result followed; and, as Hartington said to her, Salisbury's speeches 'were not very promising,' and Gladstone's 'very unwise.' Chamberlain's were, of course, worse, and quite broke away from the probably impossible undertaking Gladstone had, with his consent, given to the Queen, that both the past history and the future prospects of the House of Lords should be kept out of the controversy, a promise which, when broken by Chamberlain, he explained away with characteristic casuistry. The Queen, acutely conscious of the mischief done by speeches in widening the gulf and inflaming the excitement on both sides, tries to keep Gladstone quiet and urges the Duke of Richmond to prevent Salisbury from attending meetings. Of course, she was right. Indeed, the whole story is conspicuous evidence of the superiority of secret diplomacy to open. So long as the negotiations were conducted by public speeches with newspapers to report and parties to applaud, little or no progress was made. Directly Hartington and Beach met privately it was seen that agreement would not be difficult; and, though Beach withdrew, feeling his position to be made impossible by yet one more foolish speech, this time from Lord John Manners, yet the Queen's renewed pressure got them resumed; and when Gladstone and Salisbury, with Granville and Northcote, met in the seclusion of Downing Street, no serious difficulties were incurred, and peace was soon assured. Well might the Prime Minister thank the Queen 'for the wise, gracious and steady influence on your Majesty's part which has so powerfully contributed to bring about this accommodation and avert a serious crisis of affairs,' to which she could proudly and truthfully reply, 'To be able to be of use is all I care to live for now.'

She had been of use. She had shown what the Sovereign could do in a national crisis; what could not have been done by anybody but the Sovereign. For the task she undertook was a very difficult one. Gladstone and Salisbury were both men of very high character; and both, Gladstone more often than Salisbury, occasionally show at their best in this controversy. But both

were strong men, wilful men and party leaders, looking out for party victories, and having to consider men even narrower and more wilful than themselves. Gladstone sent the Queen in August a long memorandum on the situation which struck the Queen, so often a severe critic of her Prime Minister, by its 'fairness and impartiality.' And again, on Sept. 25 he made in a letter to Ponsonby the fruitful suggestion that the Opposition leaders should 'demand from us clearer specifications and more binding pledges in regard to the principles of Redistribution.' This was the ultimate way of salvation. But as even a month later he still clung to his absurd insistence on the Franchise Bill being passed first, and rejected the Queen's proposals for a conference, the September offer was obviously a hollow one. So far Salisbury's case was unanswerable. Meetings, he said, were useless in the circumstances; and he even thought Gladstone himself evidently disinclined for them, 'unless we first cut off our own powers of resistance by passing the Franchise Bill alone.' That he rightly was determined not to do; and did not do. He and Cairns insisted that a compromise must be a compromise and not a surrender, and, being both obviously right and possessed of the power of resistance, they gained their point. The Franchise Bill was not passed till they had been shown the scheme of Redistribution and had played their part in shaping it. But Salisbury had been very difficult up to the very last moment, and in fact seems only to have accepted the proposed consultations when he found the Peers would not follow him in further resistance. On Nov. 17 he had called a meeting of a few Peers at which the Duke of Richmond (as the Duke afterwards told the Queen) had frankly said that he would not again be a party to throwing out the Franchise Bill. He insisted that an arrangement ought to be come to about Redistribution. Salisbury was 'very much annoyed,' and called a meeting of the whole Party. But there again, as Richmond reported, he and Cairns repeated what they had said the day before 'to which Lord Salisbury replied that he was very much grieved to hear it, but gave way.' By a day or two later, the Duke believed that even Salisbury had seen that what they had proposed had been the best course to pursue. At any rate, Glad-

stone found him most conciliatory in their conferences, which were a rapid and complete success.

Our business here is with the Queen. It has been worth while, I think, to set out this story in some detail in order to show how great the difficulties were; how awkward to manage the two principal personages; how hard the Queen worked all through the dangerous weeks; how much more clearly than either Gladstone and Salisbury she saw the true goal; how patiently she kept her eyes on it, refused to see anything else, and at last by indirect and direct appeals made them see it too, and go straight to it in the only way. There could not be a better example of the service which the Crown, and the Crown alone, raised high above Parties, can render to the country. And there could not be clearer proof of the necessity of maintaining the height of that dignity, of securing to the Sovereign such a position and such influence that when Party violences are threatening to wreck the State, there should be one Voice to which all must listen with attention and respect. We have lately seen an instance in a smaller field where a member of the Royal Family, representing the Crown, was able to play an important part in settling a very heated and dangerous racial and political controversy. The truth is that Constitutional Monarchy has still very great advantages over Republicanism, and the Constitutional Sovereign a very important part to play. No President can be what he is. Of one of the two most important Republics in the world the President is a party chief who governs as well as reigns for four or eight years, after which he is nothing at all. His party connections combine with his previous and future obscurity to make it quite impossible for him to be revered as the Head of the whole nation to whom all can look up as reconciler and arbiter of their differences. The President of the other has no power and little prestige. Neither can play the part which a King or Queen of England can play. We have indeed seen, in England, a year or two before the war, a crisis in which the Sovereign earnestly and magnanimously tried to play his part but failed. Possibly, however, as Englishmen invented Constitutional Monarchy, it requires Englishmen to work with. And in that crisis the forces which made agreement impossible

were certainly Irish and probably also Welsh. In the crisis described in these letters the important persons were all English. Like all Englishmen, in the very last resort and after a lot of foolish speechifying, both Gladstone and Salisbury shrank back from the folly of quarrelling, in the Irish fashion, for the mere sake of quarrelling. And the Queen who, in her honesty, simplicity, directness, and common sense, was much more typically English than either of them, was determined that the crisis should be solved in that spirit of compromise which has for centuries been the secret and genius of English politics. Being no mere President, but a Sovereign, and one who had reigned for fifty years, and being also a woman, and a woman of will and character, she did what no one else could have done. She saved the country from a great folly which would have been a great danger, and therefore a great crime. Every one who reads the story, as it is given here, will echo Granville's words to her: 'Your Majesty must feel rather proud,' and her note on them: 'Which I certainly am; or rather, more than thankful, that I have been able to effect this.' If Constitutional Monarchy remains, as all wise men hope it will, the most august, and not the least useful, of the discoveries of the political genius of England, the historians of the future will certainly admit that its preservation and development are very largely due to the long reign, the high character, and, in spite of all her prejudices and vehemencies, the common sense and practical wisdom of Queen Victoria.

JOHN BAILEY.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

The Old College of Glasgow—Wagner's Letters—de Quincey—Mackenzie and Hudson—Great Churchmen and Dean Inge—Captains—India by Air—Palestine—People of the Veil—Roumania and Burgundy—Three Books of Memoirs—'Capital Levities.'

THE University of Glasgow is singularly fortunate in one of its historians, for few indeed can be left of those who were students in the Old College; of which, after four hundred years of active intellectual life, no trace remains, except for the gate-house which has been set up elsewhere. Yet here is Dr David Murray in his '**Memories of the Old College of Glasgow**' (Jackson, Wylie & Co.) confessing that he became a student there seventy years ago, and has been a member of the University ever since. Improving upon that record of personal association, he has written a volume as brightly entertaining, and instructive, as such a work could be; and almost unique in that character. Every aspect, social and academic, of the University in the old days seems to have been dealt with. In 1870 the last lecture in the Old College was given; and in the New University, built on a similar design but a more generous scale, the work has gone on. Graduates of Glasgow have great reason to be proud of their University; and no happier memorial of the Old College could possibly exist than this handsome and satisfying book.

Lives of great men rarely remind us that we can make our lives sublime, and do not often show that they were particularly sublime themselves. In any case, the best we can hope from them is that they represent the great man as he truly was in his passions, inspiration, and everyday common-sense. '**The Letters of Richard Wagner**' (Dent), as selected by Prof. Wilhelm Altmann and translated by M. M. Bozman, is a revealing book. These seven hundred odd letters, with their frank outpourings, tell the truth of the Master pretty sincerely as his Autobiography did not. They exhibit him in his poverty, struggles, and fame; as the man of genius and of frequent meanness; as the lover, the husband, the idealist, the incomplete business man, the creator

of the music-dramas which will surely be as deathless as works of the mind and heart can be: a man with mighty gifts and faults, who was exceptional among the great ones of the Earth inasmuch as his far-flung aspirations were fully realised before his death. As he dreamed so he built, and his visions endure. These handsome volumes illustrate the progress of Wagner's efforts and his wonderful self-confidence. Often he had reason to complain of misfortune; but his troubles were of his own making. Why should an artist interfere in the passing politics of his time? Wagner did so. He took part in a futile rising in Saxony, with the consequence that he spent a dozen years in exile. Had it not been for that futile interruption to his life in Germany, the great musical and dramatic works which sprang from his genius and are expressions of the heroic Teutonic spirit, would have come to fruition more easily and within the borders of their natural spiritual home. Yet, despite his follies, impatience, and interferences, Wagner carried out completely his life-work. He finished 'Parsifal,' saw it staged, and accepted it contentedly, as the crown of his artistic achievements. For more than twenty years before he died, he had pondered the possibility, and, as he saw it, the necessity, of a theatre such as that established eventually at Bayreuth, in which his music-dramas alone should be performed according to his own will and devices. Even the unusual condition that the best singers should travel there, rehearse for weeks, and play their parts for the merest nominal 'expenses,' was granted. The Master had his way. It was a great triumph; and a life also great, yet in some respects strangely small.

Those who accomplish superb things should rightly be praised; but the adoration of a writer could hardly go further than is the case with this 'Diary of Thomas de Quincey' (Noel Douglas), reproduced in facsimile from the original manuscript and edited by Dr H. A. Eaton of Syracuse University. Not a scrap of writing done by genius, even in his weariest or less inspired hours, it seems, is unwelcome to his votaries; and this means that often the trivial is furbished up and adoration is overdone. This manuscript scrapbook, for it is rather that than a diary, has its biographical interest, as it

was written in 1803, when de Quincey was eighteen, and shortly after he had passed through those experiences with Ann, in London, which in their romantic applications are so strangely moving. But its contents are not striking. Drafts of letters to his mother and to Wordsworth, notes and comments on this and that. As the edition, however, is limited, and interest in de Quincey is rising, there should be no doubt of its success as a book-venture. In all ways it is well produced.

It warms the heart and thrills it with pride to read of the struggles and triumphs of the early explorers who, working more wisely than they knew, incidentally established those Dominions which now comprise the British Commonwealth of Nations. If it had not been for Alexander Mackenzie, says Mr Arthur P. Woollacott in his lively and moving volume, '*Mackenzie and his Voyageurs*' (Dent), there would have been no Canada on the Pacific; and rightly he praises that great and simple man who alone, out of a population of more than four millions, had the vision to explore to the west beyond the Rockies, and the resolution and confidence of leadership which enabled him to fulfil his purpose. He was the first white man to traverse the North American continent from east to west; and the account of his journey, by canoe and portage to the Arctic, and then, after returning to his base at Fort Chipewan, his struggles in traversing the leagues of weariness and hardship, rocks and rapids, forest and mountains, which stretched from there to Vancouver, makes a great story. Under a less determined leader the expedition must have failed, for many times, after shipwreck of canoes and privations from hunger and cold, the voyageurs were for turning back. Mackenzie, however, persisted; and his record makes a glorious chapter in the history of British exploration and courage.

If Mr Llewelyn Powys could only have checked his tendencies to 'fine writing' and a needless moralising, his '*Henry Hudson*' (Lane) might easily have been the best volume of the three yet published in the '*Golden Hind*' series; but he must improve beyond improvement. Cats become 'these uncommitted grimalkins which with their slit eyes, for food's sake, sit on our laps'; frogs are 'those grotesque bladder-bellied

caricatures of humanity' (who would have thought it !); while when the mutineer Greene's body was thrown overboard, it was 'examined at the bottom of Hudson Bay by the inhuman inquisitive eyes of unfastidious lobsters.' This straining after unusual phrases and the interference of the telling of his tale by sudden exaggerations of sentiment, mar an otherwise admirable book. It has vision, and a sense of the dramatic. Evidently Hudson, an explorer born to greatness, unlike Mackenzie, had a fatal flaw, indecision at critical moments; and so his quest failed and he became one of the outstanding martyrs, as well as a master, of discovery. His tale is not known as it should be, and, therefore, this book should be read.

No time more appropriate than the present could have been chosen for the publication of Messrs Macmillan's new 'Great Churchmen' series, under the skilful editorship of Mr Sidney Dark; for in Church and State there is an urgent call for confident leadership; and here are human examples which, through their strength and their weakness, prove positively and negatively helpful. The best volume, in this group of five, is that on 'John Wesley' by the Dean of Winchester. It brings out admirably the value to the Church of Wesley's persistence on the necessity of personal service; and shows how it was realised in his own life. Dr Hutton gives emphasis to this view of the religious value of the great evangelist by exposing his natural weakness as displayed in his curious love-affairs. Mr A. S. Duncan-Jones's 'Archbishop Laud' is too absolutely laudatory to be really helpful, and Mr Dark's rapid study of 'St Thomas of Canterbury' suffers through comparison with Dr Hutton's revised and recently republished biography on the same subject. Mr R. J. Campbell's 'Thomas Arnold' is rather harder going; but yet is rich with courageous suggestion; while the 'Thomas Cranmer' of Canon Anthony Deane brings out the pitiful helplessness of a weak kind man confronted by overwhelming prejudices and difficulties. An excellent series, which it is hoped will do well, for the world and the Church, especially in these critical years, need the lessons of history as greatly responsible men have lived and made it.

But more than leadership is required if the Church,

if religion, is to fulfil its functions and establish on ever-completer foundations the realm of God in the earth. In many respects, as we see, mankind has lost its way. Old theories, the legacy of Moses, are found wanting. They have not resisted successfully the assaults of rationalism, urged by science, which only the other day, as it seems, was consciously destructive and cocksure. But the bases of religion have remained, despite the distant followers of Darwin, and are stronger for being released from ritual trappings and theories of superstition. Yet still the world, which is truly anxious over the divine considerations, needs guidance and enlightenment, and will prove itself not wanting in the religious spirit if its heart can be satisfied. Dean Inge, with his incisiveness and frank disdain of mere illusion, is not every man's shepherd; but what he says in this volume of collected essays, '*The Church in the World*' (Longmans), is shrewd, far-seeing, and helpful. He has an eye for all aspects of the religious life, from Romanism to the Modernists. He recognises the Quakers as having been, at least until recently, the most truly religious of the Protestants; but has no doubt that for us in this age and circumstance the Anglican Church best expresses the spiritual thought and aspirations of our countrymen. His chapter on the influence of Hellenism on the Christian faith is striking; but always he is a realist, foreseeing the day when this planet is no longer habitable and the human race will be as if it had never been. At the same time he recognises the truth that religion must no longer seek its treasure and its everlasting home in space or in time; and that thought, baffling and infinite, is sufficient to show how very far the feet of the religious have still to march.

The best of Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's five studies of '*Great Captains Unveiled*' (Blackwood) is unquestionably the last, that of General Wolfe. It is pleasantly sympathetic, and points the moral that here was one more example of a certainly untimely death. The late Arthur Kitson, who wrote the biography of Captain Cook, intended to issue a companion volume on Wolfe; but abandoned the endeavour because, as he said, he found Wolfe, the man, so unattractive. Captain Liddell

Hart tells an opposite tale, and we believe that he is right. His other studies necessarily are vague, for history has omitted much about the personality and motives of these leaders. The best of these four is Marshal de Saxe; the most enticing that of Wallenstein, who is rightly regarded as the 'enigma of history'—evidently an enigma which never will be clearly solved, for he is very like a legendary shadow lost in a confused time.

Sir Samuel Hoare has written a pleasant, but slight, book on his journey to 'India by Air' (Longmans), in which, without mechanical mishap or the need for any repair, he flew 11,000 miles, visiting, amongst other stations, Malta, Baghdad, Bushire, and Jodhpur on the way to Delhi; and crossing six historic rivers, the Tiber, Nile, Jordan, Tigris, Euphrates, and Indus. It is all light-hearted and easy-going; while the photographs illustrate the narrative with some wonderful views. At the same time this charming book is an opportunity lost. A Secretary of State for the first time travelling by aeroplane to India to inspect the air-stations and the possibilities there for helping the Empire and its administration with this new instrument, might have said more—without revealing too much—of the serious side of his mission. He does suggest that much of the peace at present on the borders, which formerly were often so turbulent, is due to the ready and impressive attentions of bombing machines; but that is all. As a result, this momentous flight appears too like a mere picnic. It is pleasant to know that our worthy ministers sometimes have a very good time; but can the statement be true that the drowned tent at Pasni 'had been meant for our luncheon'? Hard tack!

As is natural to one of her race, Miss Sophie Irene Loeb is so very pro-Jewish in her views and hopes, that her account of 'Palestine Awake' (Sampson Low) is an almost absolute psalm of praise for the efforts and triumphs of her co-religionists in the Hebraic re-settlement of the Holy Land. The Arab point of view is almost ignored—rather a serious oversight, as, after all, while the Jews were away from Palestine, coining fortunes or suffering in the ghettos, the Arabs were living in those ancient places, and it was their home before Abraham grassed his flocks there. It certainly

is hard lines on the Arabs to be displaced, as they are being displaced, even although they, or the Turks their masters, did nothing to restore the corn, wine, and honey of the historic days. Also, the author does not recognise nearly enough the enormous, the overwhelming work done by England, from first to last, in this realisation of the Zionist vision; and actually questions the likelihood of Lord Plumer's carrying on the task worthily. Her record and statistics of social work done here and there through Palestine are interesting and encouraging; but the truth does not need all this rose-coloured partiality to make it convincing.

Of definitely serious concern is Mr Francis Rennell Rodd's account of the habits, organisation, and history of the wandering Tuareg tribes which inhabit the Mountains of Air, or Asben, in the Central Sahara, entitled '**People of the Veil**' (Macmillan); for he does not condescend to chattiness which possibly gratifies the idler reader, but gives, instead, an earnest and clear scientific account of those very strange people, supplementing thereby Captain Angus Buchanan's admirable '**Out of the World North of Nigeria**' (Murray), published two years ago. Doubtless, before long, when through motor transport the wildest deserts are made familiar, the mystery of these and other lost tribes will be dispelled; but meanwhile there they are, as curious as any inhabitants of this planet. In his ultimate chapter Mr Rennell Rodd rather regrets that this book is 'overladen with some of the fruits of inquiry' at the expense of its gossip character; but he need feel no such misgivings, for in a work dealing with a newly-discovered people, as practically the Tuaregs are, facts are better than coloured impressions, and his careful details and descriptions have their sufficient attractiveness. His chapter on the mode of life of the nomads is fascinating. In Air, or Asben, the age of Abraham survives.

The title of Mrs Philip Martineau's volume '**Roumania and her Rulers**' (Stanley Paul) is not entirely appropriate, for it says little of Roumania and little more of her rulers; being practically a sustained glorification of that brave and talented lady, Queen Marie. The book would have been more effective if it had been more discriminating; but a perpetual song of

praise, without relief, is of doubtful service to any subject. We have a more or less intimate account of the Court life of Roumania during the later years of King Ferdinand; and its formalities and restrictions illustrate the truth that, of all hard workers, monarchs have by far the most to do. There are no eight-hours or ca' canny for them. Mrs Martineau, who visited Roumania to re-design the royal gardens, writes with a kindly pen; but her most revealing detail appears to be the statement, repeated, that Queen Victoria wore a wig. Why will these modern historians destroy our illusions? Travellers from the Gare de Lyon hurrying south may notice, as they flash by the stations, such names as Beaune and Macon; and thereby feel kindly towards places which are reminiscent of sociable hours: but that, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, is all that is suggested by the mention of 'Burgundy, Past and Present' (Methuen), the province whose history and riches in nature and art are attractively described and exemplified in Miss Evelyn M. Hatch's book. Not even the crowded states of mediæval Italy, cockpits all of angry politics and excited ambition, with the means to do ill-deeds unscrupulously done, have been fuller of marching and troublesome history than Burgundy since the legions of Cæsar visited it. It comprises a chapter in the chronicles of France second only to that of which Paris is the centre; and here it is carefully re-told.

There is not a great deal to interest in Lady Violet Greville's 'Vignettes of Memories' (Hutchinson); but it will pass pleasantly enough an hour or two when the mind is willing rather to be idly amused than informed. She had glimpses of notable people, as, of course, was assured to her opportunities and position; but none of those lionesses and lions was out of an ordinary mood at the time. She hunted in the company of Trollope, rode home from meets with Whyte-Melville, met George Eliot in one of her ruder and more pompous hours; kissed Tennyson; and, most important of all, in the brief and glittering hour of the Second Empire danced a Highland reel at Compiègne before the Court of Napoleon III and Eugénie. She reproduces the strange assertion that Mrs Disraeli once at dinner assured the company that 'Dizzy has no courage. When he takes a

shower-bath I always have to pull the string.' One slip we must correct. It was not the House of Commons in which Guy Fawkes was particularly interested. Mr Cyril Maude has more of interest to tell; and is able to express in his book the genial and generous personality which has made him a lovable stage-figure at home and in America. No actor has been more helpfully beneficent in the causes of charity than he. His '*Behind the Scenes*' (Murray) not only entertains with its easy-going anecdotes, but recalls many gracious players who in the last forty years have pleased the audiences and have gone. How like shadows departed are so many of those who were full of zest and charm so little a while ago! The book makes happy reading as Mr Maude made happy entertainment for the multitude. Possibly his most entertaining experience, though less so to himself than to his readers, was that of his filming as Peer Gynt. Doubtless the mere reward, as measured in base money, was colossal; but every dime of it was heavily earned. Changes of costume and the general muddle; possibilities of drowning and of other disasters dire; the hazardous climbing of trees and mountains, dangers from lion and pig—the letters in which Mr Maude describes these adventures and misadventures must themselves be read; for no description or adaptation can reproduce the joy and horror—as you happen to see it—which they express. His Odell story is a very far-off version of the original incident; but, of course, that could not be put into the frankness of print.

Those most familiar with the Street of Journalistic Adventure will best enjoy Mr J. Hall Richardson's interesting, but sometimes slightly acid, book of experiences, '*From the City to Fleet Street*' (Stanley Paul); for they will be helped by their inward knowledge of the circumstances and men he talks of. No man has worked harder as a journalist than he; for in the service of the '*Daily Telegraph*' not only was he a working reporter and editor; but he organised the many philanthropic and patriotic funds which greatly helped good causes and gave the famous newspaper its fine reputation for social beneficence. But there the acid appears; for manifestly Mr Richardson had not the share of kudos due to the man who does the work. As

to his experiences, they are wide-spread, and prove that the journalist with readiness and courage enjoys the most romantic profession in the world. The best chapter in the book is that which ends it. All who aspire to success in journalism, and especially the University bright young man who looks for a short cut to the top of the tree, should read it, and abide by its prudent counsel.

It is long since so jolly a book of versified nonsense as Mr T. Michael Pope's '*Capital Levities*' (Hurst and Blackett) has come to gladden a world which is always the better for mirth. With the naughty connivance of Mr Bohun Lynch, whose drawings are appropriately dreadful, he brings one to laughter all the way through. His stanzas are gay, irresponsible, absolutely absurd; and they sing.

'I always feel a certain thrill
 Whene'er I stand on Ludgate Hill
 And watch the 'buses as they go
 To Upton Park and Pimlico.'

It is not all as portentous as that. Mr Pope recognises the real workers.

'The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo,
 The Man who lost his shirt in Wanstead Park,
 Sam Richardson who wrote "*Clarissa Harlowe*,"
 And Ranger Gull who wrote "*When it was Dark*." . . .

'These are the names whose memories I cherish
 (The world hath seldom seen the like of these);
 But let me duly honour, ere I perish,
 The Man who bores the holes in Gruyère cheese.'

The only incredible statement in the book is made by Mr Belloc in his benedictory preface, where he says that he has written a ballade and not published it. For the rest, Mr Pope is a humorist with a genial pen and heart. *Capital levities*, truly!

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